





OUR FAMOUS WOMEN.

COMPRISING THE

LIVES AND DEEDS OF AMERICAN WOMEN

WHO HAVE DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES IN

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA,
OR ARE FAMOUS AS HEROINES, PATRIOTS,
ORATORS, EDUCATORS, PHYSICIANS,
PHILANTHROPISTS, ETC.

WITH

Numerous Anecdotes, Incidents, and Personal Experiences.

BY THE FOLLOWING TWENTY AUTHORS.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
ROSE TERRY COOKE.
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.
Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY.
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KATE SANBORN.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.
LUCY LARCOM.
JULIA WARD HOWE.
SUSAN COOLIDGE.
ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.
LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.
LILIAN WHITING.
ELIZABETH T. SPRING.
ELIZABETH BRYANT JOHNSTON.
MAUD HOWE.

Superbly Illustrated

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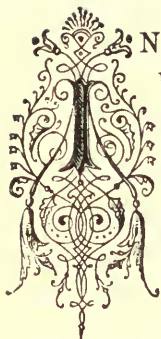
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TO
Men and Women
WHO HONOR MAN AND WOMAN,
AND SEE THE SPECIAL FITNESS OF
THIS BOOK, TO-DAY,
IT IS DEDICATED.

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.



IN these book-making days, a new volume of biography needs, perhaps, a word of introduction to the kindly households wherein it seeks a welcome.

Probably no aspect of our time is more significant of progress than the ever-growing discussion of the place and duties of women in the social state. Causes both economical and moral have tended to break up old habits of life and thought, and make new demands upon their capacity and conscience, which experience has not yet taught them to satisfy. All over the land, women are conscious of a ferment and disturbance of thought which is the prophesy of better things. Everywhere they are asking, "What can *I* do to hasten the New Day?"

It seemed, therefore, to the Publishers of this volume that the time had come when the simple story of what a few women have done would prove an inspiration and incentive to the many women who long to do. The book contains thirty sketches of lives, which, in various ways, have made the world richer for their presence. Excepting six, the subjects

of the sketches are living and working. With the natural modesty of worth, these ladies shrank from needless publicity, and at first hesitated to allow the use of their names. But when assured by the Publishers that the aim of the book was not to gratify a vulgar curiosity, but to kindle new hopes and ambitions in unknown hearts, and that it was the story of their labors, discouragements, and successes which was desired, rather than of their private joys and sorrows, they generously said that if the knowledge of anything which they had done could be of use to other women, struggling for bread, or the right to labor, or an honorable fame, they should hold it churlish to refuse. In no case has the name of a living person been used without its owner's consent. In almost every instance the writer of the sketch is the personal friend of its subject, — a relation which has insured an exceptional faithfulness and sympathy in treatment. The arrangement of the papers is, of course, purely arbitrary, an alphabetical order having been held the most convenient.

The Publishers believe that they may fairly call their book *representative*. For while there are necessarily omitted names perhaps as well-known and well-beloved as those which appear, these thirty cover as wide a range of endeavor and achievement as the limits of the volume permit. That the subjects of the memoirs are all American, either by birth or adoption, gives the book a title to be considered not less national than representative.

The twenty women who have contributed these sketches need no commendation. Their names are a sufficient guarantee of the volume's worth. But the Publishers desire to express their sense of personal indebtedness to these co-workers for the accuracy, ability, and hearty good-will which have made the book better than their hopes.

In the mechanical execution of the work, the Publishers take an honest pride. They have spared neither money nor trouble to make it worthy of the subject-matter. Its portraits represent the best work of the best workers, and the likenesses are as faithful as the execution is artistic.

Finally, the Publishers venture to hope that they have not misconceived the temper of the time, and that to every one of the thousands of homes which the book may enter, it will bring something of the courage, patience, steadfastness of purpose, cheerfulness, and lofty aspiration which fill the lives whose history it records.

NAMES OF AUTHORS

WHO HAVE WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

WITH A LIST OF THEIR SUBJECTS.

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LIST OF
 “OUR FAMOUS WOMEN,”

IN THE ORDER IN WHICH

THEIR LIVES ARE SKETCHED IN THIS WORK,

WITH THE NAMES OF THE WRITERS.

SUBJECTS.	WRITERS.	PAGE
LOUISA M. ALCOTT	<i>Louise Chandler Moulton</i>	29
SUSAN B. ANTHONY	<i>Elizabeth Cady Stanton</i>	53
CATHERINE E. BEECHER	<i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i>	75
CLARA BARTON	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	94
MARY L. BOOTH	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i>	117
THE DOCTORS BLACKWELL	<i>Lucia Gilbert Runkle</i>	134
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT	<i>Elizabeth Bryant Johnston</i>	152
ROSE TERRY COOKE	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i>	174
CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN	<i>Lilian Whiting</i>	207
LYDIA MARIA CHILD	<i>Susan Coolidge</i>	230
MARY CLEMMER	<i>Lilian Whiting</i>	250
MARY MAPES DODGE	<i>Lucia Gilbert Runkle</i>	276
MARGARET FULLER	<i>Kate Sanborn</i>	295
ABBY HOPPER GIBBONS	<i>Lucia Gilbert Runkle</i>	316
JULIA WARD HOWE	<i>Maud Howe</i>	337
CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i>	359
MARY A. LIVERMORE	<i>Elizabeth Stuart Phelps</i>	386
LUCY LARCOM	<i>Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney</i>	415

LIST OF "OUR FAMOUS WOMEN."

xi

SUBJECTS.	WRITERS.	PAGE
MARIA MITCHELL	<i>Julia Ward Howe</i>	437
LUCRETIA MOTT	<i>Mary Clemmer</i>	462
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i>	498
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD	<i>Rose Terry Cooke</i>	521
ELIZABETH PRENTISS	" <i>Marion Harland</i> "	539
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS	<i>Elizabeth T. Spring</i>	560
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE	<i>Rose Terry Cooke</i>	581
ELIZABETH CADY STANTON	<i>Laura Curtis Bullard</i>	602
MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE	<i>Kate Sanborn</i>	624
	(<i>"Marion Harland."</i>)	
MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY	<i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i>	652
ANNE WHITNEY	<i>Mary A. Livermore</i>	668
FRANCES E. WILLARD	<i>Kate Sanborn</i>	691

LIST OF PORTRAITS
ENGRAVED BY EMINENT ENGRAVERS

EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

MAINLY FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR THIS PURPOSE.

	ENGRAVER.	PAGE
1. LOUISA M. ALCOTT	<i>Charles Spiegle</i>	To face 30
2. CLARA BAETON	<i>David Nichols</i>	“ 96
3. ROSE TERRY COOKE	<i>G. Kruell</i>	“ 176
4. CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN	<i>Charles Spiegle</i>	“ 268
5. MARY CLEMMER	<i>David Nichols</i>	“ 252
6. MARY MAPES DODGE	<i>T. Cole</i>	“ 278
7. MARY A. LIVERMORE	<i>Charles Spiegle</i>	“ 388
8. LUCY LARCOM	<i>Henry Velten</i>	“ 416
9. MARIA MITCHELL	<i>Henry Velten</i>	“ 428
10. LUCRETIA MOTT	<i>David Nichols</i>	“ 464
11. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON	<i>Charles Spiegle</i>	“ 500
12. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD	<i>G. Kruell</i>	“ 522

LIST OF PORTRAITS.

xiii

	ENGRAVER.	PAGE
13. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS . . .	<i>G. Kruell</i>	To face 563
14. MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE	<i>David Nichols</i>	" 626
	(<i>" Marion Harland."</i>)	
15. MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY	<i>Henry Velten</i>	" 654
16. FRANCES E. WILLARD	<i>Charles Spiegle</i>	" 692

CONTENTS.

Chapter I.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

	PAGE
Amos Bronson Alcott — His Early Life — The "Sage of Concord" — Louisa M. Alcott — Girlhood Days — High Talk and Low Diet — Her First Story — A Very Stage-Struck Young Lady — End of Her Dreams of Dramatic Glory — Seeking Her Own For- tune — Toilsome Years — Story-Writing — Advised to "Stick to Teaching" — Hospital Nurse — Shattered Health — Her First Book — How "Little Women" Came to be Written — Fame and Fortune at Last — Amusing Requests — An Extraordinary Effusion — Miss Alcott's Portrait of Herself at Fifteen — Miss Alcott at Fifty — Incidents — Precious Memories — Methods of Work — An Old Atlas for a Desk — How She Plans Her Stories .	29

Chapter II.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Susan B. Anthony's Parentage — Her Girlhood — A Rebellious Qua- ker — Incident in Her Early Life — The Height of Her Ambition — A "High-Seat" Quaker — Incident in Her Experience as Teacher — Advocating Temperance, Anti-Slavery, and Woman Suffrage — Her Facility and Power as an Orator — Speaking to a Deaf and Dumb Audience — Incident on a Mississippi Steamboat — Celebrating Her Fiftieth Birthday — Trip to Europe — Inci- dents of Foreign Travel — Arrested for Voting — The Legal Struggle that followed — Her Labors for Woman Suffrage — Her Industry and Self-denial for the Cause — Personal Appearance .	53
---	----

Chapter III.

CATHERINE E. BEECHER.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

	PAGE
A Leaf from Dr. Lyman Beecher's Diary — The Old Parsonage at Litchfield — Miss Beecher's Early Education — Her Keen Sense of Humor — A Sprightly Poem — Lines Written on the Death of Her Mother — Her First Published Poems — "Who is this C. D. D.?" — Engagement to Prof. Alexander M. Fisher — Bright Prospects for the Future — Prof. Fisher Sails for England — Shipwreck of the "Albion" and Death of Prof. Fisher — The Survivor's Narrative of the Shipwreck — Effect of the Distressing News — Miss Beecher Establishes the Hartford Female Seminary — Her Energy and Incessant Activity — Last Years of Her Life — Her Death — Lines Written to a Dying Friend	75

Chapter IV.

CLARA BARTON.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Clara Barton's Early Life — A Faithful Little Nurse at Eleven — Devotion to Her Sick Brother — Breaking Out of the Civil War — Her Loyalty and Devotion to the Union — The Old Sixth Massachusetts Regiment — First Blood Shed for the Union — Miss Barton's Timely Services — Consecrating Her Life to the Soldiers' Needs — At the Front — Army Life and Experiences — Her Undaunted Heroism — Terrible Days — Errands of Mercy — "The Angel of the Battlefield" — Instances of Her Courage and Devotion — Narrow Escapes — Her Labors for Union Prisoners — Record of the Soldier Dead — Dorrance Atwater — Work After the War — Her Visit to Europe — The Franco-Prussian War — At the Front Again — Unfurling the Banner of the Red Cross — Record of a Noble Life	94
---	----

Chapter V.

MARY LOUISE BOOTH.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

	PAGE
A Woman of Rare Intellect — Childhood of Mary Louise Booth — An Indefatigable Little Student — Beginning of Her Literary Life — A Great Historical Work — Breaking Out of the Civil War — Miss Booth's Sympathy with the North — Her Anxiety to Help the Cause — How She did it — A Prodigious Task — "It Shall be Done" — Marvellous Industry and Perseverance — Charles Sumner's Friendship — A Letter of Thanks from Abraham Lincoln — Assuming the Management of "Harper's Bazaar" — A Signal Success — A Model Paper — Miss Booth's Home — True Hospitality — Pen-portrait of a Gifted Woman	117

Chapter VI.

THE DOCTORS BLACKWELL.

BY LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE.

Early Home of the Blackwell Sisters — "Little Shy" — Her Indom- itable Pluck and Wonderful Physique — A Feat Showing Her Strength — Death of Her Father — Struggle of the Family with Misfortune and Poverty — Elizabeth Begins the Study of Medi- cine — How She Acquired Her Professional Education — Sur- mounting Great Difficulties — Some of Her Experiences as a Medical Student — Graduates with High Honor — First Medi- cal Diploma ever Granted to a Woman — A Proud Moment in Her Life — Her Sister, Emily Blackwell — Her College Life — Battling Against Opposition — Final Success — Her Studies Abroad — The Two Sisters Establish Themselves in Practice in New York — Founding the Woman's Hospital and College . 134	134
--	-----

Chapter VII.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

BY ELIZABETH BRYANT JOHNSTON.

Mrs Burnett's English Home — Tales of Her Childhood — Emigra- tion to America — A Helpless Family in a Strange Land — The	
--	--

Struggle for Subsistence—Incidents of Her Girlhood—Sympathy for the Poor—How She Acquired Her Knowledge of English Dialect—The Original “Lass o’ Lowrie’s”—First Literary Efforts—Seeking a Publisher—Devising Ways and Means—Diplomacy—A Day of Triumph and Happiness—“Who is She?”—Life at Mt. Ararat—Revisiting England—Her Washington Home—A Thrilling Incident at Long Branch—A Heroine in Real Life—Mrs. Burnett’s Personal Appearance. 152

Chapter VIII.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Rose Terry Cooke’s Ancestry—Her Description of an Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving—Scenes in Her Childhood—A Picture of Old New-England Life—Her Deep Love of Nature—Passion for Flowers—School Life—Reading at the Age of Three—Inimitable Skill in Depicting New-England Life and Character—Her Bright Humor and Keen Sense of the Ridiculous—Beginning Her Literary Career—Opening of Her Genius—A Novel Incident in Plymouth Church—The Story of an Opal Ring—How a Little Slave-Child was made Free—A Romantic Story—Odd Experiences with Impostors and Counterfeiters—Mrs. Cooke’s Home and Domestic Life—A Woman of Rare Genius. 174

Chapter IX.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

Charlotte Cushman’s Childhood—Her Remarkable Imitative Faculty—First Appearance on the Stage—A Scanty Stage Wardrobe—A Friend in Need—An Amusing Experience—The Struggle for Fame—Macready’s Sympathy and Influence—First Visit to Europe—“Waiting in the Shadow”—Début in London—A Brilliant Triumph—Her Ability Recognized at Last in Her Native Land—Glimpse of Her Life in Rome—Unflinching Patriotism—Her Munificent Gift to the Sanitary Commission—The Culmination of Her Power—A Notable Dramatic Triumph—Her Farewell to the Stage—Address of William Cullen Bryant—Miss Cushman’s Response—Her Illness, Death, and Last Resting-Place 207

Chapter X.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

	PAGE
The Little Maid of Medford — Her Early Life and Happy Marriage — Books She has Written — Surprise and Indignation excited by Her "Appeal" — The Battle of Life — Rowing against the Tide — Her Patience, Fortitude, and Reliance — Stirring Times — Devotion to Her Husband — Life at Wayland — Her Bright Humor — Her Sympathy for Old John Brown — Mrs. Mason's Violent Letter — Mrs. Child's Famous Reply — She is Promised a "Warm Reception" — Her Loyalty, Self-Denial, and Work during the Civil War — Princely Generosity — Serene Old Age — Death of Her Husband — Mrs. Child's Tribute to His Memory — Waiting and Trusting — Her Death and Funeral	230

Chapter XI.

MARY CLEMMER.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

Mary Clemmer's Ancestry — Pen-portraits of Her Father and Mother — Her Childhood — School-life and Early Education — Publishing Her First Verses — Beginning Her Literary Career — Removal to New York — First Newspaper Letters — Marvellous Industry and Capacity for Work — Contracting to Write a Column a Day for Three Years — A Chapter from Her Experiences During the War — Vivid Description of the Surrender of Maryland Heights — Her Journalistic Work — How she Gathers Materials for "A Woman's Letter from Washington" — Charles Sumner's Friendship — A Busy Life — Tribute to the Memory of Alice and Phœbe Cary — Mary Clemmer's Washington Home	250
---	-----

Chapter XII.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

BY LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE.

New York Society Forty Years Ago — Prof. James J. Mapes — An Ideal Home — Genuine Hospitality — Mary Mapes Dodge — Her	.
--	---

	PAGE
Two Boys — What First Turned Her Attention to Writing — First Workshop — A Cosy "Den" — Birthday Feasts for Jamie and Harry — A Birthday Poem — Red-letter Days — How "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates," came to be Written — Merited Reward — Mrs. Dodge's Remarkable Editorial Capacity — Her Clear Insight and Sound Judgment — Editing "St. Nicholas" — A Model Magazine for Children — Who and What Makes it So — The Care and Labor Bestowed upon Each Number — Mrs. Dodge's Home Life and Happy Surroundings	276

Chapter XIII.

MARGARET FULLER.

(MARCHIONESS D'OSSOLI).

BY KATE SANBORN.

Conflicting Opinions — An English Estimate of Margaret Fuller —
Her Childhood and School-life — Her Life as Seen by Others —
A Peep at Her Journal — An Encounter with Doctor Channing —
Emerson's Opinion — Wonderful Power as a Converser — Her
Great Ambition — The Influence She Exerted — Horace Greeley's
Friendship — Connection with the "New York Tribune" —
"Alone as Usual" — Visits Europe — Noted Men and Women of
the Time — Harriet Martineau's Opinion — The Great Change
in Miss Fuller's Life — Her Romantic Marriage in Italy — Ter-
rible Trials — Homeward Bound — Shipwrecked on the Shores of
Her Native Land — Last Scenes in Her Life 295

Chapter XIV.

ABBY HOPPER GIBBONS.

BY LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE.

"Father Hopper's" Work Among Convicts and Felons — First Sun-
day Services in a Jail — Abby Hopper's Girlhood — Following in
the Footsteps of Her Father — Her Work Among the Inmates of
the New York Tombs — The "Isaac T. Hopper Home" — The
School for Street Children — The Waifs and Strays of Randall's
Island — Charity Children — An Appeal for Dolls — Generous
Response — Affecting Incident — The Story of Robert Denyer

—Mrs. Gibbons' Work During the War—Nursing Union
Soldiers—The Draft Riots in New York—An Exciting Time—
Attacking Mrs. Gibbons' House—Ilavoc and Devastation
Wrought by the Mob—Work After the War—A Noble Life. . . 316

Chapter XV.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

BY HER DAUGHTER, MAUD HOWE.

"Little Miss Ward"—The Influences that Surrounded Her Early
Life—Her Education—Her Faculty for Acquiring Languages—
"Bro. Sam"—Miss Ward's First Visit to Boston—Meets Dr.
Samuel G. Howe—Her Marriage—Wedding Trip to the Old
World—Cordial Reception by Famous People—Declining Tom
Moore's Offer to Sing—Reminiscences of European Travel—
Her Patriotism in the Days of the Rebellion—"Madame, You
Must Speak to My Soldiers"—Writing the Battle-Hymn of the
Republic—The "Brain Club"—A Many-sided Woman—
Mrs. Howe as a Public Speaker—Reminiscences of Her Life in
Santo Domingo—A Woman of Genius and Intellect 337

Chapter XVI.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Clara Louise Kellogg's Birth and Parentage—Girlhood and Early
Education—Her Extraordinary Musical Genius—Its Early
Development—Intuitive Knowledge of Tone and Pitch—Mar-
vellous Execution—Patient Study and Unwearied Devotion to
Her Art—Beginning of Her Career—An Unusual Compliment
at Rehearsal—First Trial in Opera—Her Début—Carrying
the Audience Captive—Wild Enthusiasm—Triumphant Suc-
cess—Verdict of the Critics—Visits Europe—Début in Lon-
don—A Brilliant and Enthusiastic Audience—Acknowledged
to be the Queen of Song—Return to America—Reception in
New York—Triumphal Tours—Her Charity and Kindness—
Personal Appearance and Characteristics 359

Chapter XVII.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

PAGE

Mrs. Livermore's Ancestry — Stories of Her Childhood — The Little Minister — Her Marriage — Journalistic Experiences — The War of the Rebellion — Her Loyalty and Devotion to the Union — The Northwestern Sanitary Commission — Army Experiences — Incidents of Hospital Life — Wonderful Nerve and Ready Resources in Emergencies — A Remarkable Achievement — Mighty Work for Union Soldiers — Their Love and Reverence for Her — "Mother" to them All — Touching Story of a Soldier's Ring — A Thrilling Incident of Chicago Life — An Errand of Mercy — Terrible Death-Bed Scene — Labors after the War — Her Christian Life and Influence ^a — Work as a Reformer — Fame as an Orator — Personal Appearance — Home Life — A Grand and Noble Woman	386
---	-----

Chapter XVIII.

LUCY LARCOM.

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

A Happy Name — Lucy Larcom's Childhood — First Literary Venture — Removal of the Family to Lowell — Lucy's Mill Life — The Little "Doffer" — A Glimpse of the Daily Life of a Lowell Mill Girl — The Lowell "Offering" — First Meeting with the Poet Whittier — His Lifelong Friendship — Removal to Illinois — Pioneer Life — Teaching a Real "Deestrick" School — Incidents in Her Life as Teacher — Mysterious Disappearance of one of Her Pupils — An Amusing Incident — Return to Old New England — Work as Teacher in Wheaton Seminary — Her Loyalty During the War — Editing "Our Young Folks".	415
--	-----

Chapter XIX.

MARIA MITCHELL.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

Miss Mitchell's Nantucket Home — Her Ancestors — "Poor but Happy" — Her Early Life — Her Father's Love for Astronomy — How She Obtained Her Education — Unwearied Devotion to her

Studies — A Great Event in Her Life — Discovers a Telescopic Comet — Claiming the Prize Offered by the King of Denmark — Difficulty in Obtaining it — Edward Everett's Efforts in Her Behalf — Final Recognition of Her Claim — Receives the Gold Medal from the Danish King — Her Fame Abroad — Visiting the Old World — Entertained and Honored by Distinguished Scientists — Her own Account of Some of Them — Amusing Experiences — Interesting Incidents — Her Life and Daily Work . . . 437

Chapter XX.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

BY MARY CLEMMER.

A Rare Example of Womanhood — Ancestry of Lucretia Mott — The Women of Nantucket — Celebrating the Fourth of July — A Nantucket Tea-party — Lucretia Mott's Marriage — A Marvelously Mated Pair — A Perfect Wedded Life of Fifty-seven Years — Power as a Preacher — Abhorrence of Slavery — How the Colored People Revered Her Name — Surrounded by a Mob — Claiming and Receiving Protection from a Russian — Dauntless Bravery — Reception in England — Mrs. Mott's Domestic Life — Devotion to Her Children — Her Thrift, Industry, and Economy — Her Home a Refuge for Runaway Slaves — The Meeting-place of Reformers — Last Years of Her Life — A Great Philanthropist, Great Preacher, and Perfect Woman 462

Chapter XXI.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A Charming Woman — Mrs. Moulton's Parentage — Influences that Surrounded Her Childhood — Rigid New England Training — Girlhood and School Days — First Literary Efforts — Publication of Her First Book — Letters to the New York "Tribune" — First Visit to Europe — Impressions of the Old World — Paris — Rome — Pictures of Italian Life — Venice — Cordial Reception in London — Honors Shown by Distinguished People — Flattering Attention — Delightful Experiences — How Her Book of Poems was Received in London — High Praise from Eminent Critics — A Famous Traveller — Her Personal Appearance — Her Charm of Manner — A Gifted and Popular Woman 498

Chapter XXII.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

PAGE

Mrs. Spofford's Parentage — Anecdotes of Her Childhood — A Novel Expedition — Girlhood Days — Writing Dramas for School Exhibition — First Literary Efforts — Brilliant Début — The Story that First Made Her Famous — How it was Received — The Commotion it Created — Wonderful Command of Language — Newburyport and its Surroundings — A City by the Sea — Some of its Odd People — A Locality Justly Famed for its Noted Persons — Old Traditions and Associations — Amusing Anecdote — Why the Colored Woman Named Her Baby Genevieve instead of Harriet — Mrs. Spofford's Present Home — A Romantic Spot — Genuine Hospitality — A Charming New England Home . . . 521

Chapter XXIII.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Childhood of Elizabeth Payson — Her Parentage — Death of Her Father — The Struggle with Adversity — A Glimpse of Her Life at Nineteen — "The Night Before Thanksgiving" — Fondness and Facility for Writing — Preparing to Become a Teacher — Early Religious Experiences — Marriage to Rev. Dr. Prentiss — Wife and Mother — Mrs. Prentiss' First Books — A Peep into Her Domestic Life — Cares of a Pastor's Wife — Ill-health and Suffering — Patience in Affliction — Marvellous Industry and Courage — Writing under Difficulties — How "Stepping Heavenward" was Written — Its Wonderful Sale — Fortitude and Resignation of a Noble Christian Woman 539

Chapter XXIV.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

BY ELIZABETH T. SPRING.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' Ancestry — Her Childhood — The Old Home at Andover — Her Story-telling Faculty — Improvising Stories for Her Schoolmates — Her Education — Pen-portrait of

Miss Phelps at Sixteen — Memories of the War — An Unwritten Story — An Incident in Her School-life — “Thimble or Paintbrush, Which?” — First Literary Ventures — The Abbott Mission — “The Gates Ajar” — Its Enormous Sale and Helpful Influence — Miss Phelps as a Lecturer — Power Over Her Audiences — Her Summer Home by the Sea — Her Winter Study — Interest in Reform Movements — Personal Work Among the Fishermen — The Strength of Her Writings	560
---	-----

Chapter XXV.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Mrs. Stowe's Father, Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher — His Fame and Worth — His Wife, Roxanna Foote — Mrs. Stowe's Early Training — Incidents in Her Childhood — A Famous School — Reminiscences of Her Girlhood — Early Passion for Writing — Marriage to Prof. Calvin E. Stowe — Life on the Banks of the Ohio — Where and How She Received Her First Impressions of Slavery — What Led to the Writing of “Uncle Tom's Cabin” — Difficulties Under Which it was Written — How it was Received — Excitement it Created — Mrs. Stowe's Visit to England — Her Reception — The True Story of “A Vindication of Lady Byron” — Celebrating Mrs. Stowe's Seventy-first Birthday — Her Two Homes — Looking Toward the Other Side of Jordan	581
--	-----

Chapter XXVI.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

BY LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.

George Sand's Inquiry — Mrs. Stanton as the Originator of the Woman Suffrage Movement — Birth and Parentage — Early Sympathies with Ill-treated Women — Tries to be a Boy — Studies Law in Her Father's Office — Her Marriage and Wedding Tour — Meets Lucretia Mott, and Decides upon a Future Career — Calls the First Woman Suffrage Convention — Frederick Douglass Her only Helper — Effect of the Convention — Progress of the Movement — Lectures and Addresses — Edits “The Revolution” — Travels in France and England — Wit — Anecdotes — Personal Appearance and Characteristics — Future of the Cause	602
---	-----

Chapter XXVII.

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.

("MARION HARLAND.")

BY KATE SANBORN.

	PAGE
A Popular Fallacy — "Marion Harland" — A Versatile and Successful Author — A Visit to Her Home — Her Domestic Life — A Peep into Her Kitchen — An Inviting Place — Her Husband, Rev. Dr. E. P. Terhune; the Man and His Power — Characteristic Letter from "Marion Harland" — An Interesting Bit of Autobiography — Her Own Account of Her Early Life — Reminiscences of Her Girlhood — Her First Book — Its Marked Success — Career as a Novelist — A New Departure — Her "Cookery Books" — Their Enormous Sale — A Boon to Housekeepers — Her Love for Little Folks — What She says about Santa Claus — Sound Advice to Girls and Wise Words for Wives — A Gifted and Famous Woman	624

Chapter XXVIII.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The Influence of Good Literature in the Formation of Character — Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney — Her Childhood — Early Life and Surroundings — Memories of Good Old Days — Her Education and Religious Training — Marriage — Faculty for Portraying Domestic Life — Why She Excels in Painting Perfect Homes — Books She has Written — Selections from Her Poems — Sympathy with Young People — Gaining an Insight into Practical Questions — The Sparkle and Humor of Her Writings — The Soundness of their Teachings — Their Great Influence for Good — Comparison between Her Books and Miss Edgeworth's — Extracts Illustrating their Religious Tendencies	652
--	-----

Chapter XXIX.

ANNE WHITNEY.

BY MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Anne Whitney's Girlhood — School Days — Testimony of One of Her Teachers — Her Literary Talents — Book of Poems — The Cir-
--

cumstance that turned Her Thoughts to Art — An Interesting Incident — Beginning Her Work in Sculpture — First Attempts — Marvellous Skill — Her Statue of “Godiva” — Attention it Attracted — “Africa” — “The Lotus-Eater” — Studies and Travels Abroad — “Roma” — “A Thinking Statue” — Commission from the State of Massachusetts — Statue of Samuel Adams — Miss Whitney’s Studio — Devotion to Her Art — Work that will Endure	668
--	-----

Chapter XXX.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

BY KATE SANBORN.

An After-dinner Speech — An Amusing Incident — A Southern Clergyman’s Opinion — Miss Willard’s Ancestry — Memories of Childhood’s Days — Scenes from the Past — Amusing Extract from Her Diary — Her Keen Sense of Humor — Climbing the Pyramids — “Genteel” Gymnastics — “Paul Tucker, of New York, Aged 18½” — Miss Willard’s Life-Work — Delivering Her First Lecture — A Genuine Sensation — Enlisting in the Temperance Work — Liberality and Sense of Justice — Religious Nature — Specimen of Her Oratory — Marvellous Command of Language — Experiences in the South — A Southern Welcome — How She is Appreciated at Home — Universally Loved, Honored, and Respected	691
--	-----

“It is an ungenerous silence which leaves all the fair words of honestly-earned praise to the writer of obituary notices, and the marble worker.”

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OUR FAMOUS WOMEN.

CHAPTER I.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Amos Bronson Alcott — His Early Life — The "Sage of Concord" — Louisa M. Alcott — Girlhood Days — High Talk and Low Diet — Her First Story — A Very Stage-Struck Young Lady — End of Her Dreams of Dramatic Glory — Seeking Her Own Fortune — Toilsome Years — Story-Writing — Advised to "Stick to Her Teaching" — Hospital Nurse — Shattered Health — Her First Book — How "Little Women" Came to be Written — Fame and Fortune at Last — Amusing Requests — An Extraordinary Effusion — Miss Alcott's Portrait of Herself at Fifteen — Miss Alcott at Fifty — Incidents — Precious Memories — Methods of Work — An Old Atlas for a Desk — How She Plans Her Stories — Where They are Written.



IN writing of an author still living, and still busily at work, there is always a certain difficulty. We are too near at hand for perspective, and too much under the spell of a sympathetic personality to be able to anticipate the judgments of posterity. Our utmost endeavor, then, must be to make the world, so far as possible, sharers in the pleasure of personal intercourse with a gifted and remarkable woman, and to gratify to some extent the general curiosity about a general favorite.

In the literature of our own country and time there are few more picturesque figures than Louisa May Alcott; since we must consider not only her own distinguished achievement, but also the surroundings of her life. Unless heredity were

a word without a meaning the world had a right to expect much of Miss Alcott by virtue of inheritance, and the highest of these expectations she has certainly fulfilled.

Her father, Amos Bronson Alcott, the "Sage of Concord," as he has often been called, is not less widely known than his distinguished daughter. He came of a good old New England stock, his ancestors having been among the earliest settlers of the town of Wolcott, Conn., where Mr. Alcott himself was born, in 1799. Wolcott was in the neighborhood of wooden clocks, and while still a schoolboy Mr. Alcott worked, in his vacations, at clock-making. After he left school came a season of peddling, with alternations of school-teaching; and through those years a half-formed purpose of entering the ministry of the Episcopal church had some influence on his studies and his life. By the time he was twenty-six, however, the young philosopher — who was afterwards to be so closely connected with the great Transcendental movement in New England — had discovered that he was not called to the ministry, and had set himself to the task of reforming the prevailing methods of early education.

He first began the development of his educational ideas in Cheshire, Conn., but in 1828, at the age of twenty-nine, he was invited to take charge of a school for young children in Boston by certain persons who had seen and admired the working out of his ideas in Cheshire.

In 1830 he married Miss May, a daughter of Col. Joseph May, and a descendant of the Sewells and the Quincys of Boston. I have heard that the May family were strongly opposed to the union of their beautiful daughter with the penniless teacher and philosopher. But love found out a way to soften their opposition; and the poverty of plain living and high thinking had no terrors for the petted child of the prosperous Boston merchant. Tall and slight, fair, blue-eyed, and delicate, she was yet strong enough to resolve and to do, this gently-nurtured young lady, of whom her husband long afterwards wrote: —



W. SPICER & CO.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

“Mean are all titles of nobility
 And kings poor spendthrifts, while I do compare,
 The wealth she daily lavishes on me
 Of love — the noble kingdom that I share.”

This auspicious marriage took place in King's Chapel, Boston, in the month of May — fit time for these happy, tuneful, improvident young lovers to pair. In November of the same year they removed to Germantown, Penn., where Mr. Alcott opened a school, which he continued for four years.

It was in Germantown, November 29, 1832, that Louisa May Alcott was born. Concerning this date she writes: “I was born on the 29th of November. The same day was my father's own birthday, that of Christopher Columbus, Sir Philip Sidney, Wendell Phillips, and other worthies.”

Until I began to retrace her history for the purpose of this brief biography, I had always supposed that Miss Alcott had been born in Concord — that town with which she is so intimately associated in the minds of us all. I fancied she might even herself have been the child-sage whom the stranger in Concord saw digging in the soil, and accosted with the question, “What are you doing, my pretty maid?” “Digging for the infinite,” was the unexpected answer; and all Concord seems to me to have been digging for the infinite for two or three generations. Miss Alcott, however, has been rather the exception to this Concordian habit. She has contented herself with the study of the finite, which she has pursued to such purpose that she has given more lively and more living characters to juvenile literature than any other author of her time. Perhaps she escaped the fate of a philosopher by being born in Germantown, and not going to Concord until she was eight years old.

Her first remove from Germantown was to Boston, where, in 1834, Mr. Alcott opened a school in the Masonic Temple, which Miss Peabody described in her book, entitled “Record of Mr. Alcott's School,” first published in 1835. This “Record of a School” would be, in itself, sufficient to prove Mr. Alcott's claim to a high place in the ranks of the world's edu-

cators. He knew, at that time, little or nothing of the theories of Pestalozzi, yet his own were always kindred, and sometimes the same.

Miss Peabody, herself a distinguished educator, once said to me, "I would never say to a child, 'You have a soul,' but rather, 'You have a body,' since the real 'you' is the indestructible soul." Proceeding upon this principle, Mr. Alcott addressed himself to the spiritual nature of his pupils. He substituted appeals to their moral instincts and their affections for indiscriminating punishments, and sought rather to awaken in them a thirst for knowledge than to force them at the point of a ferule to acquire it.

Concerning this school, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn has written that it failed in consequence of a public outcry against certain opinions, supposed to be inculcated in a remarkable book, entitled "Conversations with Children on the Gospels," which Miss Peabody compiled from Mr. Alcott's daily talks with his pupils, and which was clamorously assailed by the Boston newspapers. Their unjust criticisms drew forth a public defence from Mr. Emerson, who began by saying, "In behalf of this book I have but one plea to make,—this, namely, let it be read."

In 1837 Mr. Alcott removed the school from the Masonic Temple to his own house; and after that removal committed the still further enormity of showing his readiness to admit little colored children to share the instruction bestowed on the inheritors of the blue blood of Boston. Finally, in 1839, the philosopher abandoned school-keeping, and, in 1840, removed to Concord.

If I seem to have dwelt too long on the early history of the serene Sage of Concord it is because the importance of such a parentage cannot be overestimated, and I think Louisa Alcott experienced her first supreme good fortune in being the daughter of her father and her mother.

I like to think of her as she was when, at eight years of age, she went to live in Concord, first at the Hosmer Cottage, and afterwards at "The Wayside," Hawthorne's old home, at

present so fitly occupied by fair Rose Hawthorne Lathrop and her gifted husband. After the Hawthorne house came the episode of "Fruitlands," in Harvard, Mass., where Mr. Alcott took his family to live, with a few congenial souls, in a sort of community, on high talk and low diet. This was the experience which Miss Alcott afterwards described so vividly in "Transcendental Wild Oats." After "Fruitlands" came a short residence in Boston, and then the Alcott family went back to congenial Concord, to pass, in their home called "The Orchards," the twenty-five fullest and most active years of Miss Alcott's over-active life.

As I have said, I love to picture to myself the girl of eight, unusually tall, and so lithe and active that even before she left Boston she could drive a hoop entirely round the "Common" without once stopping, — able to run faster than most boys, and therefore always welcome to share their sports. After her father left off school-teaching she went no more to school, but studied at home. She learned religion from Nature, and the high example of virtuous parents, who literally loved their neighbors better than themselves, and in the pure atmosphere of whose daily life it was impossible that anything small or mean should thrive.

Her literary ambition was of early origin. At eight years of age she perpetrated her first literary attempt, in the shape of the following : —

ADDRESS TO A ROBIN.

"Welcome, welcome, little stranger,
 Fear no harm, and fear no danger;
 We are glad to see you here,
 For you sing sweet spring is near.
 Now the snow is nearly gone,
 Now the grass is coming on —
 The trees are green, the sky is blue,
 And we are glad to welcome you."

"This gem," said Miss Alcott, "my proud mother preserved with tender care, assuring me that if I kept on in this hopeful way I might be a second Shakspeare in time."

Fired by this modest and laudable ambition, she continued to write poems upon dead butterflies, lost kittens, the baby's eyes, and other kindred themes, until, suddenly, the story-telling mania set in, and the world began to be peopled for her with ideal shapes. For a long time she only frightened her sisters by awful tales whispered in bed. It makes one think of those other sisters in the Moorlands of Yorkshire, who used to sit and "make up" stories round the fire, when the sun had set, and the shadows haunted the corners, and they drew close together in the shadow-casting firelight.

After a while Louisa began to write out these histories of giants, and ogres, and dauntless maidens, and magic transformations, till the children's room at the Wayside had quite a library of small paper-covered volumes, illustrated by their author.

Later on, the poems grew sad and sentimental, and the tales less tragic, lovely elves and spirits of earth and air taking the place of the former monsters.

At sixteen Miss Alcott wrote, for Ellen Emerson's pleasure, her first book. It was entitled "Flower Fables." It was afterwards published, but not until 1854, when Miss Alcott was twenty-two. It made no marked impression, its dainty fancies being obscured by too many adjectives, and its illustrations so bad as to be anything but an adornment.

At sixteen, besides writing "Flower Fables," Miss Alcott began to teach a little school of some twenty pupils, to whom she told her stories instead of writing them. She says that she never liked teaching; though, in one way or another, she pursued it for some fifteen years — sometimes teaching home-schools, sometimes going out as daily governess. Among her pupils in those years she numbered the children of E. P. Whipple, R. E. Apthorpe; John T. Sargent, J. S. Lovering, and many others. Story-telling time, she says, was the one pleasant hour in her school-day; and even now she meets from time to time the young men and women who had the happiness to be her pupils in those old days, and finds that they still recall her tales and laugh over them afresh with

their children, when some of them reappear in new forms in her many books.

Miss Alcott's first full-grown romantic story was printed in "Gleason's Pictorial," and for this tale she received five dollars. Ah, who of us scribes does not remember the pride and pleasure with which we received our first five dollars earned by literature; and why is a beginner's recompense always five dollars, no more, no less? This first published story appeared in 1851, when Miss Alcott was nineteen. The next year she sent to the "Boston Saturday Evening Gazette" "The Rival Prima Donnas," which was accepted, and munificently, as it then seemed, rewarded with ten dollars, and a request for more. Nor was this all; for Miss Alcott herself dramatized the tale, and it was accepted by Mr. Thomas Barry, then manager of the Boston Theatre. The play was never really put upon the stage, owing to a disagreement about the distribution of the parts between Mrs. Barrow and Mrs. John Wood, then rival actresses at "The Boston." In spite of this mischance, however, its author considered it a transcendent success; since, for its sake, a free pass was given her, and she went to the theatre forty times that winter. Think of the unmitigated rapture of those forty evenings to a very stage-struck young lady!

So strong, indeed, was Miss Alcott's passion at that time for acting that she made an engagement to appear upon the stage herself as *Widow Pottle*, in "The Jacobite," and was anxiously waiting for the night to be fixed, when the friendly manager broke his leg, and in consequence his contract, and thus came to an untimely end the young girl's dream of dramatic glory.

A farce of her composition was, however, actually put upon the stage, and she tells me that she well remembers the wild beating of her heart as she sat on this glorious occasion in a stage box, holding an enormous bouquet, presented by a friend as stage-struck as herself; and saw Mrs. W. H. Smith, Josie Orton, and Mr. LeMoine enact "Nat Bachelor's Pleasure Trip," for the benefit of Mrs. Smith.

"The Rival Prima Donnas" afforded Miss Alcott another glimpse of glory, which she herself described as follows:—

"One of the memorial moments of my life is that in which, as I trudged to school on a wintry day, my eyes fell upon a large yellow poster with these delicious words: "'Bertha," a new tale by the author of "The Rival Prima Donnas," will appear in the "Saturday Evening Gazette." I was late; it was bitter cold; people jostled me; I was mortally afraid I should be recognized; but there I stood feasting my eyes on the fascinating poster, and saying proudly to myself, in the words of the great Vincent Crummies, 'This, this is fame!' That day my pupils had an indulgent teacher; for, while they struggled with their pot-hooks, I was writing immortal works, and when they droned out the multiplication table, I was counting up the noble fortune my pen was to earn for me in the dim, delightful future. That afternoon my sisters made a pilgrimage to behold this famous placard, and finding it torn by the wind, boldly stole it, and came home to wave it like a triumphal banner in the bosom of the excited family. The tattered paper still exists, folded away with other relics of those early days, so hard and yet so sweet, when the first small victories were won, and the enthusiasm of youth lent romance to life's drudgery."

These thrilling experiences, however, came after that memorable autumn, described with such rare blending of humor and pathos long afterwards, in "Work," when Louisa Alcott went out into the world to seek her own fortune, as did the heroine of that book. I think the true story was quite as pathetic as the romance.

A trunk—"a little trunk"—full of the plainest clothes of her own making, and twenty dollars which she had earned by writing, these were the armor with which she went forth to fight for existence in the world's struggle for the survival of the fittest. Nay, she had more—she had firm principles, perfect health, and the dear consciousness of a loving and waiting home to which to retreat if worsted in the fight. And thus armed she struggled and conquered. With this out-

fit she travelled to Boston one dull November day, intent on carrying out her resolution to be, for evermore, self-helpful and independent. And she succeeded triumphantly. By teaching, sewing, writing — anything that came to hand to be done — she not only supported herself for many long, busy, toilsome years before any grand, paying triumph came, but sent home to the dear ones left behind an ever-increasing store of material help and comfort; an unselfish pleasure which lightened her hard tasks and sweetened every small success.

Her days were devoted to unrelenting toil, but her evenings, when she was not writing, she gave to such small pleasures as came in her way; and chief among these she reckoned the golden hours spent at the house of Theodore Parker, where, sitting bashfully in a corner, she caught glimpses of all that was best in Boston society.

Emerson came there, with ever a kind word for the girl he had known in his own Concord; Sumner, Garrison, Phillips, Mrs. Howe, just then beginning her crusade against all sorts of iniquities; all those brave women who in those days were leading the van in the cause of abolition, and who, later, set themselves to win for women suffrage and social freedom. Fugitive slaves came there, too; cultured and inquiring foreigners; transcendentalists, with bees in their bonnets and the light of enthusiasm in their eyes; the hangers-on, who surround all great men, striving to glorify themselves a little by means of reflected light, since they have no candles of their own; beautiful women; merchant princes; all kinds and conditions of men. Such was the society — as varied and shifting as the scenes in a panorama, and interesting as life is interesting — which the tall girl out of Concord watched with those eager, gray-blue eyes of hers, whose keen glances nothing escaped.

Dearest, best, most inspiring, and most memorable of all was her host himself — the one only Parker — who never omitted to give her at least a few words of greeting and farewell. No other hand, she says, had so firm and warm a

grasp as his; and his cheery, "How goes it, my child?" or, "God bless you; keep your heart up, Louisa," helped her over many a rough place, and sustained her under that despondency which comes sometimes to the bravest young woman fighting her own battle in a world where her place is not ready made.

Theodore Parker is the "Mr. Power" of "Work," as Miss Alcott herself is the "Christie" of that book. Who does not remember the description of Mr. Power's prayer — "so devout, so comprehensive, and so brief, a quiet talk with God," — and of his "judgment-day sermons," in which "kingdoms and thrones seemed going down, and each man being sent to his own place." As he spoke thus, what wonder that "a curious stir went through the crowd at times, as a great wind sweeps over a cornfield, lifting the broad leaves to the light and testing the strength of root and stem."

In those years Miss Alcott began to write "sensation" stories; following up the first attempts already mentioned with many others. It seems almost incredible, but after a little practice in crowding much wrath, ruin, and revenge into twenty-five manuscript pages, she found she could turn out ten or twelve tales in a month. Frank Leslie gladly accepted these exciting romances for his numerous publications. After a while Louisa grew weary of this kind of writing. "Wrath, ruin, and revenge" pall at length upon the bravest of us; and when novellettes were called for, of twenty-four chapters, with a breathless catastrophe in at least every other chapter, thirty pages a day of such work proved too much even for the indefatigable Miss Alcott.

Then she knocked at the doors of the "Atlantic Monthly"; and the first story she sent there was returned by Mr. Fields, with the friendly advice that she should stick to her teaching. Soon after this, however, the "Atlantic" opened its pages to her — and she also began to write for some of the semi-religious papers, where a reasonable amount of the milk of human kindness was admissible, and which therefore offered a welcome change from the "sensation stories."

After all, those were happy years in which she dreamed through the summer in that Concord of which Hawthorne has said: "It was necessary to go but a little way beyond my threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles"—and which yet, in spite of its strange and gifted denizens, must have been a very sane place, since Mr. F. B. Sanborn says of it, in his admirable "Life of Thoreau": "Perpetuity, indeed, and hereditary transmission of everything that, by nature and good sense, can be inherited, are among the characteristics of Concord."

Here, where great and good men were growing old, and other great and good men had left behind them fragrant memories of their just lives—where Nature herself appeared to have a sense of her own responsibility, and not to be quite the capricious vagrant she seems elsewhere—Miss Alcott went with the spring, like the home-returning birds; and like them went away again in the autumn, not to the South and the summer, but to busy Boston, teaching there her little invalid pupil on Beacon street, or writing away at her numerous stories in the nest she found under the eaves of some quiet house, or indulging her taste for acting by taking part in a play for the benefit of some charity she would not otherwise have been able to assist. One does not half know Miss Alcott who has not seen her—as Mrs. Jarley—display her "wax-works." I think it is quite the best bit of broad comedy I can remember.

One break in these busy years I have not mentioned—that December of 1862, when she went forth full of enthusiasm to nurse in the Soldier's Hospital—a veritable Florence Nightingale for courage, tenderness, and helpfulness, as I have been told—blessing scores of dying-beds with her presence, and laboring until she herself was stricken down with fever, and brought home with her dark hair shorn from her head, with wan face, shaken strength, and unstrung nerves, and for sole reward the blessed consciousness that she had done what she could. "I was never ill," she said to me,

"until after that hospital experience, and I have never been well since."

It was concerning this period of Miss Alcott's life that her father wrote his sonnet—

"When I remember with what buoyant heart,
 'Midst war's alarms and woes of civil strife,
 In youthful eagerness thou did'st depart
 At peril of thy safety, peace, and life,
 To nurse the wounded soldier, swathe the dead—
 How, piercèd soon by fever's poisoned dart,
 And brought unconscious home with wildered head—
 Thou, ever since, 'mid languor and dull pain,
 To conquer fortune, cherish kindred dear,
 Hast with grave studies vexed a sprightly brain,
 In myriad households kindled love and cheer;
 Ne'er from thyself by Fame's loud trump beguiled;
 Sounding in this and the farther hemisphere:
 I press thee to my heart as duty's faithful child."

"Hospital Sketches" was first published in 1865, but republished, with additions, in 1869.

Even before "Hospital Sketches," "Moods" had been issued by Loring; but that has also been recently reprinted, with a large amount of revision. When Miss Alcott first wrote this book she was still so young as to be in love with the tragic aspects of life; and death seemed to her the only possible solution for the perplexities of her heroine. When it was republished she had grown old enough to perceive that nothing is irreparable but death; and as the sun sets to rise to-morrow, it is possible that the sun of a human life shall rise again after it has seemed to set forever; and she kindly allowed Sylvia the benefit of this larger knowledge and more cheerful faith.

In the July of 1865 Miss Alcott went abroad for the first time. She went over as the companion of an invalid lady, and passed the summer at German baths, the autumn at Vevay, and the spring in Paris and London. By this time she was alone; and she stayed in London with the Conways,

and made the acquaintance of such well-known persons as John Stuart Mill, George H. Lewes, Jean Ingelow, Frances Power Cobbe, and many others.

It was in 1868 that Mr. Alcott took to Roberts Brothers—those publishers whose name has been so intimately associated with all the most successful and brilliant years of Miss Alcott's life—a volume composed of various stories with which the readers of newspapers were already familiar. Mr. Niles, one of the firm, read them, and recognized their merit, but he said: "We do not care just now for volumes of collected stories. Will not your daughter write us a new book consisting of a single story for girls?"

The result of this suggestion was "Little Women." Miss Alcott says she wrote it to prove that she could *not* write a girls' story, having always preferred to play with boys, and therefore knowing very little about any girls except her sisters and herself. This matchless tale was sent to the publishers in about two months after it had been first asked for, with the amusing suggestion that if the title—that happiest title which juvenile book ever had—was not liked the author would willingly change it for something else.

The first part of "Little Women" was published in October, 1868; but it attracted comparatively little attention until the publication of the second part, in April, 1869, when suddenly Miss Alcott became famous. I do not, of course, mean that the first part of the book was not widely read and cordially welcomed; but only that the actual *furor* began with the publication of the second part. Many young readers got quite desperately excited over the first, and one such enthusiast wrote to Miss Alcott:—

DEAR MISS ALCOTT,—I have read the first part of "Little Women," and cried quarts over Beth's sickness. If you don't have her marry Laurie in the second part, I shall never forgive you, and none of the girls in our school will ever read any more of your books. Do! Do! have her, please.

All the young people who had read the first part of this fascinating story were eager to get hold of the second, and

these readers talked about the wondrous tale to others, so that the sale grew and grew. No more hard work for Miss Alcott! The tide of her fortunes was rising fast. As early as the 29th of December, 1869, she wrote to her publishers:—

Many thanks for the check which made my Christmas an unusually merry one. After toiling so many years along the up-hill road, always a hard one to women-writers, it is peculiarly grateful to me to find the way growing easier at last, with pleasant little surprises blossoming on either side, and the rough places made smooth.

This was the beginning of the most shining success ever achieved by any author of juvenile literature—so great a success that when "Little Men" was issued, its publication had to be delayed until the publishers were prepared to fill advance orders for fifty thousand copies.

"Little Women" was succeeded by the new edition of "Hospital Sketches," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," "Eight Cousins," "Rose in Bloom," "Under the Lilacs," "Jack and Jill," "Work," "Moods,"—in the revised edition—"Silver Pitchers," "Proverb Stories," and the six volumes of "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag," namely, "My Boys," "Shawl-Straps," "Cupid and Chow-Chow," "My Girls," "Jimmy's Cruise in the Pinafore," and "An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving," those last six volumes having been chiefly compiled from her numerous contributions to "St. Nicholas" and other juvenile publications.

There is another book of Miss Alcott's, the authorship of which is still a mystery to the general public, "A Modern Mephistopheles." This was contributed to the first series of Roberts Brothers' "No Name" books, and the puzzle of its authorship has remained a vexed question. It was so much more like Mrs. Spofford than like Miss Alcott that many people set it down to the author of "Sir Rohan's Ghost," and were satisfied.

On these various books Miss Alcott has received copyright amounting to not far from one hundred thousand dollars. They have not only been reprinted and largely sold in Eng-

land, but also translated into several foreign languages, and thus published with persistent success. Take it altogether, Miss Alcott has had a most prosperous life; and yet she complains, mildly, of the drawbacks attending success. She says it is very trying to "live in a lantern"; and to an obscurity-loving soul it is not pleasant to feel that one has suddenly become public property. She endorses, with refreshing zeal, Dr. Holmes's "Atlantic" article on the Right of Authors to Privacy. She says she could compile a very amusing book from the curious requests she has received, and the ill-judged confidences bestowed on her during the last ten years. Of these modest requests here is one, from a lady in South Carolina:—

MADAME,—As it has pleased God to bless you with a million, I feel no hesitation in asking you for the sum of one hundred dollars, to get a communion service for the new Episcopal chapel in our town. A speedy reply is requested.

The petition which follows, from a resident of Los Vegas, is even more amazing:—

L. M. ALCOTT, Author.

I am interested in the oldest ruin in the United States. We wish to rebuild and keep the Pecos Ruin as long as the U. S. Government lasts. If you can interest your friends in the cause, and send us funds, *They* will be gratefully received. Our Country is full of Relicts of the past. If you wish to write a legion of the ruins we will send the facts. It is about the residence of Montezuma, and the indians tell how a hedi-ous flying serpent carried him to Mexico and his fate. I am a *teacher*.

Not all Miss Alcott's odd letters, however, are of the "your-money-or-your-life" order. Here is one which contains an amusing offer of assistance:—

DEAR AUNT JO,—I am nine years old. I like your books most of all in the world. Please do some more. Have a sequel to Jack and Jill. *I* will pay for it if you will. I have seventy-five cents. Won't that be enough?

Your little friend,

WILLY.

Miss Alcott generously keeps secret the amazing confidences which have been reposed in her unresponsive heart. The religious advice, so freely proffered, she accepts gratefully; the "matrimonial advances" she will not disclose; and of all the reams of poetry which have been lavished at her shrine she has only afforded me this one remarkable example:—

TO MY DEAR.

"Who is the geranium of the world,
 Blooming proud and fair—
 Sweet as mignonette is she,
 Perfuming all the air—
 Louisa M. Alcott.

"Who is best of human women,
 Growing ever to the sky,
 Scattering joy and compensation
 From her life's inspiring eye—
 Louisa M. Alcott."

This extraordinary production was signed "Jim"; and Miss Alcott tells me that so many similar effusions, *all* signed "Jim," and *all* postmarked "Hartford," have been received as to suggest to her that she has inspired the profound and lasting admiration of some amiable occupant of the Hartford Retreat for the Insane.

Perhaps it is hardly matter for wonder that the recipient of a long series of such letters and such rhymes should have grown inflexible, and should turn a deaf ear to the siren tongue of the interviewer, and reject all petitions for autographs and photographs. If people want to know her they must divine her from her books; and, indeed, the works of no writer with whom I am acquainted convey so faithful and complete an impression of their author as those of Miss Alcott.

One of the questions I asked her in behalf of this sketch was how large a portion of her books was actually founded upon the facts of her life. She has told me that "Little Women" was really the story of herself and her sisters, with such slight changes of time, place, and *dénouement* as

were necessary to make the tale complete. "Meg," who afterwards became Mrs. Annie Pratt, with her genius for making a happy home — "Amy," otherwise May, with her artistic taste and aspirations — "Beth," with her sweet and gentle nature, and early death — and "Jo," who was Miss Louisa herself — did not Concord know them all, and smile at them as old friends when they looked out of the pages of "Little Women"? "Mr. March" was Mr. Alcott, who did not, however, really go to the war; and "Mrs. March" was the dear house-mother, for whom the utmost praise never seemed to her fond child half good enough. "John Brooke's" life and death, "Demy's" quaint character, all the little domestic devices and diversions — these are history, as veritable as it is entertaining.

Here is Miss Alcott's portrait of herself at fifteen: "Jo was very tall, thin, and brown, and reminded one of a colt, for she never seemed to know what to do with her long limbs, which were very much in her way. She had a decided mouth, a conical nose, and sharp, gray eyes which appeared to see everything, and were by turns fierce, or funny, or thoughtful. Her long, thick hair was her one beauty, but it was usually bundled into a net to be out of her way. Round shoulders had Jo, and big hands and feet, a fly-away look to her clothes, and the uncomfortable appearance of a girl who was rapidly shooting up into a woman, and didn't like it."

"Work," as I have said before, was very largely the story of the author's own struggle with the world; as "Hospital Sketches" was the simple record of her own experience as a hospital nurse.

"Little Men" was chiefly imaginary, and was written in Rome in 1871. "Moods" was composed, in its earliest form, at eighteen; and was, says Miss Alcott, "the book into which I put most time, love, and hope; and it is much truer than people suppose. Sylvia was suggested by my own moods, through which, however, I never got into any sentimental woes. But they have gone with me through my life,

and made it both harder and richer by the alternations of delight and despondency which they have brought me — the success the world sees, and the private trials and defeats are known to myself only."

Some time after "Moods" was published a lady asked Miss Alcott how she knew *her* story. "I had never known before," said Miss Alcott, "that she had a story at all. But I was glad of the question, which assured me that the fanciful heart-experiences of my book were possible."

"An Old-Fashioned Girl," and, indeed, all the remaining books, with the exception of "Shawl-Straps," are imaginary. "Shawl-Straps" is the record of Miss Alcott's second European journey — a year in duration — in which she was accompanied by her artist sister May, and Miss Bartlett, an intimate friend. This journey, taken in 1870-71, is described in so lively a manner that the reader really feels as if he had shared it. In this book the author figures as "Livy," otherwise "the Raven," otherwise "the old Lady;" the last a title which she began to bestow on herself before the rest of the world had dreamed of calling her middle-aged. She represents Livy as groaning with rheumatism and neuralgia, nursing her woes, and croaking as dismally as any other raven; but you cannot help finding out that she was, after all, the brightest, most delightful travelling companion, and most indulgent duenna with whom any two girls were ever blessed.

Miss Alcott had learned her London by heart in 1865, and had made up her mind that, next to Boston, it was the most delightful of cities. Its mud and fog were dear to her; its beef and beer outrivalled nectar and ambrosia; and its steady-going, respectable citizens were heroes and heroines to her fancy. Therefore, when she got there, "the old lady" sniffed with delight the familiar fogs, and found herself in a paradise more congenial than France or Italy had been.

The last twelve years have been for Miss Alcott full of triumphant prosperity. She has orders so numerous that she cannot fulfil them — her books go through edition after edition — and in acknowledgment of a gift from her publishers

on her fiftieth birthday, November 29, 1882, she wrote: "It was very kind of you to remember the old lady, and thus to make this peculiarly sad birthday happier. . . . The burden of fifty years is much lightened by the expressions of affection that come to me from east and west, and as I turn my face toward sunset I find so much to make the down-hill journey smooth and lovely, that, like Christiana, I go on my way rejoicing with a cheerful heart."

Miss Alcott certainly carries the burden of her fifty years lightly. If you met her now, you would see a stately lady, unusually tall, with thick, dark hair, clear-seeing, blue-gray eyes, and strong, resolute features, full of varied expression.

How well I remember the humorous twinkle in her eyes, which half belied the grave earnestness of her manner, when she told me once that she was inclined to believe in the transmigration of souls.

"I have often thought," she said, "that I may have been a horse before I was Louisa Alcott. As a long-limbed child I had all a horse's delight in racing through the fields, and tossing my head to sniff the morning air. Now, I am more than half-persuaded that I am a man's soul, put by some freak of nature into a woman's body."

"Why do you think that?" I asked, in the spirit of Boswell addressing Dr. Johnson.

"Well, for one thing," and the blue-gray eyes sparkled with laughter, "because I have fallen in love in my life with so many pretty girls, and never once the least little bit with any man."

These recent years, that have brought to Miss Alcott such great prosperity, have also brought to her much keen sorrow. The dear mother, whose story reads like one of the lives of the saints, who never was so poor that she had not something to give, and who was herself the guide and teacher of her children, not in books alone, but in everything that was lovely and noble and of good report, lived long enough, thank Heaven, to taste all the sweetness of her daughter's good fortune. The most precious thing in Miss Alcott's

triumph was that she could lay its fruits at her mother's feet, and cheer with them the last years of that brave and faithful life. Mrs. Alcott had dearly loved noble books. When her girls were young she used to read aloud to them from the best authors while they sewed; and this was a large part of their education. Her own love for books went with her all through her life, till one day in 1877, a week before her death, she laid down her favorite Johnson, too weary to go on with him, and said, quietly, "I shall read no more, but I thank my good father for the blessing the love of literature has been to me for seventy years."

The death of this faithful and loving mother was as beautiful as her life had been. Her last words to her husband were, "You are laying a very soft pillow for me to rest on." And when her failing breath made it difficult to speak, she whispered, with a lovely, loving look, "A smile is as good as a prayer," and soon, waving her hand to the picture of her absent daughter, then in Europe, she said—"Good-by, my little May, good-by!"—and so died, to use Miss Alcott's own words, "in the arms of that child who owed her most, who loved her best, and had counted as her greatest success the power of making these last years a season of happy rest to the truest and tenderest of mothers."

It is the dearest plan in Miss Alcott's scheme of future literary work to write the biography of this noble mother, who had a heart warm enough and large enough to shelter the sinful as well as the sorrowful; and who so loved the worst and weakest of her fellow-creatures that she joyed in nothing so much as in spending and being spent for them.

In March, 1878, Miss Alcott's youngest sister, May, was married, in Paris, to Ernst Nieriker; and in December, 1879, she died, leaving to Louisa's care her infant daughter, Louisa May Nieriker, who was brought home to her aunt in September, 1880, the partial consolation for so grievous a loss.

"The Orchards," for twenty-five years the home of the Alcotts, is now devoted to the "Summer School of Philoso-

phy," and Miss Alcott and her father live at present in the house where Thoreau died, together with Mrs. Pratt, Miss Alcott's widowed sister, and her children. Here for some time past Miss Alcott had been absorbed in the care of her father, stricken the 22d of October, 1882, with paralysis.

I cannot forget my own last interview with this serene old man, of whom Thoreau wrote: "Great Looker! Great Expecter! to converse with him was a New England night's entertainment."

It was, I think, in February, 1882, I stood under an umbrella, in a light snow, waiting for a horse-car. Mr. Alcott came by and stopped to speak to me, with that wise yet genial smile which always seemed like a benediction. He said a few friendly sentences, and then I spoke of his book of "Sonnets and Canzonets," and asked, "How is it, Mr. Alcott, that at eighty-two you are so vigorous and strong, and with a poet's heart alive in you yet?"

"It is," he said, "because I have kept the ten commandments. Men were meant to live a hundred years at least — only they have disobeyed the laws. Let us have several generations of people who live healthfully and keep the commandments, and we may have those who will be able to say, 'I think I will not stop at a hundred years. *I will live on!*'"

"Great Expecter," indeed! It seemed to me, then, that he might probably realize his own idea of living a hundred years; and the news of his illness shocked me with surprise as well as with grief. He is a man who has walked so long in heavenly places that for him to die will be but "to pass from this room into the next."

Concerning Miss Alcott, it remains only to speak of her education and her methods of work. She was educated rather by reading than by study. She was always a great reader, never a great student. At fifteen Ralph Waldo Emerson introduced her to the works of Goethe, which have ever since been her delight. Her personal library consists of Goethe, Emerson, Shakspeare, Margaret Fuller, Miss Edgeworth, and George Sand. George Eliot she does not care

for, nor does she enjoy any of the modern poets, except Whittier; but she likes Coleridge, Keats, and, farther back, Crashaw, and godly George Herbert, and a few of their contemporaries.

She never had a study — any corner will answer to write in. She is not particular as to pens and paper, and an old atlas on her knee is all the desk she cares for. She has the wonderful power to carry a dozen plots in her head at a time, thinking them over whenever she is in the mood. Sometimes she carries a plot thus for years, and suddenly finds it all ready to be written. Often, in the dead waste and middle of the night, she lies awake and plans whole chapters, word for word, and when daylight comes has only to write them off as if she were copying. In her hardest-working days she used to write fourteen hours in the twenty-four, sitting steadily at her work, and scarcely tasting food till her daily task was done.

Very few of her stories have been written in Concord. This peaceful, pleasant place, whose fields are classic ground, utterly lacks inspiration for Miss Alcott. She calls it "this dull town"; and when she has a story to write she goes to Boston, hires a quiet room, and shuts herself up in it, and waits for an east wind of inspiration, which never fails. In a month or so the book will be done, and its author comes out, "tired, hungry, and cross," and ready to go back to Concord and vegetate for a time. When engaged in the work of composition her characters seem more real to her than actual people. They will not obey her — she merely writes of them what she seems to see and hear — and sometimes these shadows whom she has conjured almost affright her with their wilful reality. She never copies, and seldom corrects — from before these men and women, great and small, she pulls away the curtain and lets us see them as they are.

CHAPTER II.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Susan B. Anthony's Parentage—Her Girlhood—A Rebellious Quaker—Incident in Her Early Life—The Height of Her Ambition—A "High-Seat" Quaker—Incident in Her Experience as Teacher—Advocating Temperance, Anti-Slavery, and Woman Suffrage—Her Facility and Power as an Orator—Speaking to a Deaf and Dumb Audience—Incident on a Mississippi Steamboat—Celebrating Her Fiftieth Birthday—Trip to Europe—Incidents of Foreign Travel—Arrested for Voting—The Legal Struggle that followed—Her Labors for Woman Suffrage—Her Industry and Self-denial for the Cause—Personal Appearance.

"He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit, for the public have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men; which, both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public."



HIS bit of Baconian philosophy, as alike applicable to women, was the subject, not long since, of my conversation with a remarkably gifted young English woman. She was absorbed in many public interests, and had conscientiously resolved never to marry, lest the cares necessarily involved should make inroads upon her time and thought to the detriment of the general good. "Unless," said she, "some women dedicate themselves to the public service, society is robbed of needed guardians for the special wants of the weak and unfortunate. There should be in the secular world certain orders, corresponding in a measure to the grand

sisterhoods of the Catholic Church, to the members of which, as freely as to men, all offices, civic and ecclesiastical, should be open." That this ideal will be realized may be inferred from the fact that exceptional women have, in all ages, been leaders in great projects of charity and reform, and that now many stand waiting only the sanction of their century, ready for wide altruistic labors.

The world has ever had its vestal virgins, its holy women, mothers of ideas rather than men: its Marys, as well as its Marthas, who, rather than be busy housewives, preferred to sit at the feet of divine wisdom, and ponder the mysteries of the unknown. All hail to Maria Mitchell, Harriet Hosmer, Charlotte Cushman, Alice and Phœbe Cary, Louisa Alcott, and Frances Willard! All honor to the noble women that have devoted earnest lives to the intellectual needs of mankind!

In this galaxy of single women we shall place one other star, — to be pronounced, perhaps, by the future as of the first magnitude. If we seek out what first kindled that flame, we find but a tiny spark, a few rough words, roughly spoken: "It takes some time to get the hang of the barn," — uncouth answer to kindly inquiry of gentle Quaker host, as to the new teacher's first day's experience in his public school. The vulgar words fell not on stony grounds, but on rich virgin soil, and have borne fruit to us. Demure Quaker daughter sitting there, apparently intent upon the wholesome New England dinner, was, in truth, putting to her ardent soul a mighty question, to which her life was to give answer. The modest, conscientious girl of twenty — for Susan Anthony was twenty on the fifteenth day of the second month of that year, 1840, just a score of years younger than her century — fell to pondering. For many days Susan had been eagerly anticipating the arrival of the male teacher, whom the board of education had selected to take her school during the winter. Surely, thought she, he must be very superior; for even her teaching and discipline had now unbounded praise, and he was to receive treble her salary! And here at last is

the ugly fact, — "It takes some time to get the hang of the barn!" Think you not that our quiet, earnest, Susan longed to rescue her village bairns, with immortality struggling in each little soul, from the guidance of that homespun farmer lad? Burning questions arose in the girl's mind, and she went apart to think. Susan Anthony did not then solve her vast problem: perhaps true solution has not yet come to any seeker; but friends and even many foes begin to think that she had found at least one unknown quantity in this equation of the vague, — this world mystery, — what is the true relation of man to woman; what can render justice between them? This bit of womanhood had not received unwholesome training for a clear insight into questions of absolute right.

Susan B. Anthony was of sturdy New England stock, and it was at the foot of Old Greylock, South Adams, Massachusetts, that she gave forth her first rebellious cry against the world of formulas that awaited her. There the baby steps were taken, and at the village school the first stitches were learned, and the A, B, C, in good, old, stupid, orthodox fashion, duly mastered. When five winters had passed over the solemn little head there came a time of great domestic commotion, and the child-mind, in its small way, seized the idea that permanence is not the rule of life. The family moved to Battenville, New York, where Mr. Anthony became one of the wealthiest men in Washington County. Susan can still recall the stately coldness of the great house, — how large the bare rooms, with their yellow painted floors, seemed in contrast with her own diminitiveness, and the outlook of the schoolroom where for so many years, with her brothers and sisters, she pursued her studies under private tutors.

The father of our young heroine was a stern Hicksite Quaker. In Susan's early life he objected on principle to all forms of frivolous amusement, — such as music, dancing, novel reading; games and even pictures were regarded as meaningless luxuries, if not as relaxing to strict morality. Such puritanical convictions might have easily degenerated into the meagerest formalism, expressing itself in most nasal cant; —

but underlying all was a broad and firm basis of wholesome respect for individual freedom, and a brave adherence, in deed as well as word, to the best truth that lay hid in the heart of him. No personal belief could blind him to the essentials of life. He was a man of good business capacity, and a thorough manager of his wide and lucrative interests. He saw that compensation and not chance ruled in the commercial world; and he believed in the same just, though often severe, law in the sphere of morals. Such a man was not apt to walk humbly in the path mapped out by his religious sect. He early offended by choosing a Baptist for his wife. Heinous offence! for which he was disowned, and, according to Quaker usage, could only be received into fellowship again by declaring himself "sorry" for his crime in full meeting. Sad plight this for a happy bridegroom! — yea, very sad! For his heart said that he was full of devout thankfulness for the good woman by his side, and destined to be thankful to the very end for this companion; so calm, so just, so far-seeing. Sturdily he rose in meeting, and in quiet, manly way, said he was "sorry" that the rules of the society were such, that, in marrying the woman he loved, he had committed offence! Here's a man of worth; necessary to the society; he admits he is "sorry" for something, it does not matter what, — let him be taken back into the body of the faithful! But this rebel's faith had begun to weaken in many minor points of discipline; his coat soon becomes a cause of offence, and calls forth another reproof from the moralities tightly buttoned in conforming garments. The convenient coat was adhered to; forgiveness once more granted. The petty forms of Liberal Quakerism began to lose their weight with him altogether, and he was finally disowned for allowing the village youth to be taught dancing in a large upper room of his dwelling. He was applied to for this favor on the ground that young men were under great temptation to drink if the lessons were given in the hotel; and, being a rigid temperance man, he readily consented, though his principles in regard to dancing would not allow his own sons and daughters to join in the

amusement. But the society could accept no such nice discrimination in what it deemed sin, nor such compromise with worldly frivolity. Flagrant cause this for reprimand! But the final appeal, this time, the rebel makes to his own conscience, and receives the verdict, "well done, good and faithful servant," and he is seen no more in meeting, nor in churches where the creeds rule. But in later years, in Rochester, he sits an attentive listener to the soul truths of Rev. William Henry Channing.

The effect of all this on our young reformer is the question of interest. No doubt she early weighed the comparative moral effects of coats cut with capes and those cut without, of purely Quaker conjugal love, and that deteriorated with Baptist affection. Weighty problems, too, she heard discussed, and decisions on all the vital questions of the hour, overriding compromises based on the absolutely true. Susan had an earnest soul, a conscience tending to morbidity; but a strong, well-balanced body and simple family life soothed the too active moral nature, and gave the world, instead of a religious fanatic, hypochondriac philosopher, a sincere, concentrated worker. Every household art was taught her by her mother, and so great was her ability that the duty-demanding especial care was always given into her hands. But ever, amid school and household tasks, the day-dream of the demure little maid was that in time she might be a "high-seat" Quaker. Each Sunday, up to the time of the third disobedience, Mr. Anthony, with honest faith, went to his distant Mecca, the Quaker meeting-house, some thirteen miles from home, wife and children usually accompanying him; though, as non-members, they were rigidly excluded from all business discussions. Exclusion was very pleasant in the bright days of summer; but not so for the seven year-old Susan, her father's sole companion, on one occasion in frosty December. When the blinds were drawn at the close of the religious meeting, and non-members retired, Susan, with determination on her brow, remained. Soon she saw a thin old lady with blue goggles come down from the "high-seat."

Approaching her, the Quakeress spoke softly; and Susan wondered if she was moved by the spirit when she said, "Thee is not a member, — thee must go out." "No; my mother told me not to go out in the cold," was the child's firm response. "Yes, but thee must go out, — thee is not a member." But my father is a member." Calm logic followed. "*Thee* is not a member." Finally, with all the voice she could muster, the child pleads, "It is cold!" But the "high-seat" constable of the decencies gently answers, "Thee must go," and Susan felt as if the spirit was moving *her*, and soon found herself in outer coldness. Fingers and toes becoming numb, and a bright fire in a cottage over the way beckoning warmly to her, the exile from the chapel of the tender mercies resolved to seek secular shelter. But alas! she was confronted by an advocate of "might makes right," in the shape of a huge dog, and just escaped with whole skin though capeless jacket. Stern defender this was, no doubt, of Quaker faith as to fitting style of garment. We may be sure there was much talk that night at the home fireside about "high-seat goggles," meaningless forms, and cant, and stern resolution was taken by the good Baptist wife that no child of hers should attend meeting again till made a member. "So it was," says Miss Anthony, "by means of a rent in my best jacket that I can lay claim to being a member of any church.

Later definite convictions took root in Miss Anthony's heart. Hers is, indeed, a sincerely religious nature, — not of the "blue-goggle" sort, but of the humanitarian. To be a simple, earnest Quaker was the aspiration of her girlhood; but she shrank from adopting the formal language and plain dress. Dark hours of conflict were spent over all this, and she interpreted her disinclination as evidence of unworthiness. Poor little Susan, as we look back with the knowledge of your later life, we translate the heart-burnings as unconscious protests against labelling your free soul, against testing your reasoning conviction of to-morrow by any shibboleth of to-day's belief. We hail this child-intuition as a prophecy of

the uncompromising truthfulness of the mature woman. Susan Anthony was trained to no dogmas, — taught simply that she must enter into the holy of holies of her own self, meet herself, and be true to the revelation. She first found words to express her convictions in listening to William Henry Channing, whose teaching had a lasting spiritual influence upon her. To-day Miss Anthony is an agnostic; as to the nature of the Godhead, and of the life beyond her horizon she does not profess to know anything. Every energy of her soul is centred upon the needs of the world. To her work is worship. She has not stood aside shivering in the cold shadows of uncertainty; but has moved on with the whirling world, has done the good given her to do, and thus in darkest hours has been sustained by an unflinching faith in the final perfection of all things. Her belief is not orthodox, but it is religious, — based on the high and severe moralities. In ancient Greece she would have been a Stoic; in the era of the Reformation, a Calvinist; in King Charles's time, a Puritan; but in this nineteenth century, by the very laws of her being, she is a Reformer.

For the arduous work that awaited Miss Anthony her years of young womanhood had given preparation. The father, though a man of wealth, made it a matter of conscience to train his girls as well as his boys to honest self-support. Accordingly Susan chose the profession of teacher, and made her first essay during a summer vacation, in a school her father had established for the children of his employees. Her success was so marked, not only in imparting knowledge, but also as a disciplinarian, that she followed this career steadily, — with the exception of some months given in Philadelphia to her own training, — for fifteen years. Of the many school rebellions which she overcame one rises before me prominent in its ludicrous aspects. Before whirling off into Miss Anthony's broader fields of conquest, let us take a peep into the district school at Centre Falls, in the year 1839. Bad reports were current there of male teachers ignominiously driven out by a certain strapping lad, through open windows.

Rumor new tells of a Quaker maiden coming to teach, Quaker maiden of peace principles. She can be sent out circumspectly by open door. She is to be gently dealt with, for she's against floggings. The anticipated day and Susan arrive. She looks very meek to the barbarian of fifteen, so he soon begins his antics. He is called to the platform, told to lay aside his jacket, and thereupon with much astonishment receives from the mild Quaker maiden, with a birch-rod applied calmly but with precision, an exposition of the *argumentum ad hominem* based on the *à posteriori* method of reasoning. Thus Susan departed from her principles, but not from her school.

But now there are mighty conflicts in the outside world disturbing our young teacher. Her mind wanders; the multiplication-table and spelling-book no longer enchain her thoughts; larger questions begin to fill her mind. About the year 1850 Susan B. Anthony hid her ferule quite away, and put off her laurel crown in teacherdom. Temperance, anti-slavery, woman suffrage, — three pregnant questions, — presented themselves, demanding consideration. Higher, ever higher, rose their appeals, until she resolved, in the silence of her individual self, to dedicate her every energy and thought to the burning needs of the hour. Owing to early experience of the disabilities of her sex, the first demand for equal rights for women found echo in Susan Anthony's heart. And though she was in the beginning startled to hear that women had actually met in convention, and by speeches and resolutions declared themselves man's peer in political rights, urging radical changes in State constitutions, and the whole system of American jurisprudence; yet the most casual review convinced her that these claims were but the logical outgrowth of the fundamental theories of our republic.

Miss Anthony first carried her red flag of rebellion into the State conventions of teachers, and there fought, almost single-handed, the battle of equality. At the close of the first decade she had compelled conservatism to yield its ground so far as to permit women to participate in all debates, deliver

essays, vote, and hold honored positions as officers. She labored as sincerely in the temperance movement, until convinced that woman's moral power amounted to little as a civil agent until backed by a ballot, and coined into State law. She still never loses an occasion to defend teetotalism and prohibition; but to every question the refrain of Poe's raven was not more persistently "never more," than Miss Anthony's response, "woman suffrage."

It was in 1852 that anti-slavery, through the eloquent lips of such men as Pillsbury, George Thompson, Phillips, and Garrison, first proclaimed to her its pressing necessities. To their inspired words she gave answer four years afterwards by becoming a regularly employed agent in the Anti-Slavery Society. For her espoused cause she has always made boldest demands. In the abolition meetings she used to tell each class why it should support the movement financially, invariably calling upon Democrats to give liberally, as the success of the cause would enable them to cease bowing the knee to the slave power, and to be "decent sort of men." Mr. Garrison said, the first time he heard this plea, "Well, Miss Anthony, you're the most audacious beggar I ever heard."

There is scarce a town, however small, from New York to San Francisco, that has not heard the ringing voice of our heroine. Who can number the speeches she has made on lyceum platforms, in churches, school-houses, halls, barns, and in the open air, with lumber wagons and carts for her rostrum? Who can describe the varied audiences and social circles she has cheered and interested? Now we see her on the far-off prairies entertaining, with her sterling common sense, large gatherings of men, women, and children, seated on rough boards in some unfinished building; again, holding public debates in some town with half-fledged editors and clergymen; next, sailing up the Columbia River, and, in hot haste to meet some appointment, jolting over the rough mountains of Oregon and Washington Territories; and, then, before legislative assemblies, constitutional conventions, and

congressional committees, discussing with senators and judges the letter and spirit of constitutional law.

Miss Anthony's style of speaking is rapid and vehement; in debate, ready and keen; and she is always equal to an emergency. Many times in travelling with her through the West, especially on our first trip to Kansas and California, we were suddenly called on to speak to the women assembled at the stations. Filled with consternation, I usually appealed to her to go first; and, without a moment's hesitation, she could always fill five minutes with some appropriate words, and inspire me with thoughts and courage to follow. The climax of these occasions was in an institution for the deaf and dumb in Michigan. I had just said to my friend, "There is one comfort in visiting this place, we shall not be asked to speak," when the superintendent approaching us said, "Ladies, the pupils are assembled in the chapel ready to hear you. I promised to invite you to speak to them as soon as I heard you were in town." The possibility of addressing such an audience was as novel to Miss Anthony as to me; yet she promptly walked down the aisle to the platform as if to perform an ordinary duty, while I, half distracted with anxiety, wondering by what process I was to be placed in communication with the deaf and dumb, reluctantly followed. But the manner was simple enough when illustrated. The superintendent, standing by our side, repeated in the sign language what was said as fast as uttered, and by tears, laughter, and earnest attention the pupils showed that they fully appreciated the pathos, humor, and argument.

One night, crossing the Mississippi at McGregor, Iowa, we were ice-bound in the middle of the river. The boat was crowded with people, standing hungry, tired, cross with the delay. Some gentlemen, with whom we had been talking on the cars, started the cry for a speech on woman suffrage. Accordingly, in the middle of the Mississippi river, at midnight, we presented our claims to political representation, and debated the question of universal suffrage until we landed. Our voyagers were quite thankful that we had shortened the

many hours, and we equally so at having made several converts, and held a convention in the very bosom of the great "Father of Waters." Only once in all these wanderings was Miss Anthony taken by surprise, and that was on being asked to speak to the inmates of an insane asylum. "Bless me," said she, "it is as much as I can do to talk to the sane! What could I say to an audience of lunatics?" Her companion, Mrs. Virginia L. Minor, of St. Louis, replied, — "This is a golden moment for you, — the first opportunity you have ever had, according to the constitutions, to talk to your 'peers'; for is not the right of suffrage denied to 'idiots, criminals, lunatics, and women?'"

Much curiosity has been expressed as to the love-life of Miss Anthony; but if she has enjoyed or suffered any of the usual triumphs or disappointments of her sex she has not yet vouchsafed this information to her biographers. While few women have had more sincere and lasting friendships, or a more extensive correspondence with a large circle of noble men, yet I doubt if one of them can boast of having received from her any exceptional attention. She has often playfully said, when questioned on this point, that she could not consent that the man she loved, described in the constitution as a white male, native-born, American citizen, possessed of the right of self-government, eligible to the office of President of the great Republic, should unite his destinies in marriage with a political slave and pariah. "No, no; when I am crowned with all the rights, privileges, and immunities of a citizen, I may give some consideration to these social problems; but until then I must concentrate all my energies on the enfranchisement of my own sex." Miss Anthony's love-life, like her religion, has manifested itself in steadfast, earnest labors for man in general. She has been a watchful and affectionate daughter, sister, friend; and those who have felt the pulsations of her great heart, know how warmly it beats for all.

As the custom has long been observed among married women of celebrating the anniversaries of their wedding-day,

quite properly the initiation has been taken, in late years, of doing honor to the great events in the lives of single women. Being united in closest matrimony to her profession, Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, of Boston, celebrated her twenty-fifth year of faithful service as a physician by giving to her friends and patrons a large reception, which she called her silver-wedding. From a feeling of the sacredness of her life-work, the admirers of Susan B. Anthony have been moved to mark by reception and conventions her rapid flowing years, and the passing decades of the suffrage movement. To the most brilliant occasion of this kind, the invitation cards, finely engraved, with the letters "W. B" elaborately wrought in an embossed monogram, were as follows:—

"The ladies of the Woman's Bureau invite you to a reception on Tuesday evening, February 15, to celebrate the fiftieth birthday of Susan B. Anthony, when her friends will have an opportunity to show their appreciation of her long services in behalf of woman's emancipation.

"ELIZABETH B. PHELPS,

"ANNA B. DARLING,

"CHARLOTTE BEEBE WILBOUR.

"49 EAST 23D STREET, NEW YORK,
February 10, 1870."

In response to the invitation the parlors at the Bureau were crowded with friends to congratulate Miss Anthony on the happy event, many bringing valuable gifts as an expression of their gratitude. Among other presents were a handsome gold watch, and checks to the amount of a thousand dollars. The guests were entertained with music, recitations, the reading of many piquant letters of regret from distinguished people, and witty rhymes, written for the occasion by the Cary sisters. Miss Anthony received her guests with her usual straightforward simplicity, and in a few earnest words expressed her thanks for the presents and praises showered upon her. The comments of the leading journals next day were highly complimentary and as genial as amusing. All dwelt on the fact that at last a woman had arisen brave

enough to assert her right to grow old, and openly declare that half a century had rolled over her head.

As a writer Miss Anthony is clear and concise, dealing in facts rather than rhetoric. Of carefully-prepared written speeches she has had few; but these, by the high praise they called forth, prove that she can — in spite of her own declaration to the contrary — put her sterling thoughts on paper concisely and effectively. After her exhaustive plea in 1880 for a XVIth Amendment before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, Senator Edmonds accosted her as she was leaving the Capitol, and said he neglected to tell her in the committee-room that she had made an argument, no matter what his personal feelings were as to the conclusions reached, which was unanswerable, — an argument, unlike the usual platform oratory given at hearings, suited to a committee of men trained to the law.

It was in 1876 that Miss Anthony gave her much criticised lecture on "Social Purity" in Boston. As to the result she felt very anxious; for the intelligence of New England composed her audience, and it did not still her heart-beats to see sitting just in front of the platform her revered friend, William Lloyd Garrison. But surely every fear vanished when she felt the grand old abolitionist's hand warmly pressing hers, and heard him say, that to listen to no one else would he have had courage to leave his sick-room, and that he felt fully repaid by her grand speech, which neither in matter nor manner would he have changed in the smallest particular. But into Miss Anthony's private correspondence one must look for examples of her most effective writings. Verb or subject is usually wanting, but you can always catch the thought, and will ever find it clear and suggestive. It is a strikingly strange dialect, but one that touches at times the deepest chords of pathos and humor, and, when stirred by some great event, is highly eloquent.

From being the most ridiculed and mercilessly persecuted woman, Miss Anthony has become the most honored and respected in the nation. Witness the praises of press and peo-

ple, and the enthusiastic ovations she received on her departure for Europe. Never were warmer expressions of regret for an absence, nor more sincere prayers for a speedy return, accorded any American on leaving his native shores. This slow awaking to the character of her services shows the abiding sense of justice in the human soul, that, sooner or later, seeks to atone for the martyrdom of those who are called to expiate the sins of the people. Having spent the winter of 1882-3 in Washington, trying to press to a vote the bill for a XVIth Amendment before Congress, and the autumn in a vigorous campaign through Nebraska, where a constitutional amendment to enfranchise women had been submitted to the people, she felt the imperative need of an entire change in the current of her thoughts. Accordingly, after one of the most successful conventions ever held at the national capital, and a most flattering ovation in the spacious parlors of the Riggs House, she went to Philadelphia. Here she was given another public reception by the Citizens' Suffrage Association, whose president, Mr. Robert Purvis, presented to her, in the name of the society, an engraved testimonial of their regard and allegiance. To some it may suggest a pregnant thought that the date of Miss Anthony's departure for Europe was the birthday anniversary of the first President of the United States.

Fortunate in being perfectly well during the entire voyage, our traveller received perpetual enjoyment in watching the ever-varying sea and sky. To the captain's merry challenge to find anything so grand as the ocean, she replied: "Yes, these mighty forces in nature do indeed fill me with awe; but this vessel, with deep-buried fires, powerful machinery, spacious decks, and tapering masts, walking the waves like a thing of life, and all the work of man, impresses one still more deeply. Lo! in man's divine creative power is fulfilled the prophecy, 'Ye shall be as gods!'"

In all her journeyings through Germany, Italy, and France, Miss Anthony was never the traveller, but always the humanitarian *incognito*, the reformer in traveller's guise.

Few of the great masterpieces of art gave her real enjoyment; the keen appreciation of the beauties of sculpture, painting, architecture, one would have expected to find in so deep a religious nature, was wanting, warped, no doubt, by her early training in Quaker utilities. That her travels gave her more pain than pleasure, was, perhaps, not so much that she had no appreciation of æsthetic beauty, but that she quickly grasped the infinitude of human misery; not because her soul did not feel the heights to which art had risen, but that it vibrated in every fibre to the depths to which mankind had fallen. Wandering through a gorgeous palace one day, she exclaimed, "What do you find to admire here? If it were a school of five hundred children being educated into the right of self-government, I could admire it, too; but standing for one man's pleasure, I say, No!" In the quarters of one of the devotees, at the old monastery of the Certosa, there lies, on a small table, an open book in which visitors register themselves. On the occasion of Miss Anthony's visit the pen and ink proved so unpromising that her entire party declined this opportunity to make themselves famous. But our heroine looked higher than individual glory, and made the rebellious pen inscribe the principle, "Perfect equality for woman, social, political, religious. Susan B. Anthony, U. S. A." Friends who visited the monastery next day reported that lines had been drawn through this heretical sentiment.

During her visit at the Berlin home of Senator and Mrs. Sargent, Miss Anthony quite innocently posted her letters in the official envelopes of the Suffrage Association of America. After the revolutionary sentiment, "No just government can be formed without the consent of the governed," printed on the outside, had been carefully examined by the German officials, all the letters were returned; probably nothing saving her from arrest as a socialist under the tyrannical police regulations but the fact that she was the guest of the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States.

Miss Anthony's host, during her visit in Paris, writes : " I had never before seen her in the *rôle* of tourist. She seemed interested only in historical monuments and in the men and questions of the hour. The galleries of the Louvre had little attraction for her, but she gazed with deep pleasure at Napoleon's tomb, Nôtre Dame, and the ruins of the Tuilleries. She was always ready to listen to discussions on the political problems before the French people, the prospects of the republic, the divorce agitation, and the revolution in favor of women's instruction. ' I had rather see Jules Terry than all the pictures of the Louvre, Luxembourg, and Salon,' she remarked at table. A day or two later she saw Terry at Laboulaye's funeral. The three things which made the deepest impression on Miss Anthony, during her stay at Paris, were probably the interment of Laboulaye, the friend of the United States and of the women's movement; the touching anniversary demonstration of the Communists, at the Cemetery of Père La Chaise, on the very spot where the last defenders of the Commune of 1871 were ruthlessly shot and buried in a common grave; and a woman's rights meeting, held in a little hall in the Rue de Rivoli, at which the brave, far-seeing Mlle. Hubertine Achet was the leading spirit.

While on the continent, Miss Anthony experienced the unfortunate sensation of being deaf and dumb; to speak and not be understood, to hear and not comprehend, were to her bitter realities. We can imagine to what desperation she was brought, when her Quaker prudishness could hail an emphatic oath in English from a French official with the exclamation, " Well, it sounds good to hear some one even swear in old Anglo-Saxon!" After two months of enforced silence, she was buoyant in reaching the British Islands once more, where she could enjoy public speaking and general conversation. Here she was the recipient of many generous social attentions, and on May 25 a large public meeting of representative people, presided over by Jacob Bright, was called in her honor by the National Association of Great

Britain. She spoke on the educational and political status of America, leaving to me the religious and social position of our countrywomen.

Before closing my friend's biography, I shall trace two golden threads in this closely-woven life of incident. One of the greatest services rendered by Miss Anthony to the suffrage cause was in casting a vote in the Presidential election of 1872, in order to test her rights under the XIVth Amendment. For this offence the brave woman was arrested on Thanksgiving Day, the national holiday handed down to us by Pilgrim Fathers escaped from England's persecutions. New World republicanism, based on inconsistencies, does not contrast favorably with Old World injustice, founded on prescriptive rights. But this farce of the equities hastens on quickly to its close. Miss Anthony appeals for a *writ of habeas corpus*. The writ being flatly refused her in January, 1873, the courtly counsel gives bonds. Our daring defendant, finding, when too late, that this not only keeps her out of jail, but her case out of the Supreme Court of the United States, regretfully determines to fight on and gain the uttermost by a State decision. Her trial is appointed for the Rochester term in May. Quickly she canvasses the whole country, laying before every probable juror the strength of her case. The time of trial arrives; but the Attorney-General, fearing the result if decision be left to a jury drawn from Miss Anthony's enlightened county, postpones the trial to the Ontario County Session, in June, 1873. Another county is now to be instructed in all its length and breadth. So short is the time that Miss Anthony asked and received valuable assistance from Matilda Joslyn Gage; and to meet all this new expense, financial aid was generously given, unsolicited, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Gerrit Smith, and other sympathizers. But in vain was every effort; in vain the appeal of Miss Anthony to her jurors; in vain the logical argument of her gifted counsel, Henry R. Selden; in vain the moral influence of the leading representatives of the bar of Central New York filling the court-room, for Judge Hunt,

without sympathy or precedent to sustain him, declaring it a case of law and not fact, refuses to give the case to the jury, reserving to himself final decision. Is it not an historic scene being enacted here in this little court-house of Canandaigua? Do we not witness there all the inconsistencies embodied in this judge, so punctilious in manner, so scrupulous in attire, so conscientious in trivialities, and so obtuse on great principles, fitly described by Charles O'Conner, "a very lady-like judge." Behold him sitting there, balancing all the niceties of law and equity in his Old World scales, and at last saying, "The prisoner will stand up. [Whereupon the accused arose.] The sentence of the court is, that you pay a fine of one hundred dollars and the costs of the prosecution." Strange, unruly defendant, this: "May it please your honor, I shall never pay a dollar of your unjust penalty,"—and more to the same effect, all of which she has lived up to. The "lady-like" judge has gained some insight into the determination of the prisoner; so, not wishing to incarcerate her to all eternity, he adds gently, "Madame, the court will not order you committed until the fine is paid."

It was on the 17th of June that the verdict was given; the decision was a victory for the inconsistencies. On that very day, a little more than a century before, other injustices gained in an encounter with truth. The brave militia was driven back at Bunker's Hill,—back, back, almost wiped out; yet truth was in their ranks, and justice, too; but how ended this rebellion of weak colonists? The cause of American womanhood, embodied for the moment in the liberty of a single individual, received a rebuff on June 17, 1873; but just so sure as our Revolutionary heroes were in the end victorious, so sure will the alienable rights of our heroines of the nineteenth century receive final vindication.

In his speech of 1880 before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, Wendell Phillips said—what as a rule is true—that a reformer to be conscientious must be free from bread-winning. I should like to open my heroine's account-book and show that this reformer, being perhaps the exception

which proves the rule, has been consistently and conscientiously in debt. Turning over her year-books the pages give a fair record up to 1863. Here begins her first herculean labor. The Woman's Loyal League, sadly in need of funds, is not an incorporated association, so its secretary assumes the debts. Accounts here became quite lamentable, the deficit reaching five thousand dollars. It must be paid, and, in fact, will be paid. Anxious, weary hours were spent in crowding Cooper Institute, from week to week, with paid audiences, to listen to such men as Phillips, Curtis, and Douglass, who contributed their services, and lifted the secretary out of debt. Next a cunning device was resorted to in asking the people who signed petitions against slavery to contribute a cent each. "Audacious beggar," this? Yes, and successful, too. At last, after many wanderings, we see cash-book 1863 honorably pigeon-holed. In 1867 we can read account of herculean labor the second. Twenty thousand tracts are needed to convert the voters of Kansas to woman suffrage. That occasions all the sorry plights revealed in the accounts of this year. Travelling expenses to Kansas and the rebellious tracts make the debtor column overreach the creditor some two thousand dollars. There is recognition on these pages of more than one thousand dollars obtained by soliciting advertisements, but no note is made of the weary, burning July days spent in the streets of New York to procure this money, nor of the ready application of the savings made by petty economies from her salary from the Hovey Committee. Enough is it to say that herculean labor number two reached a victorious conclusion — cash-book 1867 honorable burial in some pigeon-hole; and chiefest wonder, that our bread-winning reformer remained conscientiously faithful to the truth revealed in her.

It would have been fortunate for our brave Susan, if cash-books 1868, 1869, and 1870 had never come down from their shelves; for they sing and sing in notes of debts till all unite in one vast chorus of more than ten thousand dollars. These were the days of the "Revolution," the newspaper, not the war,

though this was warfare for the debt-ridden manager. What is to be done? is the question. Well, five thousand dollars she paid with her fees for lecturing, and with money given her for personal use. One Thanksgiving was in truth a time of returning thanks; for she received, cancelled, from her cousin, Mr. Lapham, her note for four thousand dollars. After the funeral of Paulina Wright Davis, the bereaved widower pressed into Miss Anthony's hand cancelled notes for five hundred dollars, bearing on the back the words, "In memory of my beloved wife." One other note was cancelled in recognition of her perfect forgetfulness of self-interest and ready sacrifice to the needs of others. When laboring in 1874 to fill every engagement in order to meet her debts her mother's sudden illness called her home. Without one selfish regret, the anxious daughter hastened to Rochester. When recovery was certain, and Miss Anthony was about to return to her fatiguing labors, her mother gave her at parting her note for a thousand dollars, on which was written, in trembling lines, "In just consideration of the tender sacrifice made to nurse me in severe illness." At last all the "Revolution" debt was paid, except that due to her generous sister, Mary Anthony, who used often humorously to assure her she was a fit subject for the bankrupt act. But nothing daunted, this Hercules of the nineteenth century vanquished creditor after creditor, and in 1876 cash-books of revolutionary epoch were safely pigeon-holed.

There is something humorously pathetic in the death of this first-born of Miss Anthony, whose life proved too rebellious and erratic for even her democratic nature. Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard generously assumed the care of the troublesome child, and in order to make the adoption legal, gave the usual one dollar greenback. The very night of the transfer Miss Anthony went to Rochester with the almighty dollar in her pocket, and the little change left after purchasing her ticket. She arrived safely with her debts, but nothing more, — her pocket had been picked! Oh, thief, would you could but know what value of faithful work you purloined!

From the close of the year 1876, annals show favorable signs as to the credit column; indeed, at the end of five years, there is a solid balance of several thousand dollars earned on severe lecturing tours. But alas! the accounts grow dim again, — in fact, credit column fades quite away. Herculean labor in form of "Woman Suffrage History" rises up, and ruthlessly swallows every vestige of Miss Anthony's bank account, excepting one thousand dollars reserved for the European trip. Within the past two years she has been left some twenty thousand dollars, in trust for the cause of woman suffrage, by the will of Mr. Eddy, daughter of Francis Jackson; but, as the will is in litigation, no part of the money has as yet been received.

In vain will you search these tell-tale books for evidence of personal extravagance; for although Miss Anthony thinks it true economy to buy the best, and like Carlyle dislikes shams, her tastes are simple even to Quaker excess. Is there not something very touching in the fact that she has never bought even a book or picture for her own enjoyment? The meagre, personal balance-sheets show but four lapses from severest discipline, lapses that she even now regards as ruthless extravagances, — the purchase of two inexpensive brooches, a much-needed watch, and a pair of cuffs to match a point-lace collar presented by a friend. Long since, friends interested in Miss Anthony's personal appearance have ceased to trust her with the purchase-money for any ornament; for, however firm her resolution to comply with your wish, the check invariably finds its way to the credit column of these same little cash-books as "money received for the cause." Now, reader, you have been admitted to a private view of Miss Anthony's financial records, and you can appreciate her devotion to an idea. Do you not agree with me that a "breadwinner" can be a conscientious reformer?

In finishing this sketch of the most intimate friend I have had for the past thirty years, — with whom I have spent weeks and months under the same roof, — I can truly say she is the most upright, courageous, self-sacrificing, magnanimous

human being I have ever known. I have seen her beset on every side with the most petty annoyances, ridiculed and misrepresented, slandered and persecuted; I have known women refuse to take her extended hand without vouchsafing an explanation, women to whom she presented handsomely bound copies of the "History of Woman Suffrage," return it unnoticed, others keep it without one word of acknowledgment, others write most insulting letters in answer to hers of affectionate conciliation. And yet, under all the cross-fires incident to a reform, never has her hope flagged, her self-respect wavered, nor a feeling of revenge shadowed her mind. Oftentimes when I have been sorely discouraged, thinking that the prolonged struggle was a waste of forces, that in other directions might be rich in achievement, with her sublime faith in humanity, she would breathe into my soul renewed inspiration, saying, "Pity rather than blame those who persecute us." In their present condition of slavery women cannot have any *esprit de corps*; they are the victims of generations of bigotry, prejudice, and oppression. If you cannot stand the malignity of an enemy, and the treason of a friend, where and how can I reinforce myself for the conflict.

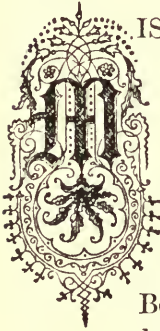
Thus have we supplemented each other; and through these long years, though striving, side by side, as writers, as speakers in conventions and on the lyceum platform, and as officers in an influential national society, never has a single break come in our friendship, never has one feeling of envy marred the happiness of each in the success of the other. So closely interwoven have been our lives, our purposes, and experiences, that separated we have a feeling of incompleteness, — united such strength of self-assertion that no ordinary obstacles, difficulties, or dangers ever appear to us insurmountable. Reviewing the life of Susan B. Anthony, I ever liken her to the Doric column in Grecian architecture, so simply, so grandly she stands, free from every extraneous ornament, supporting her one vast idea, — the enfranchisement of woman.

CHAPTER III.

CATHERINE E. BEECHER.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

A Leaf from Dr. Lyman Beecher's Diary — The Old Parsonage at Litchfield — Miss Beecher's Early Education — Her Keen Sense of Humor — A Sprightly Poem — Lines Written on the Death of Her Mother — Her First Published Poems — "Who is this C. D. D.?" — Engagement to Prof. Alexander M. Fisher — Bright Prospects for the Future — Prof. Fisher Sails for England — Shipwreck of the "Albion," and Death of Prof. Fisher — The Survivor's Narrative of the Shipwreck — Effect of the Distressing News — Miss Beecher Establishes the Hartford Female Seminary — Her Energy and Incessant Activity — Last years of Her Life — Her Death — Lines Written to a Dying Friend.



MISS CATHERINE E. BEECHER, celebrated in a past generation as a leader in the cause of female education, was the oldest child of the numerous family of Dr. Lyman Beecher. She was born at East Hampton, an obscure parish on the shores of Long Island Sound, where her father's ministerial career commenced.

Among the family relics is a leaf from Dr. Beecher's diary, a fragment yellow with age and bearing the following entry :—

"SATURDAY, September 6, 1800.

"This moment, blessed be God, my dear, dear wife is delivered of a daughter, and my soul, my very soul from agony. Oh, may I never forget the goodness of God who has heard our prayer. Jesus! Thou former of the body and father of the spirit, accept as Thine the immortal soul Thou hast ushered into life. Take, O take it to be Thine before it cling round my heart, and never suffer us to take it back again. May it live to glorify Thee on earth, and to

enjoy Thee forever in heaven. Now, Lord, we look to Thee for grace to help us rear it for Thee,—may it be Thine forever, Amen and Amen.”

The spirit of devout earnestness expressed in this relic was characteristic of the whole life of Dr. Beecher. His ministerial career, afterwards so celebrated, commenced in earnest missionary labors in this obscure field. Every night during the week he held some meeting along the shore, now among the Montauk Indians and now in a little settlement of free blacks,—and again in the East Hampton village proper. The first nine years of Miss Beecher's life were spent in this region. As her father's eldest child she became his companion, and often was taken in the old chaise between him and her mother to his pastoral visitations. Mrs. Beecher was a woman uniting a rare culture with great strength and sweetness. As the salary of the parish was a limited one, she opened a family school, receiving a select number of young ladies to study under her instruction. She was aided in these cares by a sister, a lady of great beauty, elegance, and refinement, to whose early instructions Miss Beecher often recurred as having a strong influence upon her life.

In her ninth year Dr. Beecher removed to Litchfield, Conn., a mountain town celebrated alike for the beauty of its scenery and the exceptional cultivation and refinement of its inhabitants. The law school under Judge Reeves, and subsequently under Judge Gould, drew to the place students from every part of the Union. The female seminary, under Miss Sarah Pearse, and Mr. J. P. Brace, drew every year hundreds of young ladies—while the resident families of the town numbered many of a class distinguished by intellectual culture and refinement.

The house, which was bought by Dr. Beecher, and which is remembered still as the early home of the family, was a large, plain, old-fashioned mansion, shaded by elms and maples. The front windows commanded a beautiful prospect, where the waters of two lovely lakes gleamed out from encircling forests of pines, and the blue outlines of Mount Tom rose

in the distance. On another side the wooded heights of Chestnut Hills were covered with a veil of native forest trees, which in spring, summer, and autumn gave a rich and varied horizon of verdure. The village street was wide and green, overshadowed with lofty trees, and giving glimpses through deep, shady yards of the ample white houses which, encircled by stately, old-fashioned gardens, stood in summer-time with doors and windows hospitably open. Here, under the care of Miss Pearse, Miss Beecher began her career as a school-girl.

Possessed of perfect health and an unfailing store of cheerfulness and energy, warm-hearted, enthusiastic, and vigorous, Catherine Beecher was a universal favorite, both with teachers and companions. In music, painting, poetry, and general literature she evinced both taste and talent, — she soon learned to play on the piano, and sing quite a *répertoire* of the songs and ballads then in vogue. She also showed an early and ready talent for versification, and at a very early age her poetical effusions were handed about among her family friends, and helped diversify the routine of the parsonage. Most of them were of a sprightly and humorous turn, called forth by some domestic chance or mischance, such as the breaking of the largest dish in a new dinner-service, which was thus bewailed :—

“ High mounted on the dresser’s side,
Our brown-edged platter stood with pride!
A neighboring door flew open wide,
Knocked out its brains, — and straight, it died.

“ Come, kindred platters, with me mourn,
Hither, ye plates and dishes, turn!
Knives, forks, and carvers, all give ear,
And each drop a dish-water tear!

“ No more with smoking roast-beef crowned
Shall guests this noble dish surround,
Roast pig no more here show his vizard,
Nor goose — nor even goose’s gizzard.

“But broken-hearted must it go
 Down to the dismal shades below,
 While kitchen muses, platters, plates,
 Knives, forks, and spoons upbraid the Fates;
 With streaming tears cry out “I never,”—
 Our brown-edged platter’s gone forever!

Another sprightly lyric detailed the nocturnal capers and frolics of the rats that infested the walls of the old parsonage, and were set forth under the title of “The Great Ratification Meeting.” In her later years Miss Beecher amused herself with collecting and arranging the memorials of these early days in Litchfield, under the head of “The Merriment and Romance of My Early Life,” and often said, in looking back, that her young life seemed to her one continued frolic. Picnics, promenades, concerts, parties of pleasure, in all of which she was the animating spirit, succeeded each other with the varying months.

In her sixteenth year came the first stroke that taught her the reality of life. On the night of September 25, 1816, after a short illness, her mother died, the mother who had been to her teacher, friend, and guide for so many years. Instead of gay and fanciful lyrics, she now wrote in a graver, sadder strain, lines entitled “The East Graveyard of Litchfield”:—

“The busy hum of day is o’er,
 The scene is sweet and still,
 And modest eve, with blushes warm,
 Walks o’er the western hill;

“All nature round looks sweetly sad,
 And smiles with pensive gloom,
 The evening breeze soft gliding by
 Seems sighing o’er the tomb.

“The great, the good, the weak, the wise,
 Lie shrouded here in gloom,
 And here, with aching heart, I mark
 My own dear mother’s tomb.

- “ Oh, as upon her peaceful grave
I fix my weeping eyes,
How many fond remembrances
In quick succession rise.
- “ Again I see her gentle form,
As when in infant days,
And through my sporting childish years,
She guarded all my ways.
- “ As when, with fond and anxious care,
She watched my early day,
And through the dangerous snares of youth
She gently cleared my way.
- “ Far through the vista of past years
As memory can extend,
She walked, my counsellor and guide,
My guardian and my friend.
- “ From works of science and of taste,
How richly stored her mind ;
And yet how mild in all her ways,
How modest, meek, and kind.
- “ Religion’s pure and heavenly light
Illumined all her road ;
Before her house she led the way
To virtue and to God.
- “ Like some fair orb she blessed my way
With mild and grateful light ;
Till called from hence the opening heavens
Received her from my sight.
- “ Now left in dark and dubious paths,
I mourn her guidance o’er,
And sorrow that my longing eyes
Shall see her face no more.
- “ Father in Heaven ! my mother’s God,
Oh, grant before Thy seat,
Among the blessed sons of light,
Parent and child again may meet.

“There may I see her happy face,
And hear her gentle voice,
And gladdened by Thy gracious smile
Through endless years rejoice.”

The death of the mother brought upon her, as the eldest daughter of the family, many cares and responsibilities. Though only sixteen years of age, she was the eldest of a family of eight children, and, having always been treated by her father as a companion, she sympathized with him fully in the sorrows and anxieties of this bereavement. When, therefore, after a suitable interval, her father announced to her that he had found a lady of culture and piety willing to assume the cares and labors of the head of his family, Miss Beecher at once with generous openness wrote a letter of welcome to the prospective stepmother, and a friendship arose between the two which continued through life.

Under the new organization the parsonage became a centre of a very charming, cultivated circle of society, where music, painting, and poetry, all combined to shed a charm over life. Parties were formed for reading, and at these parties original compositions were often handed in and read. Mr. J. P. Brace and Miss Beecher simultaneously took up the idea of writing poems, the scene of which should be laid in Litchfield during the time when it existed as an Indian village, called Bantam. Both these poems were presented and read, and circulated in manuscript through the appreciative circles of Litchfield.

At that time there was no daily press, and none of those magazines which now stimulate the young composer to rush into print. The literature thus confined to an appreciative circle had a charm of its own, uninvaded by sneering criticism, and certainly added to the interest of the Litchfield society. Miss Beecher's ballad of "Yala" possessed no mean poetic merit as the composition of a girl of seventeen, and was circulated even among the literary circles of New Haven.

Dr. Beecher, who had risen into the front ranks of influence in Connecticut, at this time, in concert with the literary gentlemen connected with Yale College, projected the idea of a monthly magazine of literature and theology to be called the "Christian Spectator." Dr. Beecher was a regular contributor under the signature "D. D." Miss Beecher's first published poems appeared in this under the signature "C. D. D."

These poems first drew towards her the notice of one, her connection with whom was destined to reverse the whole course of her life. The young professor of mathematics, Alexander M. Fisher, was led to inquire of a friend, "Who is this 'C. D. D.' that writes these poems?" and the replies that he received so far increased his interest that he asked a classmate who was to supply Dr. Beecher's pulpit for a Sabbath to allow him to accompany him. As Professor Fisher had hitherto avoided society, and lived a life of scholarly seclusion, this step was the more remarkable. Miss Beecher, however, devoted herself to his entertainment, played and sang for him, and knowing that he was an accomplished musician, drew him out of his diffidence and reserve to play and sing in return, and in fact made his visit so delightful that the memory of it followed him back to his study.

After a while, hearing from different sources of the lady who had so interested him, he wrote a frank and manly letter to Dr. Beecher, avowing his interest, and begging permission to seek the regard of his daughter, and soliciting his aid in providing opportunities. As Miss Beecher was very soon going to take a place as teacher of music and painting in New London, it was easily arranged that she should on her way spend a week in New Haven, at the house of a mutual friend. After a week of devoted attention, Professor Fisher announced to Dr. Beecher that he was going to Massachusetts in a chaise to bring back his sister, and that he would be happy to take Miss Beecher to New London, and so it was arranged. A correspondence followed, in which the delicacy and elegance of his mind, his high principle and keen sense of honor were displayed, while a vein of gentle humor gave a

grace to scholarly exactness. To this correspondence followed an engagement, and it was arranged that immediately on Professor Fisher's return from a tour in Europe the marriage was to take place. On all hands Miss Beecher received congratulations. Professor Fisher had already distinguished himself in his department of science, and was now going abroad to form the acquaintance of scientists and to observe the methods of teaching in European universities, with a view of improving his department in Yale College. The prospect before Miss Beecher was of a home in the beautiful rural city of New Haven, in cultured literary society, and at the distance of only an hour or two from father and home. Nothing could be asked on her own part or that of her friends more perfectly desirable.

But like a stroke of lightning from a clear sky came the news in a letter to Dr. Beecher, that on the 22d of April the "Albion" in which Professor Fisher had sailed was wrecked on Kinsale Point, and that every passenger but one had perished.

Miss Beecher was prostrated by the stroke both in mind and body, and was for some time unable to leave her room. The small glimmer of hope which the saving of one passenger afforded was soon extinguished by further particulars. The sole survivor, Mr. Everhard, thus described the dreadful catastrophe. After saying that a heavy sea had carried away the masts of the "Albion," stove in the hatchways, and carried off the wheel which enabled them to steer, he adds:—

"All night long the wind blew a gale directly on shore, towards which the 'Albion' was drifting at the rate of about three miles an hour. The complete hopelessness of our situation was known to few except Captain Williams. The coast was familiar to him; and he must have seen in despair and horror throughout the night the certainty of our fate.

"At length the ocean dashing and roaring upon the precipice of rocks under the lee of the ship told us that the hour had come. Captain Williams summoned all on deck, and briefly told us that the ship must soon strike; it was impos-

sible to preserve her. We were crowded about the fore-castle, our view curtained by the darkest night I ever beheld, surrounded by waves running mountains high, propelled by a tremendous storm towards an iron-bound shore. The rocks, whose towering heads appeared more than a hundred feet above the level of the sea, against whose side the mighty waves beat with unremitting fury, by their terrific collision gave the only light by which we were enabled to see our unavoidable fate and final destruction. The sea beating for ages against this perpendicular precipice has worn large caverns into its base, into which the waves rush violently with a sound re-echoing like distant thunder, then running out in various directions, form whirlpools of great force. For a perch or two from the precipice rocks rise out of the water, broad at bottom and sharp at top; on one of these, just at the gray of dawn, the 'Albion' first struck. The next wave threw her further on the rock, — the third further still, until, nearly balanced, she swung round and her stern was driven against another nearer in shore.

"In this situation, every wave making a breach over her, many were drowned on deck. It is not possible to conceive the horrors of our situation. The deadly and relentless blast impelling us to destruction; the ship a wreck — the raging of the billows against the precipice on which we were driving — the sending back from the caverns and the rocks the hoarse and melancholy warnings of death — dark, cold, and wet — in such a situation the stoutest heart must have quailed in utter despair. When there is a ray of hope there may be a corresponding buoyancy of spirit. When there is anything to be done, the active man may drown the sense of danger while actively exerting himself; but here there was nothing to do — but to die. Every moment might be considered the last. Terror and despair seized upon the most of us with the iron grasp of death, augmented by the wild shrieks of the females, expressive of their terror. Major Gough, of the British army, remarked, that 'Death, come as he would, was an unwelcome messenger, but we must meet him as we

could.' Very little was said by others; the men waiting the expected shock in silence.

"Presently the ship broke in two, and all those who remained near the bow were lost. Several from the stern of the ship had got on the side of the precipice and were hanging by the crags as they could. Although weakened by previous sickness and present suffering, I made an effort and got upon the rock, and stood on one foot, the only hold that I could obtain. I saw several around me, and among the rest Colonel Prevost, who observed on seeing me take my station, 'here is another poor fellow!' but the waves rolled heavily against us, and often dashing its spray fifty feet over our heads, gradually swept those who had taken refuge one by one away. One poor fellow, losing his hold, as he fell caught me by the leg, and nearly pulled me from my place. Weak and sick as I was, I stood several hours on one foot on a little crag, the billows dashing over me, benumbed with cold.

"As soon as it was light, and the tide ebbed so as to render it possible, the people descended the rocks as far as they could, and dropped a rope which I fastened round my body, and was drawn out to a place of safety."

Such were the distressing images which gathered around a loss in itself great and irreparable. Some lines written at this time express the sufferings and sorrows of those days:—

"Where can the sorrowing heart find peace
Whose every throb is filled with woe;
When can the aching head find rest,
And bitter tears no longer flow?

"Wisdom with kind, inviting voice,
Directs the soul to paths of peace;
And points the weeping eye to heaven,
Where pain shall end and sorrow cease.

"But vain her call—the wayward heart,
Its best hopes wrecked, its comfort o'er,
Wanders despairing and unblest,
To Erin's cliffs and dismal shore.

“There where the dark and stormy wave,
Hides the dear form forever lost ;
Still hovers round uncomforted,
Afflicted, lone, and tempest-tossed.

“Oh, Saviour, at whose sovereign word
The winds and waves of sorrow cease ;
Thou seest my tears, thou hear'st my sighs,
Speak but the word and all is peace.

“Be thou my trust while I resign,
The dearest boon thy mercy gave ;
And yield my cherished earthly hopes
To Erin's cliffs and ocean's wave.”

It was not at once that the peace so ardently desired was attained. It is not without a struggle that the soul can accept heavenly hopes in place of earthly joys. Miss Beecher at the earnest solicitation of Professor Fisher's parents went to visit them, and spent several months of the ensuing season, and at first the visit seemed only to intensify her sense of loss. She wrote thus to her father : —

“I am now sitting by the fireside which has so often been cheered by the most dutiful son, the most affectionate brother, and the dearest friend. His beautiful picture is hanging before me, his piano is near, his parents, brothers, and sisters around. I have read letters to his family where are disclosed the dutiful, affectionate feelings of his generous heart. I have seen with what almost idolatrous affection he was beloved by his family, and how dear a place I find in all their hearts for his sake, who loved me so truly — alas, I knew but little how tenderly I was beloved till his heart was stilled in death, but now I every day discover renewed proofs of his affection and care. Is it strange that I sometimes feel that my sorrow is greater than I can bear? Oh, that the clouds and darkness that are around Him who made me, might pass away !” In a more cheerful strain she describes their family life : “Every evening we gather around the parlor fireside to talk over past days. His brother and two

sisters have the sweetest voices I ever heard, and as they all sing by note and can read music readily, and have a large collection of good music, we have some delightful singing."

To prevent herself from sinking into hopeless melancholy she now undertook, under the care of the brother, Willard Fisher, a course of mathematical study as the best means of giving mental discipline and diverting the mind from distressing thoughts. It was, however, unfortunate for the attainment of that religious peace that she was seeking that the family were punctual attendants on the preaching of the celebrated Dr. Emmons.

In his austere mode of presentation God appeared, not as a tender Father but an exacting autocrat, and the chances for shipwrecked souls of final salvation seemed as hopeless as those iron-bound rocks on which the hapless "Albion" was wrecked.

The dreary effect of this teaching was increased by finding the mother of Professor Fisher the victim of a settled religious melancholy, and discovering by reading Professor Fisher's private journal that those same views had clouded his own religious hopes and driven him at times almost to despair. Miss Beecher kept up a vigorous correspondence with her father, in which the then current New England theology was discussed from every point of view. At last she came to the conclusion to let these insoluble problems alone and devote herself to the simple following of Jesus Christ in a life of practical usefulness.

She came back to Litchfield, united with her father's church, and selected the field of education as the one to which she would hereafter devote her energies. In the year 1823 she began, in connection with her sister, a select school in Hartford. She commenced the Latin grammar only a fortnight before she began to teach it herself. Her brother, Edward Beecher, was at this time at the head of the Hartford Latin School, and boarded in the same family with his sisters, and she studied with him while she taught her pupils. Surrounded by young life, enthusiastic in study and teaching,

Miss Beecher recovered that buoyant cheerfulness which had always characterized her.

She was at this time in her twenty-third year, and had a ready sympathy with all the feelings of the young; she encouraged her scholars to talk freely with her of the subjects they studied, and the recitation hours were often enlivened by wit and pleasantry. She had under her care some of the brightest and most receptive of minds, and the results, as shown in the yearly exhibitions, to which the parents and friends were invited, were quite exciting. Latin and English compositions — versified translations from Virgil's *Eclogues* and Ovid's *Metamorphoses* — astonished those who had not been in the habit of expecting such things in a female school. The school increased rapidly; pupils were drawn in from abroad, and it became difficult to find a place to contain the numbers to be taught.

Miss Beecher had always enjoyed the friendship of the leading ladies of Hartford, and when at the end of four years she drew the plan of the Hartford Female Seminary it was by their influence that the first gentlemen in Hartford subscribed money to purchase the land and erect such a building as she desired, with a large hall for study and general exercises, eight recitation-rooms, and a room for chemical laboratory and lectures. A band of eight teachers, each devoted to some particular department, carried on the course of study.

At this time she published "Suggestions on Education," in which she forcibly compared the provision that had hitherto been made for the education of men with those which had been deemed sufficient for the other sex. For the brothers of a family the well-endowed college, with its corps of professors, each devoted to one department of knowledge, and with leisure to perfect himself in it and teach it in the most complete manner — for the sisters of the family only such advantages as they could get from one teacher in one room, who had the care of teaching in all branches; and she asked what but superficial knowledge could be the result of such a system. The article was vigorously written and excited much

attention. It was favorably noticed in the "North American," and in the "Revue Encyclopedique," and drew instant attention to the system that was being carried on in the Hartford Female Seminary.

There was at the time an educational current rising strongly in New England. Mr. Woodbridge, the author of a geography much in use, edited a "Journal of Education," in which the methods of Fellenberg and other European educators were described; frequent teachers' conventions were held in which information on these subjects was disseminated.

Miss Beecher was enthusiastic in education, and succeeded in imparting her enthusiasm both to her teachers and scholars, and there was scarce a week in which the school was not visited by strangers desirous to observe its methods. The example soon was copied. One of her associate teachers inaugurated a similar institution in Springfield, Mass., supplied with teachers of Miss Beecher's training. A gentleman came north from Huntsville, Alabama, desiring teachers to commence a similar institution in that State, and Miss Beecher despatched them four of her most promising scholars to commence the work.

The efficiency and energy that Miss Beecher displayed at this time of her career was the wonder of every one who knew her.

With all the cares of a school of between one and two hundred pupils, many of them from distant States of the Union, Miss Beecher's influence was felt everywhere, regulating the minutest details. She planned the course of study, guided and inspired the teachers, overlooked the different boarding-houses, corresponded with parents and guardians.

With all these cares she prepared an arithmetic which was printed and used as a text-book in her school and those that emanated from it. The peculiarity of this book was its requiring of the pupil at every step a clear statement of the *rationale* of the arithmetical processes. It was never published, but printed as wanted for her school and those afterwards founded by her teachers. When the teacher in mental

philosophy left her institution for that in Springfield, Miss Beecher took charge of that department, and wrote for it a text book of some four or five hundred pages, entitled "Mental and Moral Philosophy, Founded on Reason, Observation, and the Bible." Like the arithmetic, this book was printed and not published. As it applied common sense to the interpretation of the language of the Bible, it came in collision with many theological dogmas, but the views of the divine love which it exhibited made it a most powerful assistant in religious and moral education.

She constantly enforced it upon her teachers that education was not merely the communication of knowledge, but the formation of character. Each teacher had committed to her special care a certain number of scholars, whose character she was to study, whose affection she was to seek, and whom she was to strive by all means in her power to lead to moral and religious excellence.

The first hour every morning was given to a general religious exercise with the assembled school, and the results of those exercises and of the whole system of influences were such that multitudes can look back to the Hartford Female Seminary as the place where they received influences that shaped their whole life for this world and the world to come.

During all her multiplied cares and engagements she kept up her health by systematic daily exercise on horseback, — generally in the early morning hours, and often accompanied by some of her teachers or pupils. She also kept up the practice of piano music as a recreation, and now and then furnished a poem for the weekly "Connecticut Observer," and received on one evening of the week her own friends and those of her pupils, to a social gathering, enlivened by music and conversation. The weekly levees of the Hartford Female Seminary were a great addition to the social life of Hartford.

For some years it seemed as if there were to be no limit to what she could plan and accomplish. As the making money was no part of her object in teaching, so every improvement

which money could procure was added to the many advantages of the seminary. A lecturer on history was hired who introduced charts of ancient and modern history, afterwards used as the basis of instruction. A lady who first brought into use the system of calisthenics was employed to give a course in the seminary, and thus the exercises became a daily part of the school duties. Dr. Barbour, afterwards Professor of Elocution in Harvard College, was hired to give a course of instruction in his department, and his book (a condensation of Dr. Rush's treatise on the voice) was introduced into the school. So many were the teachers employed, so many the advantages secured to the pupils, that Miss Beecher, at the head of it all, made no more than a comfortable support, and laid up nothing for the future.

After seven years of this incessant activity, her nervous system began to give out, and after several attacks of sciatica she relinquished the charge of the seminary into the hands of Mr. John P. Brace, the associate teacher in the celebrated Litchfield School.

In 1830, she accompanied her father in his first journey of observation to Cincinnati, preparatory to the removal of his family to the West. When the family went out she also went with them, and, in connection with the younger sister, commenced a school in Cincinnati, which she furnished with teachers of her own training.

But after this time she did not herself labor personally as a teacher. In connection with many other ladies she formed a league for supplying the West with educated teachers. Governor Slade of Vermont, as agent for this association, travelled and lectured, and as the result many teachers were sent West and many schools founded. It was planned to erect one leading seminary in every Western State, where teachers should be trained to supply the country, and the plan was successfully carried out in Milwaukee and Dubuque, and some other cities.

During the latter years of her life Miss Beecher was principally occupied in authorship. By great exactness and care

of her health she was able to give certain regular daily hours to these labors. Her first work was a treatise on "Domestic Economy," designed as a school-book, and treating of all those subjects which relate to the home-life of women — the care of house and furniture, the making and repairing of garments, the care of young children, the nursing of the sick — the training of servants. When this work was first issued there was no other of its kind, and it was felt to be a most important aid in female education. It was published first in Boston and afterwards transferred to the Harpers of New York.

This was followed by a "Domestic Receipt Book," devoted to the preparation and care of food. The mode of preparing this was somewhat peculiar. She collected round her in Hartford the graduates of her school, and induced them to bring to her from each family the best receipts. As the housekeepers of Hartford had always been famous for the excellence of their *ménages*, she had a basis of solid fact and experience to go upon in preparing her work, which also was published by the Harpers. Under their care the sale of these works afforded her a yearly income, which she spent freely in forwarding her educational plans.*

Miss Beecher lived to be seventy-eight years of age, and though the last ten years of her life she was crippled by sciatica and in many respects an invalid, the activity of her mind and her zeal in education continued to the last.

In her sixty-first year she united with the Episcopal church by confirmation, in company with three of her young nieces. Her reason for the step she gave in her belief that the religious educational theory of the Episcopal church was superior to

* At the request of the writer the Messrs. Harpers have furnished the following list of her published works:—

Duty of American Women to their Country, 1845; A Treatise on Domestic Economy for the Use of Ladies at Home and in School, 1845; Miss Beecher's Domestic Receipt Book, 1846; Miss Beecher's Address, 1846; Letters to the People, 1855; Physiology and Calisthenics, 1856; Common Sense Applied to Religion, 1857; An Appeal to the People, 1860; The Religious Training of Children, 1864; The Housekeeper and Healthkeeper, 1873.

that of any other, and ever after that she was an attendant on the services of that church.

Her death at last was sudden. She was visiting a brother at Elmira, N. Y., but intending shortly to journey eastward. On the 11th of May, 1878, she arranged everything for her departure, made cheerful farewell calls on all her friends, and retired to rest at night at her usual hour. The next morning, as she did not appear, her brother entered her room and found her in a heavy stupor, from which it was impossible to rouse her, and in the course of a few hours, on Sunday, May 12, 1878, she quietly passed from the pain and weakness of earth to the everlasting rest of heaven.

In many respects the manner of her death seemed mercifully ordered. She had a great shrinking from physical pain and all that usually precedes death, and there was none of this in her last hours. Death came to her as a tranquil sleep. We cannot more fittingly close this memoir than by quoting her "Hymn for the Bed of Death."

It was written for a lovely and much afflicted friend of her early days, who, after a life of peculiar suffering, was lying on her deathbed. When Miss Beecher received a few trembling lines from this friend, expressing her feeling that the final hour was near, she composed and sent to her this hymn:—

“And is there One who knows each grief,
 And counts the tears His children shed,
 Whose soothing hand can bring relief,
 And smooth and cheer their painful bed?
 Saviour! invisible, yet dear
 Friend of the helpless, art Thou near?”

“Forgive the faltering faith and fears
 Of this weak heart that seeks Thine aid;
 Forgive these often flowing tears,
 Thou who hast fainted, wept, and prayed.
 Ah, who so well our wants can know
 As He who felt each human woe?”

“Yes, Thou hast felt the withering power
Of mortal weakness and distress ;
And Thou hast known the bitter hour
Of desolating loneliness,
Hast mourned Thy friends so faithless fled,
And wept in anguish o'er the dead.

“Thou, too, hast tried the tempter's power,
And felt his false and palsying breath ;
And known the gloomy fears that wait
Along the shadowy vale of death,
And what the dreaded pang must be,
Of life's last parting agony.

“My only hope, my stay, my shield,
Thy fainting creature looks to Thee ;
Thy gracious love, Thy guidance yield,
In this my last extremity.
With Thy dear guardian hand to save,
Lord, I can venture to the grave.”

CHAPTER IV.
CLARA BARTON.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Clara Barton's Early Life—A Faithful Little Nurse at Eleven—Devotion to Her Sick Brother—Breaking Out of the Civil War—Her Loyalty and Devotion to the Union—The Old Sixth Massachusetts Regiment—First Blood Shed for the Union—Miss Barton's Timely Services—Consecrating Her Life to the Soldier's Needs—At the Front—Army Life and Experiences—Undaunted Heroism—Terrible Days—Errands of Mercy—"The Angel of the Battlefield"—Instances of Her Courage and Devotion—Narrow Escapes—Her Labors for Union Prisoners—Record of the Soldier Dead—Dorrance Atwater—Work After the War—Visit to Europe—The Society of the Red Cross—The Franco-Prussian War—At the Front Again—Unfurling the Banner of the Red Cross—Record of a Noble Life.



HE women who have lived nobly are far more worthy of honor than those who have only written or spoken well. Great inspirations, whether sudden as lightning or slow as the steady unfolding of dawn, find their perfect end only through embodiment in action.

The every-day life of woman is full of difficult demands, grandly met; and these are none the less heroisms because they often occur in some obscure corner, where they are not looked upon as anything remarkable. But when an unusual occasion reveals a duty which must be done in the face of the whole world, the true woman does not shrink back into her beloved seclusion, and let the opportunity pass. She may dread notoriety with all the strength of her womanly nature, but the voice of God within her is imperative; she cannot be disobedient unto the heavenly vision;—and the really heroic soul forgets herself and everything except the high demand

of the hour, and undertakes the difficult public labor as simply as she would any humble fireside service.

Clara Barton's life is before the world, not through any effort or wish of her own, but only through her having taken hold, with all her heart and with all her strength, of work that she saw needed to be done. Her labors have been almost unique in the annals of womanly endeavor, for their steady perseverance, for the wisdom, the courage, and the self-forgetfulness which has animated them. Quick to see the exigencies of a situation, and prompt and wise to meet them; understanding both how to direct and how to obey; her bravery and self-reliance balanced by her generosity and warm-heartedness, — there is much in her character that reminds us of Wordsworth's description of "The Happy Warrior," while it would be unjust to her not to add that she is one of the most womanly of women.

She is a daughter of New England. Her birthplace was North Oxford, among the hills of Worcester County, Massachusetts; and the fact that she was born on Christmas day is not without significance in her history. Her childhood was blessed with outdoor freedom and indoor comfort and peace, such as are known to the healthy, well-cared-for country children of our Commonwealth. The youngest of a large family, with many years intervening between her and her brothers and sisters, she was left a good deal to herself for amusement and occupation, both of which she readily found, — going through wild snow-drifts or summer sunshine two miles to school, playing on the hillsides, wading in the brooks, or scampering across her father's fields on any untamed pony she could find.

So it went on until she was eleven years old, when more care fell upon her than often comes to so young a child. One of her brothers, an athletic young man, had a fall from the top of a building he was helping to raise. He seemed not at all hurt at the time, but the shock resulted in a long period of utter prostration, during which his little sister became his nurse, for two years scarcely leaving his bedside, day or night.

It may seem strange that this wearing task should have been given to the youngest of the family ; but it was characteristic of Clara Barton from the first to assume the most self-denying work as her own especial right. Moreover, she grew into her position through a natural fitness for it. Placed beside the sick man, as the little girl of the household, to fan him or bring him a glass of water at need, he became accustomed to her deft ways and fresh sympathies, and could not well do without them. And the child-nurse, for love of the sufferer and of the work of ministering, took only a half day's respite for herself during that long period.

After the invalid's recovery, when Clara was about sixteen years old, having prepared herself in the studies ordinarily required, she began to teach in the district-schools of her own home-neighborhood, not shrinking from those where rough boys had been in the habit of forcibly ejecting the master. She had no trouble with her pupils, winning at once their hearts and their obedience. Her services were in constant demand, and she pursued the occupation for several years, — during intervals of leisure assisting her brothers, who had become prominent business men of their native place, in their counting-house labors.

Later, she went through a thorough course of study in Clinton, N. Y., and then resumed teaching in the State of New Jersey.

In 1853 we find her doing a remarkable work at Bordentown, where there had been a strong prejudice against the establishment of free schools. She had been told that such an undertaking would certainly be unsuccessful ; but she agreed to assume the entire responsibility for three months at her own expense. She took a tumble-down building, and began with six scholars, making it understood that the children of rich and poor were alike welcome. In four or five weeks the building proved too small for the number who came, and the one school grew into two. The result in one year was the erection of a fine edifice, and the establishment of a free school at Bordentown, with a roll of five hundred



CLARA BARTON.

pupils. It is but just to the authorities of the town to say that they insisted upon Miss Barton's receiving the salary she had agreed to do without.

Her exertions here, added to the fatigues of previous years, began to tell upon her health, and she was obliged to rest. She went to Washington, where she had relatives, for change of scene and a more favorable climate.

Just at this time, through the treachery of clerks, troubles had arisen in the Patent Office. Secrets had been betrayed, and great annoyance caused to inventors who had applied for patents. The Commissioner was at a loss what to do, when Miss Barton was recommended to him as a person who could be trusted, and whose clear chirography and aptitude for business affairs well fitted her for the situation.

Her services were at once secured. But although her new employment was less fatiguing than teaching, it was not without its trials. Hitherto, male clerks only had been employed, and these men did not like to see their province invaded by a woman. They were perhaps the more displeased because they had brought her there by their own unfaithfulness, which could no longer profit them. They adopted the chivalrous course of making her position as uncomfortable as they could, hoping to drive her from it by personal annoyance. They ranged themselves every morning, in two rows, against the walls of the long corridor through which she had to pass on her way to her desk, staring hard at her, and whistling softly as she went by.

Miss Barton felt the insult keenly, but she determined to bear it, for the sake of the principle involved. Day after day she passed through this ordeal, with her eyes upon the floor, seeing nothing of those two lines of indignant masculines but their boots.

Failing to oust her in this way, they tried slander, but signally failed, her accusers instead of herself receiving their discharge. She suffered no further indignities of the kind, and remained in the Patent Office three years, doing her work so well that her books are still exhibited as models.

In the Buchanan administration, her acknowledged anti-slavery sentiments drew upon her the charge of "Black Republicanism," and she was removed; but, being urgently recalled again by the same administration, she yielded to her father's advice and returned.

When the civil war broke out, and the Government found itself involved in serious pecuniary troubles, Miss Barton looked about to see what relief she could bring to the situation. There were clerks of known disloyalty in the Patent Office, and she offered to do with her own hands, and without additional pay, the work of two of these, if they might be dismissed. The offer, though warmly appreciated, could not legally be accepted. But she decided that she could at least save her own salary to the impoverished Treasury, and she resigned her position, determining to find some other way of serving her country in its need.

And ways were opening before her in which none could walk but with bleeding feet and a martyr's fortitude. Every energy was to be tested, every fibre of her loyal heart strained to its utmost tension.

Many of us can remember the inspiring thrill of patriotism to which we awoke after the first sharp pang of sorrow and surprise at finding our country drawn into the horrors of civil war. We knew now to our heart's depths that we belonged to a Nation; that our separate interests were nothing, except as they were identified with the Republic, which was to us fireside and home. No sacrifices seemed too great for us to make that the Union we loved might be preserved. Women felt all this as deeply at least as men. We were all lifted out of ourselves upon the tide of patriotic enthusiasm, and were grateful indeed, if we might in any way be permitted to take part in the struggle which we felt sure was for humanity's sake no less than for our own.

The departure of the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers from Boston was a scene which the women who witnessed it can never forget; and there were naturally more women than men among the spectators. A look of solemn

consecration was upon the eager faces of those who went, and in the tearful eyes of those who said farewell. The very air seemed to breathe the joy of heroic, self-forgetting purpose.

Clara Barton was in Washington when these soldiers of her own State arrived there from Baltimore, where the first blood of the war had been shed. She was among those who met them at the station; she saw the forty wounded men taken to the Infirmary, and the rest quartered at the Capitol; and she visited both with such help as she could command. On account of the suddenness of the call, little provision had been made, in a regular way, for the hungry crowd at the Capitol, and she caused food to be brought in great baskets, and distributed among the men, while she read to them from the Speaker's desk an account of their own progress from Boston to Washington, as it had been recorded in the daily papers. From that hour she identified herself with the soldiers in their risks and sufferings.

During the campaign of the Peninsula, her custom was to go down the Potomac on the boats which carried provisions to the army and returned loaded with wounded men, taking with her such things as would give them relief and refreshment until they could be cared for in the hospitals. In this way she became a medium of communication between the soldiers and their friends at home,—she writing letters for the men, and receiving such comforts and delicacies as were intrusted to her care for them. Not only was her own room soon filled with these contributions; she hired several spacious storerooms, which continually overflowed.

It became a serious problem how to get these things—the offerings of individuals, of churches or of town societies—to the persons for whom they were intended. As regiments were ordered further away from Washington, the difficulty increased. But Miss Barton determined that if she could compass it, they should at least reach the rank and file of the army. Meanwhile, other matters perplexed and troubled her yet more.

On her errands of mercy down the river, she was constantly distressed at the sight of sufferings which might have been avoided, could the wounded men have been attended to on the battle-field where they fell. They were sent up from the swamps of the Chickahominy, covered with mud and gore, in which they had lain for days. There was no relief for them, except of the voluntary kind Miss Barton gave, until they were landed at Washington.

While saddened beyond measure at this state of things, she was called home to her father's sick-bed. It was late in the year 1861. He had attained the ripe age of eighty-six years, and this was his last illness, although his death did not occur until the following March.

Sitting beside the beloved old man, who had himself in his youth been an officer under General Wayne, she talked with him of what she was doing, and of what more she might do for the soldiers. She told him of her desire to go to the front, of her feeling that she ought to be there to relieve suffering, and perhaps to save lives. It was a new thing for a woman to undertake, and among other dangers the possibility of exposure to insult was discussed, as what she most dreaded. But her father said:—

"Go, if you feel it your duty to go! I know what soldiers are, and I know that every true soldier will respect you and your errand."

And comforted by the good man's blessing, she returned to her post with little anxiety about herself, but with a confirmed resolution to persevere in the labor of love which she had chosen.

It was not easy to carry out her purpose. At first she waited, hoping that influential ladies of the capital would take steps that she might follow. But they only touched the matter slightly. Things remained much in the same sorrowful condition.

When at last she did apply for a pass beyond the army-lines, she was everywhere rebuffed. Perhaps her youthful looks were against her. Officers could not understand what

this dark-haired young woman with the keen bright eyes had undertaken to do, and was so earnest about. But she persevered, although so discouraged that when, as her last hope, she stood before Assistant Quartermaster-General Rucker, she could not tell him her wish for tears.

This kind-hearted man listened to her, sympathized with her, and befriended her in her work, then and ever after. To his warning suggestions and inquiries, she replied that she was the daughter of a soldier, and that she had no fears of the battle-field, or of being under the enemy's fire. She told him of her large storerooms filled with supplies which she could not get to the soldiers, and she asked of him means of transportation for herself and for them.

Everything she requested, and more, was cheerfully given; for the good Quartermaster had that in his own nature which enabled him to look into the large heart and strong character of the woman who stood before him. Abundant means of transportation were furnished, and she was free to go to the relief of soldiers in battle whenever and wherever she would. In the quartermaster's department of the army, at whatever point she appeared, her errand was at once understood and its purposes forwarded.

The record of the good she accomplished during the war could never be fully written out, even by herself; and in this brief sketch only a hint of it can be given.

We may catch a glimpse of her at Chantilly, — in the darkness of the rainy midnight bending over a dying boy who took her supporting arm and soothing voice for his sister's, — or falling into a brief sleep on the wet ground in her tent, almost under the feet of flying cavalry; or riding in one of her train of army-wagons towards another field, subduing by the way a band of mutinous teamsters into her firm friends and allies; or at the terrible battle of Antietam (where the regular army-supplies did not arrive until three days afterward), furnishing from her wagons cordials and bandages for the wounded, making gruel for the fainting men from the meal in which her medicines had been

packed, extracting with her own hand a bullet from the cheek of a wounded soldier, tending the fallen all day, with her throat parched and her face blackened by sulphurous smoke, and at night, when the surgeons were dismayed at finding themselves left with only one half-burnt candle amid thousands of bleeding, dying men, illumining the field with candles and lanterns her forethought had supplied. No wonder they called her the "Angel of the Battlefield!"

We may see her at Fredericksburg, attending to the wounded who were brought to her, whether they wore the blue or the gray. One rebel officer, whose death-agonies she soothed, besought her with his last breath not to cross the river, in his gratitude betraying to her that the movements of the rebels were only a *ruse* to draw the Union troops on to destruction. It is needless to say that she followed the soldiers across the Rappahannock, undaunted by the dying man's warning. And we may watch her after the defeat, when the half-starved, half-frozen soldiers were brought to her, having great fires built to lay them around, administering cordials, and causing an old chimney to be pulled down for bricks to warm them with, while she herself had but the shelter of a tattered tent between her and the piercing winds. Or we may follow her to Morris Island, to the attack upon Fort Wagner, where no one but herself was prepared for repulse, and see her ministering to the men who dragged themselves back over the burning sands that the sea-winds blew like needle-points into their wounds. When asked by a friend how she dared risk in midsummer the climate of Morris Island, with its sickly swamps and shadeless sand-hills, the unconscious heroism of her answer was characteristic: "Why, somebody had to go and take care of the soldiers, so I went."

It was the same story of courage, and helpfulness, and endurance, all through the war. She was in many battles, often directly under fire, but she bore a charmed life; for, although her clothing was frequently grazed or pierced, she was never wounded. At the battle of Antietam, as she

stooped to lift the head of a wounded man, a ball passed between her arm and her body, entering the soldier's breast, and instantly killing him.

As the conflict drew to a close, and prisoners were exchanged, Miss Barton received numerous letters from the mothers of soldiers, who had willingly given their sons to their country, but who felt that they ought at least to be told what had become of them. She conferred with President Lincoln, whose great heart felt the necessities of the case, but who could not decide at once how to meet them. Meanwhile she was called home to Massachusetts by family afflictions. While there, she saw it announced in the daily papers that Miss Clara Barton had been appointed by the President to correspond with the friends of missing prisoners, and that she might be addressed at Annapolis, where the survivors of Andersonville were received.

Leaving her own sorrow behind her, she went at once to Annapolis, finding there that during the three days since the announcement, about four bushels of letters had arrived, every one of them full of heart-breaking appeal. These letters continued to accumulate after the discharge of the Andersonville prisoners, and Miss Barton went to Washington to go on with the work, which, in her hands, was sure to be methodical and thorough. She established at her own expense, a Bureau of Records of missing men of the United States armies, employing several clerks to assist her. These records, compiled from hospital and prison rolls and from burial lists, came to be of great value to the government in the settlement of bounties, back pay, and pensions, no less than to the friends of the soldiers; to whom, indeed, they brought often but a mournful satisfaction — the confirmation of dreaded loss.

Miss Barton went to Andersonville, and, with the aid of Dorrance Atwater, a Union prisoner who had been employed in hospital service there, and had preserved the prison rolls, identified all but about four hundred of the thirteen thousand graves of buried soldiers. She had a suitable headboard placed at each grave, and a fence built around the cemetery.

In all that she had done through the war she had never asked for money. She had used her own income freely, saying, when friends demurred:—

“What is money to me if I have no country?”

But the work of this Bureau could not be carried on without large expenditures. She had already used several thousand dollars of her own, and there were five or six thousand letters yet awaiting examination. This came to the knowledge of some members of Congress, and it was voted that Miss Barton be reimbursed, and the means for going on furnished her, an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars being made for that purpose. For her services, then, as always before and after, she neither desired nor received pay; they were a free-will offering to her country and to humanity. It may be added that her income is almost entirely the result of her own patient earnings and wise investments. Her remarkable business faculty might easily have won her great wealth; but she has preferred to be rich in the most royal way,—that of doing good.

At this Bureau she continued four years, giving meanwhile to large audiences East and West her thrilling war reminiscences. But her army labors were not yet ended. There was service for humanity awaiting her in another hemisphere.

There is nothing in the divine ordering of human lives more beautiful than the way in which opportunities to do noble work grow out of similar work which has already been faithfully done. Life is no longer fragmentary, every part has meaning and unity, and the toiler goes thankfully on through the broader activities, and into the deeper consecration, developing always a less self-conscious personality, but one everywhere more definitely recognized and honored.

Even a careless observer cannot fail to see in Clara Barton's work a unity peculiar to itself,—a work which has grown out of her own character, and which no one but herself could have done. Her labors have been going on in mind and heart and will, even while she has been still in the helplessness of prostration; for she has more than once been obliged to yield

to the physical reaction resulting from her unsparing strain upon her powers. But new work has always been awaiting her recovery; new, and yet invariably a widening and deepening of the old, as a stream, however impeded, swells to a river, its fulness flowing from the freshness of its own distinctive source.

The autumn of 1869 found her seeking renewal of her strength under the shadow of the Alps at Geneva. There she was waited upon by leading members of the International Committee of Geneva for the relief of the wounded in war, who had for several years been doing, as an organization, what she had attempted personally and alone. The most striking feature of their plan was its wide humanity, which recognized in the wounded soldier the man only, not asking on which side he fought. On this principle Miss Barton had persistently worked in our civil war, although subject often to official reproof, and sometimes even accused of disloyalty to the national cause.

The society these gentlemen represented had ministered to the wounded on many battle-fields, under a treaty of neutrality for all who wore its badge, and were doing its humane work. This treaty had been signed by nearly all civilized nations, and also by some not commonly regarded as such. It had twice been offered to the United States for signature, but no response had been received. Knowing something of what Miss Barton had done for wounded soldiers in her own country, these gentlemen naturally turned to her as one who might be able to explain the reticence of our government.

She could only say to them that she had never even heard of the treaty, nor of the society organized under it; that the documents relating to it, being in a foreign language, had probably been passed on from one official to another, possibly unread; and that the fact of its existence was doubtless quite forgotten.

The silence and seeming apathy on the part of the United States must have seemed the more strange to these philanthropic men, since the idea of their work had partly been

suggested by the methods of the Sanitary Commission, and of other humane efforts on our battle-fields, during the rebellion.

The object of the Society, as set forth in the articles of the Geneva Convention of August, 1864, was the exemption from capture, and the protection, under treaty, of those who were taking care of the wounded on battle-fields, and also of such inhabitants of invaded territories as gave them shelter and assistance. It undertook to care for wounded men where they fell, no matter to which of the belligerent armies they belonged.

The Society had agreed to adopt a uniform flag, which was to be recognized and protected by all belligerents; and also an arm-badge corresponding to the flag, to be worn by members in active service. The design chosen for the flag and badge was a red cross on a white ground, — simply the colors of the national flag of Switzerland reversed, that bearing a white cross on a red ground. The association took its name from its flag, — the Society of the Red Cross.

It was not a secret or knightly order; it was just what its name purported, a society for the relief of sufferings inseparable from war; a society in whose benevolent endeavors all nations were invited to participate, and which had no more official machinery than was necessary for efficient working.

Geneva was the international centre, through which all national committees might confer with each other. Every national society was to be responsible for the work in its own country, all local societies being under the direction of their own national head. Simpler organization than this was scarcely possible; with it, great good had already been accomplished.

Miss Barton, with her clear-headedness and natural executive talent, saw at once what a long step forward in her own direction this society had taken. She examined the matter carefully, and became ever, as she says, "more deeply impressed with the wisdom of its principles, the good practical sense of its details, and its extreme usefulness in practice."

With local societies of this kind scattered over every country, all bound together for national and international work in a world-encircling bond, a world-weight of suffering might be lifted. It became possible, by these means, "to oppose the arms of charity to the arms of violence, and to make a kind of war upon war itself." For if nations could forget their separate causes of quarrel in trying to alleviate the sufferings which that quarrel had caused, would they not soon come to see the inhumanity of settling any dispute by bloodshed? It was a glimpse of the millennium. Miss Barton says, in one of her addresses on this subject:—

"There is not a peace society on the face of the earth so potent, so effectual against war, as the Red Cross of Geneva."

Europe was then at peace, and Miss Barton was travelling on the continent in the hope of regaining her health. She was unequal to any serious exertion; but if we know what sympathy with a great cause and a generous resolution once formed mean to a nature like hers;—practical, decisive, loyal, and steadfast,—we can easily understand that she was thoroughly a member of the Society of the Red Cross long before she served under its banner; and we shall not err in predicting that if one woman's efforts availed, her own country would before long enter into the treaty by which other nations had bound themselves together for the mitigation of the horrors of war.

In the summer of 1870 she was at Berne, still a slowly-recovering invalid. In July of that year, the continent was startled by a declaration of war—France against Prussia.

The summons to the field was the signal for the unfolding of the Red Cross flag. Within three days after war had been declared, Miss Barton was waited upon at her villa by a party, with Dr. Appia, one of the founders of the Society, at their head, who invited her to go with them to the place of conflict, and assist them in whatever way she could. Not feeling able to set out at once, she followed them in a few days, taking with her only one companion, a young French

girl, the "fair-haired Antoinette," who had offered herself to the Red Cross Society for active service.

They passed down from Berne to Basle, thence across the frontier country toward Strasburg, meeting everywhere flying, frightened people, who believed that they had left their native villages sacked behind them, as in the barbarous warfare of the Middle Ages. The two women were implored to return. The people could not believe that they were actually bound to the battle-field of their own free will and purpose. Pressing on, they at last reached the German army, and were admitted within its lines. There they remained several weeks — during which time the battle of Hagenau was fought — assisting in the Red Cross work.

Miss Barton had now opportunity to study the practical operation of this beneficent organization. Everything was done systematically and quietly; surgeons, nurses, assistants trained for the emergency promptly at work, supplies abundant, the wounded and the dead removed from the battle-field at once, so that the next day none of the dreadful *débris* of the conflict remained.

The terrible scenes of our own war came back to her in vivid contrast. She says: "I thought of the Peninsula in McClellan's campaign, of Petersburg Landing, Cedar Mountain, and second Bull Run, Antietam, old Fredericksburg, with its acres of snow-covered and gun-covered *glacis* and its fourth day flag of truce, of its dead, and starving wounded, frozen to the ground, and our commissions and their supplies in Washington with no effective organization or power to go beyond; of the Petersburg mine with its four thousand dead and wounded and no flag of truce, the wounded broiling in a July sun, the dead bodies putrefying where they fell. As I saw the work of these Red Cross societies in the field, accomplishing in four months under their systematic organization what we failed to accomplish in four years without it, — no mistakes, no needless suffering, no waste, no confusion, but order, plenty, cleanliness, and comfort wherever that little flag made its way, a whole continent marshalled under the

banner of the Red Cross, — as I saw all this, and joined and worked in it, you will not wonder that I said to myself, 'If I live to return to my country, I will try to make my people understand the Red Cross and that treaty.' But I did more than to resolve; I promised other nations I would do it, and other reasons pressed me to remember my promise."

Chief among these reasons was the futility of attempts made by charitable persons in the United States to relieve sufferings caused by the devastations of this Franco-Prussian war. Ships were sent over, freighted with supplies, but when these things arrived, no one was authorized to receive them, and for the most part they went to utter waste. Had they borne the stamp of the Red Cross Society, they would have been forwarded, and through them a vast amount of misery might have been saved. It was indeed a pity that so much generous effort should have failed of its end.

On reaching her summer retreat at Berne, Miss Barton learned that the Grand Duchess of Baden had been making inquiries for her through the legations, desiring her presence at her court at Carlsruhe. Acceding to the request, she found the Grand Duchess Louise, the only daughter of the Emperor of Germany, a noble lady in the noblest sense of the word, whose warm heart was deeply moved by the distresses of the conflicts in which her nearest relatives were involved, — anxious to understand more clearly the peculiarities of the field-hospital service in our civil war. There were features of it new to her, which she felt might be made available to relieve suffering in the German armies. The women of her country and court, with herself at their head, were already doing their utmost under the Red Cross flag on the battle-field, the "Frauenverein," or Woman's Union of Baden, which had grown up under her patronage, having constituted itself a Society of the Red Cross. She asked Miss Barton to stay with her, that they might each become acquainted with the other's methods, and for an exchange of suggestions.

The long, weary weeks of the siege of Strasburg had begun, and Miss Barton agreed to remain at Carlsruhe until that

was ended. As soon as it was possible to enter the city, she must go there, and help relieve the distresses the besieging armies had caused.

During this visit she was enabled to see how generously the Grand Duchess had devoted herself to the aid of wounded men, whether foes or friends. Miss Barton says: "Her many and beautiful castles, with their magnificent grounds, throughout all Baden, were at once transformed into military hospitals, and her entire court, with herself at its head, formed into a committee of superintendence and organization for relief. I have seen a wounded Arab from the French armies, who knew no word of any language but his own, stretch out his arms to her in adoration and blessing as she passed his bed."

No wonder that two workers like these, so earnestly unselfish, found themselves one in a friendship which has remained undimmed through the flight of busy years. Miss Barton still has frequent letters from the Grand Duchess, and she cherishes among her treasured mementos a beautiful gold-and-enamel Red Cross brooch, presented to her before they parted by that lady; who also, with her husband, the Grand Duke, decorated her with the Gold Cross of Remembrance, attached to the colors of the Grand Duchy of Baden.

The Empress Augusta, with the Emperor, conferred upon her the Iron Cross of Merit, accompanied by the colors of Germany and the Red Cross — the Iron Cross being only bestowed upon those who have earned it by deeds of heroism on the battle-field.

Those were anxious weeks that Miss Barton passed with her noble hostess at Carlsruhe, for the sufferers within the besieged city could neither be heard from nor approached. But at last Strasburg yielded. The gates were thrown open, and the German army entered; and with it, Miss Barton made her way across the Rhine, and into the city unattended, for so she always chose to go to her army work.

She found sad havoc there, but the wounded by shot and shell were well cared for by the Sisters of Mercy. The con-

dition of the poorer people, whose employments had been stopped, and who were degenerating into rags and pauperism, she saw required immediate attention. Squalid and half-starved, huddled into cellars where they had gone for shelter during the bombardment, their destitution was painful beyond description. Having looked into their wants, and returned for a brief conference with the Grand Duchess, she established herself among these poor women with only one assistant; this time the faithful, devoted Anna Zimmerman.

The details of the work these two did cannot be given here, but they are intensely interesting. All that can be said is that the raising of hundreds of women from utterly demoralized poverty to a well-clad, self-helpful condition, seems to us, as it seemed to the leading men of Strasburg, who watched its progress and lent it their aid, well nigh miraculous.

A similar work of relief was carried on by Miss Barton in other cities which had suffered from siege. We hear of her aiding the starving inhabitants of Metz, ministering to the wounded returning from Sedan, and distributing at Belfort, Montbeliard, and in Paris, the large contributions of the Boston Relief Fund, which its agent had intrusted to her care. She reached Paris in the closing days of the Commune, bringing with her large supplies of clothing from Strasburg — the work of the women she had helped — as the gift of the poor of that city to the poor of Paris.

Here she remained several weeks, acting under the direction of the Prefect, whose house she had been invited to make her headquarters for the distribution of supplies. She gave with her own hands, into the hands of every needy person sent to her, money or clothing, as the case required, taking the name of every one who was assisted, and rendering an account of the same, exact to a franc.

This has always been Miss Barton's method. She has done nothing irresponsibly; and through her careful business habits, and direct sympathetic contact with the people she has served, she has come into those personal relations by which

the ties of human fraternity are made real and strong. Her image is, beyond doubt, enshrined in the memory of a great multitude of the European poor, with gratitude that borders upon adoration.

Such labors are not carried on without drawing upon one's treasury of vital power to the last farthing. Miss Barton was far from well when she began them, not having recovered from the strain of service during our own war, and when she crossed over from the continent to London she fell ill, and lay there a long time, unable to return to America.

She came back in 1873, but through extreme physical prostration, she was for several years debarred from all exertion. As soon as she was able, she went to Washington, to urge the acceptance of the Geneva treaty, under which the philanthropic work of the Red Cross might be efficiently organized.

The matter was delayed, apparently for no other reason than that it had always been delayed. No satisfactory response was received until the inauguration of President Garfield. From him it met with prompt approval, and only the assassin's hand stayed his from signing the treaty. It received the signature of his successor, President Arthur, in March, 1882; and our country may know that one of its wisest, most humane treaties exists through the unwearying perseverance of a woman.

In 1877 a few ladies and gentlemen had formed themselves, at Washington, into an "American National Committee of the Red Cross," which, on President Garfield's accession, reorganized, and was incorporated under the title of the "American Association of the Red Cross." Miss Barton was appointed to the presidency of this society by the martyred Garfield himself, and since that time she has devoted herself to carrying out its benevolent purposes.

It is to be hoped that we shall have no more wars of our own; and, knowing that we are less exposed to that scourge than the more crowded nations of Europe, the provisions of

the American Society have been extended so as to cover the calamities to which we are peculiarly liable by fire, flood, and pestilence.

Great help has already been rendered in various disasters. The Red Cross Society of Western New York at once sent relief to the sufferers by the terrible fires in Michigan; and from Mississippi, and from Louisiana, where there is a State organization earnestly at work, come back words of overflowing gratitude for aid from the National Association during the recent devastating floods. It is easy to see, now that Clara Barton shows it to us, that this work is one that belongs to every city and town in the country; and the people are seeing it, and are everywhere gathering themselves together under the banner of the Red Cross.

It is scarcely possible to know Miss Barton and not catch from her a contagion of enthusiasm for her work — for her work is *herself*. Under her quiet demeanor, one feels the stirring of irresistible energies, centred and steady as the forces of the universe. And these energies all move forward to beneficent ends, warmed and impelled by a heart overflowing with sympathy. How little she has thought of herself, how willingly she has given all she has, — time, thought, strength, money, — to carry out her generous plans, one sees incidentally only in reviewing her life, for by no hint of hers would it appear that she has done what she has, except as the simplest matter of course, because it fell into her hands to be done.

"I have no mission," she says. "I have never had a mission. But I have always had more work than I could do lying around my feet, and I try hard to get it out of the way, so as to go on and do the next."

Large in her comprehensions, and of penetrative insight, careful, just, systematic, her work has to be done well, or not at all. There is nothing of the visionary in her composition. Life presents itself to her in its practical issues, which she meets with the grand calmness of a nature thoroughly disciplined. A woman of simple manners, carrying with her no

air of superiority, she is one of the very few whose life illustrates to the world the heroic womanly ideal.

Miss Barton, having accepted the superintendency of the Reformatory Prison for Women at Sherburne, Mass., entered upon her duties there in May, 1883. The work is different from any in which she has hitherto been engaged; but it seems not unsuitable that she who has done so much to relieve sufferers in other conflicts, should devote herself to the fallen on moral battle-fields. For this work, she may wear her Red Cross badge with an added meaning, — the cross of sacrifice, whereby souls are to be won back to purity and peace.

But she resigns nothing of the larger responsibility she had already assumed. She is pledged to the American Association of the Red Cross as its President, to carry on its work until the men and women of her country shall take it into their hearts and hands, where she feels that it belongs. So entirely is she wedded to her grand purpose, it does not seem strange to hear her say, "Until this work is done, I cannot go to heaven."

CHAPTER V.

MARY LOUISE BOOTH.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A Woman of Rare Intellect—Childhood of Mary Louise Booth—An Indefatigable Little Student—Beginning of Her Literary Life—A Great Historical Work—Breaking Out of the Civil War—Miss Booth's Sympathy with the North—Her Anxiety to Help the Cause—How She did it—A Prodigious Task—"It Shall be Done"—Her Marvellous Industry and Perseverance—Charles Sumner's Friendship—A Letter of Thanks from Abraham Lincoln—Assuming the Management of "Harper's Bazaar"—A Signal Success—A Model Paper—Miss Booth's Home—True Hospitality—Pen-portrait of a Gifted Woman.



EW women in America have wielded the influence, both in public and in domestic matters, that has been exercised by Mary Louise Booth, or have performed their part so quietly; for her work in the civil war was great as ever woman was called to do, and her editorial work since that time has given the keynote to life in a hundred thousand homes, and penetrated them with that spirit of innocence, dignity, poetry, and industry which actuates all her endeavors.

The subject of this sketch was a precocious child, — so much so that, on being asked, she once confessed she had no more recollection of learning to read either French or English than of learning to talk. As soon as she could walk, her mother says, she was following her about, book in hand, begging to be taught to read stories for herself. She read them soon to so much purpose that before she was five years old she had finished the Bible, being rewarded by a polyglot Testament for the feat, and had also read Plutarch, which at every subsequent reading has given her an equal pleasure,

and at seven had mastered Racine in the original, upon which she began the study of Latin with her father.

From that time she was an indefatigable reader, troubling her parents only by her devotion to books rather than to the play natural to her age. Her father had a considerable library, the contents of every book in which she made her own, always preferring history, — before she had finished her tenth year being acquainted with Hume, Gibbon, Alison, and kindred writers.

At this point she was sent away to school. Her father and mother, seeing the intellect for which they were responsible, took all possible pains with her education, and fortunately her physical strength was sufficient to carry her through an uninterrupted course in different academies and a series of lessons with masters at home. She cared more for languages and natural sciences, in which she was very proficient, than for most other studies, and took no especial pleasure in mathematics.

When she was about thirteen years of age her father moved his family from the quiet and pretty little village in Suffolk County, New York, with the quaint Indian name of Yaphank, in which she was born, to Brooklyn, E.D., and there Mr. Booth organized the first public school that was established in that city.

Mr. William Chatfield Booth was a man well qualified both by education and by native character for the guidance of such an intelligence as that developed by his daughter. Deeply interested in scholarly matters, a man of great directness of purpose and of fearless integrity, he and his daughter were in perfect sympathy, and he watched her growth with tender solicitude, and in subsequent years cherished with pride every word of her writing. But he could never quite bring himself to believe, even after she had won a handsome independence by her exertions, that she was really altogether capable of her own support, and always insisted upon making her the most generous gifts. As the President of the United States lately said of him, "A kinder and more honorable gentleman

it would be hard to find." Another daughter and two sons comprised the remainder of his family, the younger of the sons, Colonel Charles A. Booth, who has seen some twenty years' service in the army, having been born so much later than herself that he was naturally his sister's idol from his infancy.

Mr. Booth was descended from one of our earliest settlers, John Booth, who came to this country in 1649, a kinsman of the Sir George Booth, afterwards Baron Delamere and Earl of Warrington, who, as the faithful friend and companion of Charles II. in his exile and wanderings, only showed that trait of fidelity to friendship which still marks his race. In 1652 Ensign John Booth purchased Shelter Island from the Indians, and the original deed is yet in possession of the family who, for two hundred years and over, have not wandered a great way from the region where their ancestor made his first home on these shores.

Miss Booth's mother, who is still living, at the age of eighty, active and vigorous in body and in mind, shows her origin so plainly in her sparkling black eyes, her vivacity, her picturesqueness, and her gentle manners that it is hardly necessary to say one of her grandparents was a French *émigré* of the Revolution.

Miss Booth's literary career began, as might be expected, at an early age. She had the foundation of long and hard study, and extensive reading, aided by an immense memory, an intense enthusiasm and faculty of appreciation, and a poetic soul. Her writing at first consisted chiefly of sketches, essays, and poems. But after compiling the "Marble-Worker's Manual," and the "Clock and Watchmaker's Manual," both successful and standard works in request by artisans, and rendering French and German with such ease and freedom as she did, she by degrees drifted into translation more than she had intended, the field being almost entirely unoccupied. She translated and published Méry's "André Chénier," Victor Cousin's "Life and Times of Madame de Chevreuse," Marnier's "Russian Tales," and Sue's "Mysteries of the

People," connecting her name inseparably with all these works, and with Edmond About's exquisite creation of "Germaine," and "King of the Mountain"—the latter of which remains an inimitable burlesque of modern Greek government to this day—as the epigrammatic brilliancy and beauty of the style of which she has rendered as an object is reflected in a mirror.

Miss Booth was still scarcely more than a young girl when a friend suggested to her that no complete history of the city of New York had ever been written, and that it might be well to prepare such a one for the use of schools. Although without ambition to attempt the impossible, yet never daunted by the possible, she has that patience and perseverance which is as much a second description of genius as of valor, and she at once busied herself in the undertaking, and, after some years spent in preparation, finished one that became, on the request of a publisher, the basis of a more important work upon the same subject, her material having far outgrown the limits proposed, and her experience having taught her the best way of using it.

This task was thoroughly delightful and congenial to her taste and capacity. She knew, moreover, that it was no petty work, as many of the most stirring events of colonial and national history were connected with its story, and she loved the city of her adoption as if it had been the place of her birth.

"It is certain," she says, "that New York is rich in memories, which are worthy of the most reverent respect, and which belong alike to all its inhabitants, but which are too often unheeded. Throngs of busy citizens pass and repass the grave of Stuyvesant and the tomb of Montgomery, ignorant of their locality, and look with indifference on the Battery, and Bowling Green, teeming with reminiscences of the old Dutch Colony days, and on that cradle of liberty, the Park, where still may be seen one of the old prison-houses of the Revolution. In these things we are far more remiss than our neighbors. Boston never forgets to celebrate her

tea-party; few New Yorkers even know that a similar one was once held in their own harbor. Boston proudly commemorates her "Massacre;" — how many New Yorkers are aware that two months previous to this brief affray, the earliest battle of the Revolution, lasting two days, was fought in the streets of New York, on Golden Hill, where the first blood was shed in the cause of freedom?"

During the course of her historical work, Miss Booth met with great and spontaneous kindness on all sides. She had the fullest access to libraries and archives, accessible to but few, and received from everybody the most considerate courtesy; especially did the older historians seem pleased that a young girl should exhibit such powers and such inclinations, and they admitted her to the guild with the ceremony of every kindness at their command. Washington Irving sent her a letter of cordial encouragement, and D. T. Valentine, Henry B. Dawson, W. J. Davis, E. B. O'Callaghan, and numerous others showered her with documents and every assistance. "My Dear Miss Booth," writes Benson G. Lossing, "the citizens of New York owe you a debt of gratitude for this popular story of the life of the great metropolis, containing so many important facts in its history, and included in one volume accessible to all. I congratulate you on the completeness of the task and the admirable manner in which it has been performed."

The history appeared in one large volume, and met at once with a generous welcome, whose pecuniary results were very considerable. So satisfactory, indeed, was its reception, that the publisher proposed to her to go abroad and write popular histories of the great European capitals, London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. It was a bright vision for the young writer, but the approach of war and other fortuitous circumstances prevented its becoming a reality.

A second edition of the history was published in 1867, and a third edition, revised and brought down to date, appeared in 1880. A large paper edition of the work was taken by well-known book-collectors, extended and illustrated by them

with supplementary prints, portraits, and autographs on the interleaved pages. One copy, enlarged to folio and extended to nine volumes by several thousand maps, letters, and other illustrations, is owned in the city of New York, and is an unequalled treasure-house of interest; Miss Booth herself owns a copy that was presented to her by an eminent biblioplist, enriched by more than two thousand of those illustrations on inserted leaves; and a collector in Chicago is so in love with the great city and with the work recounting its part in the drama of civilization, that he has extended his own copy to twenty-two volumes.

The first sentences of the book enlist the attention of the reader, as they present a picture of the wilderness of Manhattan Island in vivid contrast to the peopled and cultured city of to-day. "At this time, the Dutch were the richest commercial nation on the globe. Having conquered their independence from Spain, and their country from the sea, they turned their attention to commerce, and with such success that it was not long before their sails whitened the waters of every clime. A thousand vessels were built annually in Holland, and an extensive trade was carried on with all the European nations. But their richest commerce was with the East Indies; and the better to secure themselves against all competition, the merchants engaged in this traffic had, in 1602, obtained a charter of incorporation for twenty-one years from the States General, under the name of the East India Company, granting them the exclusive monopoly of the trade in the Eastern seas beyond the Cape of Good Hope on one side and the Straits of Magellan on the other, with other valuable privileges.

"This obtained, it next became desirable to shorten the passage thither, and thus to render the commerce more lucrative. The voyage to China by the only known route, — that by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, — consumed two years, and the time seemed long to the impatient merchants. It was thought that a more expeditious passage might be discovered by the way of the Polar seas, and three expeditions,

under the command of Barentsen, Cornelissen, and Heemskerek, were despatched, one after the other, in search of it. But they found nothing but snow and ice, where they had hoped to find a clear sea, and they returned after having endured unheard-of hardships and earned a lasting fame as the earliest Polar navigators."

With this she tells the story of Henry Hudson, sailing in his yacht, the "Half-Moon," up "the beautiful river with its lofty palisades, its broad bays, its picturesque bends, its romantic highlands, and its rocky shores covered with luxuriant forests."

As the tale proceeds, the origin of the Patroon system is explained; vigorous outlines are drawn of the robust adventurers and of the various early governors; the exploits of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller are recounted with as much quiet humor as the stories of the Indian troubles, the Leisler affair, and the relation of the Colony to the revolution of 1689, are given with dramatic vividness, and a complete Dutch painting is made of New Amsterdam in the old Dutch Colony days, making an invaluable record.

"The province thus passed away forever from the hands of its Dutch rulers," says the author, at the conclusion of this epoch, "but many years elapsed before the Holland manners and customs were uprooted, and New York became in truth an English city. Indeed, some of them linger still, and New York yet retains a marked individuality which distinguishes it from the eastern cities and savors strongly of its Dutch origin. The memorials of the Dutch dynasty have fallen one by one; the Stuyvesant pear-tree was long the last token in being of the flourishing nation which so long possessed the city of New Amsterdam, — the last link that connected the present with the traditional past, — and this fell in 1867, before the slow decay of age. But the broad and liberal nature of the early settlers is still perpetuated in the cosmopolitan character of the city, in its freedom from exclusiveness, in its religious tolerance, and in its extended views of men and things. . . . The Dutch language has disappeared,

the Dutch signs have passed away from the streets, and the Dutch manners and customs are forgotten save in a few strongholds of the ancient Knickerbocker. But the Dutch spirit has not yet died out, — enough of it is still remaining to enable New York to trace its lineage in a direct line to its parent, — New Amsterdam.”

As we continue to turn these enchaining pages, we find the true story of Captain Kidd recited for the first time, the great negro plot, whose atrocities far outdid those of the Salem witchcraft, rehearsed with judicial impartiality, the era of the Revolution set before us in burning words, and all the events of the life of the great city, so intertwined with the national life, are swiftly and strongly told, down to the times of the cruel draft riots and the robberies of the ‘ring,’ which are yet unnoted by any other historian. Here and there a lively anecdote brightens the text; a character is limned in black and white so sharply that one sees why the traits of the old Stuyvesants, Van Rensselaers, and Rapelyes, should still mark their descendants, or a bit of forcible word-painting is given, as in the sketch of the foundation of the fur-trade which made the beginning of so many colossal fortunes. “This opening of a new path in commerce wrought a revolution in the aims and lives of the young men of the city. These youths, instead of remaining, as formerly, behind their fathers’ counters, or entering the beaten track of the West India trade, now provided themselves with a stock of guns and blankets, and set out with a trusty servant in a bark canoe to explore the pathless wilderness. Here they roamed for months in the primeval forests, forced at every step to turn aside to avoid some deadly reptile or fierce beast of prey, or to guard against the wiles of an insidious foe, ever on the alert to entrap them in some snare, and to purchase their goods at the expense of their lives. Forced to depend for their subsistence on the quickness of their eye and the sureness of their aim, to journey by day through thicket and marsh, over cataract and rapid, to sleep at night with no other canopy than the stars and sky, and to be con-

stantly on their guard against the unseen danger which was lurking everywhere about them—this forest education called forth all their resources of courage and sagacity, and they came from the trial with muscles of iron, nerves of steel, and a head and eye that never flinched before the most deadly peril. No fiction of romance can surpass the adventurous career of those daring travellers who thus pursued the golden fleece in the wilds of America; and those who came forth from this school of danger were well fitted to play their part in the approaching tragedies of the French and Indian war and the drama of the coming Revolution.”

To linger a moment on a subject where there is still so much to be said, perhaps no better example can be seen of the facile grace of the author's style and the calm and well-balanced power of presenting a case than in the following extract from this work, which has the interest of a romance and the value of an encyclopedia of reference: “The truth is that Great Britain contemptuously regarded the colonists as rich barbarians, the chief end of whose existence was to furnish an ample revenue to the mother-country. Their interests were wholly disregarded in the government councils, and the restrictions imposed on them were rigorous in the extreme. The English parliament claimed the right of regulating the trade of the colonies, and, under cover of this pretext, levied heavy duties upon imports, ostensibly for the purpose of defraying custom-house expenses, and at the same time sedulously suppressed all attempts at home manufactures. By a series of navigation acts, the colonists were forbidden to trade with any foreign country, or to export to England merchandise of their own in any but English vessels. The country was full of iron, but not an axe or a hammer could be manufactured by the inhabitants without violating the law. Beaver was abundant, but to limit its manufacture no hatter was permitted to have more than two apprentices, and not a hat could be sold from one colony to another. Of the wool which was sheared in such abundance from the flocks, not a yard of cloth could be manufactured except for private use, nor a

pound exported from one town to another ; but the raw material must all be sent to England to be manufactured there, then to come back as imported cloths, laden with heavy duties. Imposts were also levied upon sugar, molasses, and all articles of foreign luxury imported into the colonies, and America was, in fact, regarded only as a place from which to raise money.

“Notwithstanding, the colonists had patiently submitted to this manifest injustice. They had evaded the payment of the duties by living frugally and dispensing with the luxuries which could only be obtained at such a cost. They had accepted the royal governors, profligate and imbecile as they often were, and had contented themselves with opposing their unjust exactions. In the French and Indian wars they had acted nobly, and by lavish expenditure of their blood and treasure had secured to England the possession of a rich and long-coveted territory. These wars, which had added such lustre to the crown of Great Britain, and had secured the broad lands of Canada to her domain, had cost the colonies thirty thousand of their bravest soldiers and left them burdened with a debt of thirteen million pounds. But, insatiable in her desires, in return for this she required still more. The country which had been able to contribute so largely in the intercolonial wars had not, she thought, been taxed to the utmost, and, in order to wring from it a still larger revenue, new means were proposed by the British ministry for establishing a system of parliamentary taxation, — a right which the colonists had ever persistently denied.”

Shortly after the publication of the first edition of this invaluable work, the civil war broke out. Miss Booth had always been a warm anti-slavery partisan and a sympathizer with movements for what she considered true progress, although directed by that calm judgment which never lets the heart run away with the head. But here heart and head were in accord, the country was aflame with fervor to prevent the destruction of the noblest government ever given to man ; and all hoped that a certain result of the struggle

would be that universal freedom without which the freedom already vaunted was a lie.

Miss Booth was, of course, enlisted on the side of the Union, and longing to do something to help the cause in which she so ardently believed. She did not feel herself qualified to act as a nurse in the military hospitals, not only having that inherent antipathy to the sight of sickness and suffering common to many poetic natures, although willing to endure all that such sight and association could bring, but being, through her life among books, too inexperienced in such work to venture assuming its tasks with their consequent risk of life. Still something she must do. That she had sent her brother to the front, scarcely more than a boy, as he was, seemed not half enough; and, when, while burning with eagerness she received an advance copy of Count Agénor de Gasparin's "Uprising of a Great People," she at once saw her opportunity in bringing heartening words to those in the terrible struggle.

She took the work, without loss of time, to Mr. Scribner, proposing he should publish it. He demurred a little, saying he would gladly do so if the translation were ready, but that the war would be over before the book was out, Mr. Seward having authoritatively limited its duration to a small number not of weeks but of days. Mr. Scribner finally said, perhaps but half believing in the possibility, that if it could be ready in a week he would publish it. "It shall be done," was her reply, and she went home and went to work, working twenty hours of every twenty-four, receiving the proof-sheets at night and returning them with fresh copy in the morning. The week lacked several hours of its completion when the work was finished, and in a fortnight the book was out, and its message rang from Maine to California.

Nothing published during the war made half the sensation that did this prophetic volume, whose predictions were so wonderfully accurate that very few of them were found to have proved false at the end of the dark contest, dark not only because beginning to be so doubtful, and laden with sor-

row, and suffering, and loss, but because, although the North shone in the light of a glorious resolve, and the South contended for principle, the struggle was still one between brothers. The newspapers of the day were full of reviews and notices, eulogistic and otherwise, according to the party represented. The book revived courage and rekindled hope. "It is worth a whole phalanx in the cause of human freedom," wrote Charles Sumner; and Abraham Lincoln paused in the midst of his mighty work to send her a letter of thanks and lofty cheer.

The publication of the book was the means of putting Miss Booth at once into communication with the author and his wife, who begged her to visit them in Switzerland; and it subsequently brought about a correspondence with most of those European sympathizers with the North who handled a pen, such as Augustin Cochin, Edouard Laboulaye, Henri Martin, Edmond de Pressensé, Conte du Montalembert, Monseigneur Dupanloup, and others, — men of all shades of religious and political belief at home, but united in the hatred of slavery, and in sympathy for the cause in whose success its extinction was involved.

These gentlemen vied with each other in sending her advance-sheets of their books, and numerous articles, letters, and pamphlets to meet the question of the day, which she swiftly translated, publishing them without money and without price, in the daily journals, and through the avenues afforded by the Union League Club. In return, she kept these noble Frenchmen accurately informed of the progress of events, and sent them such publications as could be of service.

The "Uprising of a Great People" was followed rapidly by Gasparin's "America Before Europe," by Laboulaye's "Paris in America," and two volumes by Augustin Cochin, "Results of Emancipation" and "Results of Slavery." Cochin's work attracted even more attention than Gasparin's had done. She received hundreds of appreciative letters from the leading Republican statesman — Henry Winter Davis, Senator Doolittle, Galusha A. Grow, Dr. Lieber, Dr. Bell, the president

of the Sanitary Commission, and a host of others, among them George Sumner, Cassius M. Clay, and Attorney-General Speed, Charles Sumner writing her that Cochin's work had been of more value to the cause "than the Numidian cavalry to Hannibal."

It will easily be seen from this brief and condensed recital how important was Miss Booth's share in the great national work, a share in firing and sustaining the public heart second only to that of Mrs. Stowe's, before the war, when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" went through the land like the Fiery Cross that, seared in fire and dipped in blood, flashed from hand to hand for the rousing of the clans. "As I went over some of those letters last night," she wrote once, concerning this "Sturm and Drang" period of her life, "it was like opening the grave of the past. My present life seemed thin and frivolous compared with those glowing hours so full of earnest work, in which the fate of a nation was involved; and I could not sleep for thinking of the days that are no more."

In the meantime she pursued her translations as before, adding to her list Laboulaye's "Fairy Tales," and Jean Macé's "Fairy Book," and several of the religious works of the Count and Countess de Gasparin, "Happiness" by the former, and "Camille," "Vesper," and "Human Sorrows" by the latter. Her translations in all number nearly forty volumes. She had thought of adding to this number, at the request of Mr. James T. Fields, an abridgment of Madame Sand's voluminous "*Histoire de ma Vie*," and, with her customary delicacy, not liking to undertake a task of that nature without permission, she wrote the author, giving her proposed plan, and receiving the following reply:—

"MADAME, — J'ai été absente de chez moi, et je reçois vos deux lettres à la fois. Votre manière à dire et de penser, et la délicatesse de vos scrupules, me donnent une confiance entière dans votre discernement et dans votre conscience. Je vous autorise donc à faire les coupures que vous jugiez nécessaires, et vous prie de me croire toute à vous,

GEORGE SAND.

Nohant, 22 Mai, '63,
Par la Châtre, Indre.

Circumstances, however, prevented the completion of the work.

Her pleasant correspondence with people of interest still continued, and, among others, with Mr. Sumner, passages from which I have begged, and with difficulty obtained permission to transcribe for the sake of their value to those who love his name.

"I cannot express to you all the gratitude I feel for your kindness to the memory of my late brother. His death was a release to him, but it has been a trial to us. It leaves me more than ever alone." Afterwards, acknowledging a message, he says, "I am touched and gratified by those beautiful words of Madame de Gasparin. When you write to her, be good enough to let her know how constantly my brother cherished the recollection of his visit to her family, and that he often went over its incidents. I had not the good fortune of knowing personally any of this remarkable family, but I am familiar with their history and with their labors. Madame de Gasparin is not the least remarkable of this distinguished connection." Still later he writes her in touching words that seem to cry for the rest that never came, "It is hard to contend always. I long for repose. But there is no rest for me so long as the freedmen are denied their rights, and the only chance of placing them beyond assault is through the national government."

Miss Booth did not cease her labors after her work in connection with the war was over, but at once began the translation of Henri Martin's "Unabridged History of France," six of whose volumes she translated. Since then, in connection with Miss Alger, she has translated Martin's abridgement of the "History of France," in six volumes, now in course of publication. She has been in friendly communication with most of the authors to whose writings she has turned her attention, and all without exception have taken warm interest in her work, and commended it in flattering terms.

In the year 1867 Miss Booth undertook another enterprise of an entirely opposite but no less important nature,

in assuming the management of "Harper's Bazar," a weekly journal devoted to the pleasure and improvement of the domestic circle. She had long been in pleasant relations with the Messrs. Harper, the four brothers who founded the great house which bears their name, and who conducted its business to such splendid results; and when they resolved upon issuing a family newspaper of this description they immediately asked her to take its editorial control.

Diffident concerning her abilities in this untried direction, she accepted with hesitation. But the correctness of their judgment was soon displayed; for under her editorial management it proved the swiftest journalistic success on record, numbering its subscribers by the hundred thousand, and while other papers take a loss for granted in the beginning, putting itself upon a paying basis at the outset. While she has assistants in every department, among their names those of some most distinguished in our literature, she is herself the inspiration of the whole corps, and under the advice and suggestion of its proprietors she has held it on an even course, whatever winds of doctrine blew outside. There is scarcely a poet, or a story-writer, or novelist of any rank in America or England who is not a contributor to its pages, and its purity, its self-respect, its high standard, and its literary excellence, are unrivalled among periodical publications. The influence of such a paper within American homes is something hardly to be computed. It has always been on the side of good and sweet things; it has made the right seem the best and pleasantest; it has taught while it has amused; it has had the happiness, well-being, and virtue of women and the family for its first consideration, and it has created a wholesome atmosphere wherever it is constantly read. Through its columns its editor has made her hand felt in countless families for nearly sixteen years, and has helped to shape the domestic ends of a generation to peace and righteousness.

Perhaps Miss Booth could not have accomplished so much if she had been hampered, as many women are, by conditions

demanding exertion in other than her chosen path, and without the comfort about her of a perfect home. She lives in the city of New York, in the neighborhood of Central Park, in a house which she owns, with her sister by adoption, Mrs. Anne W. Wright, between whom and herself there exists one of those lifelong and tender affections which are too intimate and delicate for public mention, but which are among the friendships of history, — a friendship that was begun in childhood and that cannot cease in death. To Mrs. Wright, more than to any other woman I have known, do Wordsworth's lines apply : —

“A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet.

 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command.”

Their house is one particularly adapted to entertaining, with its light and lovely parlors and connecting rooms ; there are always guests within its hospitable walls, and if there is such a thing in this country as a *salon*, it is to be found here, where every Saturday night may be met an assemblage of the beauty and wit and wisdom, resident or transient, in the city — authors of note, great singers, players, musicians, statesmen, travellers, publishers, journalists, and pretty women, making the time fly on wings of enchantment. A few years ago these friends of the house took the occasion of a birthday to present Miss Booth with a magnificent album full of portraits and autographs of great value.

Miss Booth is a person who has been singularly blest with steadfast friends ; one has only to look at the benignancy of her habitual expression to see the reason why. She forgets herself in serving others, and is happy in their happiness. Exquisitely sensitive herself, sympathetic and delicate, she is further characterized by a lofty nobility and honor. Many-sided as a faceted jewel, to the man of busi-

ness she is merely a woman of business ; but to the poet she is full of answering vibrations. She values beauty in every form, betraying the fact in a deep and intelligent love of nature, in a passion for flowers, gems, and perfumes, and in an intense delight and thorough knowledge of music. Warm in her affections, quick in her feelings, cool in her judgments, untiring in her energies, imperious in her will, and almost timid in her self-distrust in spite of her achievement, her character is a singular combination of the strength on which you can rely, and the tenderness you would protect, while there is a certain bounteousness of nature about her, like the overflowing sweetness and spice of a full-blown rose. All these qualities are held within bounds by a shy and suffering modesty that will make it impossible for her to read these words !

In person Miss Booth is majestic and commanding, being taller and larger than women usually are. Her dress is simple to plainness when about her business, but rich and becoming elsewhere, for she has the weakness of other women about rare old lace, and cashmeres that are drawn through a bracelet. Her hands are as perfect as sculpture, and sparkle with quaint and costly rings ; and her skin of infantile delicacy and rose-leaf color, her dimples, her straight, short nose, her soft brown eyes, and her prematurely silvered hair, worn rolled over cushions, give her a striking appearance that approaches beauty.

But there is a beauty of the soul more precious than any other ; it shines in the purity of the countenance, in the quiet independence of movement, in the sincerity and straightforwardness of utterance, in the care and concern for others, and in the glance that seeks their sympathy ; and this beauty is still more pre-eminently hers. Strong for troublous times and sweet for gentle ones, she is one woman in a myriad, and the world is better because she has lived in it.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOCTORS BLACKWELL.

BY LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE.

Early Home of the Blackwell Sisters — “Little Shy” — Her Indomitable Pluck and Wonderful Physique — A Feat Showing Her Strength — Death of Her Father — Struggle of the Family with Misfortune and Poverty — Elizabeth Begins the Study of Medicine — How She Acquired Her Professional Education — Surmounting Great Difficulties — Some of Her Experiences as a Medical Student — Graduates with High Honor — First Medical Diploma Ever Granted to a Woman — A Proud Moment in Her Life — Her Sister, Emily Blackwell — Her College Life — Battling Against Opposition — Final Success — Her Studies Abroad — The Two Sisters establish Themselves in Practice in New York — Founding the Women’s Hospital and College — Recognition and Success at Last.



ARDINAL MAZARIN said to Don Luis de Haro, at the time of the Peace of the Pyrenees: “How lucky you are, in Spain! There, women are satisfied with being coquettish or devout; they obey their lover or their confessor, and interfere with nothing else.” His eminence held, in common with the public opinion of his time, that the political and social troubles of less well-regulated countries proceeded from the failure of the meddlesome sex to mind its own business.

But as women came more frequently to be heard upon the subject, it appeared that a respectable minority disagreed with the majority as to the nature and limits of that business.

Presently a clear-eyed woman wrote: “History jeers at the attempts of physiologists to bind great original laws by the forms which flow from them. They make a rule: they say, from observation, what can and cannot be. In vain! Nature provides exceptions to every rule. She sends women to battle, and sets Hercules spinning; she enables women to bear immense burdens, cold, and frost; she enables the man,

who feels maternal love, to nourish his infant like a mother. . . . Presently she will make a female Newton, and a male siren. . . . But if you ask me what offices they may fill, I reply — any. I do not care what case you put; let them be sea-captains, if you will. I do not doubt there are women well-fitted for such an office, and if so, I should be as glad to see them in it as to welcome the Maid of Saragossa, or the Maid of Missolonghi, or the Suliote heroine, or Countess Colonel Emily Plater.”

The female Newton is yet to come, but in the very year that saw the publication of Margaret Fuller's brave plea for her sex, a young woman in the West, alone, unaided, and poor, began those studies which have made her name eminent in medical science, and freed a new domain of labor to the occupation of women. That America, however grudgingly, afforded Elizabeth Blackwell, and, afterward, her sister, Emily, that opportunity for professional instruction and practice which their native England withheld, constitutes her claim to reckon them among her noble women.

Their father, Mr. Samuel Blackwell, a rich sugar-refiner of Bristol, was a man of singular high-mindedness, catholicity, energy, honesty, and benevolence. Their home offered a fruitful soil for virtues to take root in, which threw the better, as it seemed, for the overrunning tangle of innocent wild-oats that grew up with them. Winters were given to hard work in the school-room, summers to equally hard play at the seaside. Long walks in all weathers kept heads clear and complexions bright. The wise mother was not frightened at the name of tom-boy, nor disturbed by the cheerful din of the host of children who “rampaged” through the passages between lesson-hours. Birthdays, which seemed to have a jovial trick of recurring oftener than in other families of like spaciousness, were celebrated with a frenzy of affectionate zeal. Holidays brought “sport that wrinkled care derides, and laughter holding both his sides.”

The sunshine and fresh air of this hearty, sensible, hilarious household developed a sturdy growth of juvenile character.

Elizabeth, the third daughter, was a tiny creature, fair, with blonde hair, beautiful hands, and a voice of extraordinary sweetness. As a child, she was so unusually reserved and silent that her father, to whom she was devoted, nicknamed her "Little Shy." But this singularly delicate and shrinking exterior hid a tenacity of purpose and muscular strength almost incredible.

An elder sister relates that before the little maid was five years old, her father was once obliged to go to Dublin on business. This necessity was made the occasion of a frolic for the children, who went in force to the Hotwells to see him off. Elizabeth, bent on being useful, persisted in holding his heavy portmanteau in her lap all the way to the anchorage. As the steamer swung off and moved slowly down the river, the children ran along the bank, shouting their good-bys. But when the rest were ready to turn homeward, "Little Shy" only quickened her pace. She had made up her small mind that since she was forbidden to accompany her father, as she had entreated, she would make the journey on foot, and rejoin him in Ireland! Coaxing and remonstrance were vain. The tiny pilgrim, bound on her filial errand, had already the constancy of a devotee. At last it was made plain to her that her father had taken the ship because it was impossible to reach Ireland by land, and that should she walk to Holyhead she must there be turned back by the Channel. Even her indomitable little spirit saw the futility of contending with the natural divisions of the earth, however arbitrary and senseless they might appear to her, and she turned homeward with injured and resentful countenance, too indignant with Circumstance to utter a word.

In earliest girlhood she read Foster's "*Essay on Decision of Character*," which became an inspiration to her. All her ideals were heroic, — Elizabeth, the huntress Diana, the Valkyries, with their lofty self-dependence and undaunted courage, Boadicea, Lady Russell, Madame 'Roland. She herself had the perfect physique of the mythical maids of Valhalla. Her muscles were corded steel, her delicate hands

had a grip of iron. She would pick up the other children and carry them about the house, till, tired out with laughter and struggling, they consented to her terms of release. While still in the school-room her feats of strength were astonishing.

It is related of her that she once used the *argumentum ad hominem* in a peculiarly convincing way. Some intimate friends having called one evening at her father's house, the conversation happened to turn on the feeble muscular development of women. A certain gentleman maintained that the weakest man, putting forth his full strength, could overcome the strongest woman.

"But that must be a mistake," declared her brother, "for when Elizabeth chooses she is more than a match for the best of us at wrestling or at lifting, and carries us about as she likes."

"She could not lift *me!* No woman living could lift me!" exclaimed the champion of his sex. "Try it, Miss Elizabeth," he continued, settling himself for resistance; "do your utmost! I defy you to move me out of this chair."

Deliberately the new Brunhilda approached, deliberately lifted the scoffer, deliberately settled him on her left arm, and holding him firmly with the other, despite his desperate struggles to escape, bore him three times round the room, with the slow stateliness of a triumphal march.

Commercial disorders following on the political crisis of 1830-31 crippled the prosperous house of Blackwell, whose head resolved to emigrate with his family to the United States, where the sugar business was then lucrative. In August, 1832, the new settlers landed in New York. A sugar-refinery was soon established, which was immediately prosperous. But the financial ruin of 1837 spared no industry. Though avoiding personal bankruptcy, Mr. Blackwell found his fortune again swept away by the failure of weaker houses. But he was a man incapable of defeat. Even then he saw the great opportunities which the widening West offered, and in 1838 removed with his family to

Cincinnati. The summer proved hot and pestilential. His health, already impaired by anxiety and the severe strain of the American climate, gave way under the change from sea air to the humid heats of a Western river-town. While working with characteristic energy to establish a new sugar-refinery, he was smitten by fever, and died, after a brief illness, at the early age of forty-five.

In a strange city the family now found themselves penniless and unknown. The wreck of their fortune had been invested in the new business. Debts due the estate were disregarded. An agent in New York sold the valuable household furniture which had been left in his charge, and kept the proceeds. Rent was owing on the house they occupied and on the business premises. Protested notes were to be paid. Doctors' and undertakers' bills demanded settlement, two more deaths having occurred in the family during that terrible autumn. Every day brought its tale of expenses, however narrowly the schedule of necessities was made up. But the scrupulous honesty of the father was a characteristic of the rest. No one dreamed of evading one just claim upon his name, and in the end every penny of indebtedness was paid.

The three elder daughters, of whom Dr. Elizabeth, just seventeen years old, was the third, at once assumed the support of the younger children and their mother. With ready self-denial the two boys, next in age, left their studies to take clerkships. Four little ones, of whom Dr. Emily was the eldest, were still in the nursery. But one way of support offered itself to these needy gentlewomen, and the Misses Blackwell opened a boarding-school for young ladies. They were thoroughly and liberally educated. They were full of the family courage and energy. Respect for their abilities and interest in their misfortunes soon filled the school.

The assurance that the family could be kept together, and the younger children educated, was worth almost any cost to these devoted sisters. But the old household ways had been those of comfortable ease and rare good-fellowship. The toil,

confinement, and incessant responsibility of a boarding-school; the inevitable formality and rigidity of the daily routine; more than all, the irksome need of a thrift approaching parsimony, weighed heavily on young shoulders hitherto exempt from burdens. Pay was small, compared with the endless labor and self-denial of the work. The fact that they were shut in to this one weary way of bread-winning was, in itself, harassing. A sort of gentle Jacobin club grew up among them, whose entire membership they constituted, and at whose irregular meetings, in the insecure privacy of their bedrooms, they arraigned society for its unfairness to their sex. Had they been men, or, being women, had they received a thorough business and professional training, they saw how much easier and more honorable their struggle for existence would have been. Each year deepened their conviction that an enlargement of woman's opportunities was the necessary condition of a higher social well-being. But hard necessity kept them to their familiar treadmill. By night they might plan new achievements and rewards for their sex. By day they must conjugate French verbs, listen to blundering scales, or vainly strive to impose habits of conscientious study on the spoiled young tyrants of the class-room.

Six years of this patient grind placed the younger children in self-supporting positions, and the school was given up. Already Elizabeth had resolved to devote her future to the science of medicine. Shrinking with the strong instinct of perfect health from all contact with disease, loathing the atmosphere of the sick-room, and naturally intolerant of the moral weakness of invalidism, she yet believed women to be specially fitted by nature for the medical profession. Of the many fields of honorable labor then closed against them it seemed to her that this might most easily be won. And she saw clearly that if prejudice could be made to yield a single outpost, the taking of the citadel was but a question of time. Examples were not wanting of women who had enriched medical science. She remembered Marie Catherine Bibéron, the Paris apothecary's little daughter, who, working eagerly

over dead bodies, by night, in her attic chamber, perfected the common manikin, and was the first to unfold, by the aid of prepared wax, the inner mysteries of the human frame. She remembered Elizabeth Nihell, contending with calm good sense and steady judgment against the obstetrical quackeries of the fashionable London doctors of the last age. She remembered that noble Elizabeth Blackwell of the eighteenth century, Scotch and sturdy, who, studying midwifery to support her sick husband, himself a physician of repute, found her means of livelihood taken away by the trades'-union of the faculty, and turned to the preparation of the first medical botany. She remembered the nurses and healers of the middle ages, a great cloud of witnesses to the fitness of women for the profession of her choice. The very need of conquering her personal dislike of the task she had set herself whetted her courage. But that task was herculean, and the money required was yet to be earned.

In 1844 she took charge of a large country school in Kentucky, hoarding every penny of pay for professional uses, and every moment of leisure for professional studies. The next year a higher salary was offered her as music teacher in a fashionable boarding-school at Charleston, South Carolina. There, while working hard at medicine, she began the study of Latin, being already a good French and German scholar. There, too, it was her good fortune to meet the distinguished Doctor Samuel Henry Dickson, who took a generous interest in her plans, admitted her among his office students, and gave her invaluable help and encouragement.

In May, 1847, after three years of indefatigable preparation, she sought admission to the Philadelphia Medical School. The physicians in charge, without exception, rejected her, professing to be shocked at the indelicacy of her application. College and hospital were closed against her, and she was forced to take private courses of anatomy and dissection with one physician, and of midwifery with another. But however able the teacher or zealous the pupil, no private certificate of capacity could equal the guarantee of a diploma.

And Miss Blackwell was not more anxious to obtain a thorough training for herself than to make straight the path for other women who should follow her. Besides, there already flourished a guild of ignorant or half-educated female doctors, whose code was immoral, and whose practice was empirical. It was plain that only qualified women, bearing the diploma of a reputable college, could bar out these pretenders from practice, or hinder their misuse of the professional name.

The young student's next step was to obtain a list of all the medical schools of the country, and send her dignified application to each in turn. Twelve of these institutions promptly rejected her, most of them rebuking either her immodest desire to understand the laws of physical nature, or her presumptuous invasion of those high intellectual regions habitable only by man. Only the faculties of the college at Geneva, New York, and of that at Castleton, Vermont, courteously consented to consider her application. At Geneva, the question of her admission was referred to the students themselves, These young men, to their honor be it said, unanimously decided in her favor, and voluntarily pledged themselves "individually and collectively," that, should she enter the college, "no word or act of theirs should ever cause her to regret the step."

In November, 1847, she was entered on the college register as "No. 417," and saw herself at the beginning of the end. In a brief monograph published twenty-five years ago, to which this sketch is much indebted, Miss Anna Blackwell says: "Aware that the possibility of her going through the course depended on her being able, by her unmoved deportment, to cause her presence there to be regarded by those around her, not as that of a woman among men, but of one student among five hundred, confronted only with the truth and dignity of natural law, she restricted herself for some time after her entrance into the college to a diet so rigid as almost to trench upon starvation, in order that no involuntary change of color might betray the feeling of embarrassment occasionally created by the necessary plain-speaking of scientific

analysis. How far the attainment of a self-command which rendered her countenance as impassible as that of a statue can be attributed to the effect of such a diet may be doubtful ; but her adoption of such an expedient is too characteristic to be omitted here.

“ From her admission into the college until she left it she also made it an invariable rule to pass in and out without taking any notice of the students ; going straight to her seat, and never looking in any other direction than to the professor and on her note-book. How necessary was this circumspection may be inferred from something which occurred in the lecture-room a short time after her admission. The subject of the lecture happened to be a very trying one ; and while the lecturer was proceeding with his demonstration, a folded paper, evidently a note, was thrown down by some one in one of the upper tiers behind her, and fell upon her arm, where it lay, conspicuously white, upon the sleeve of her black dress. She felt, instinctively, that this note contained some gross impertinence, that every eye in the building was upon her ; and that, if she meant to remain in the college, she must repel the insult, then and there, in such a way as to preclude the occurrence of any similar act. Without moving or raising her eyes from her note-book, she continued to write, as though she had not perceived the paper ; and when she had finished her notes she slowly lifted the arm on which it lay, until she had brought it clearly within view of every one in the building, and then, with the slightest possible turn of the wrist, she caused the offensive missile to drop upon the floor. Her action, at once a protest and an appeal, was perfectly understood by the students ; and in an instant the amphitheatre rang with their energetic applause, mingled with hisses directed against her cowardly assailant. Throughout this scene she kept her eyes constantly fixed upon her note-book ; taking no more apparent notice of this welcome demonstration than she had done of the unwelcome aggression which had called it forth. But her position in the college was made from that moment, and not the slightest annoyance of

any kind was ever again attempted throughout her stay. On the contrary, a sincere regard, at once kindly and respectful, was thenceforward evinced toward her by her fellow-students; and though, for obvious reasons, she still continued to hold herself aloof from social intercourse with them, yet, whenever the opportunity of so doing presented itself, in the course of their common studies, they always showed themselves ready and anxious to render her any good offices in their power, and some of them are of her truest friends at this day."

By degrees the embarrassment of her position was forgotten in her devotion to her work. The wonderful and beautiful mechanism of the human body filled her with a reverence which cast out self-consciousness. But the pain she had already endured convinced her of the imperative need of a separate medical school for women.

Never was Little Peddlington more distracted by a question of social etiquette than Geneva by the coming of the "lady student." Boarding-house keepers were warned that their lodgers would leave them if asked to sit at table with so doubtful a character. Boys followed her about the streets, with audible and unflattering comments on her personal appearance and supposed intentions. Well-dressed men and women felt at liberty to stop on the sidewalk and stare openly at the prodigy. But the dignity of the quiet little figure, dressed always in black, and intent upon its own business, soon conquered civility. And when it was known that the professors' wives had called upon her, the boarding-houses capitulated.

An incredible self-denial and industry marked Miss Blackwell's college course. Even the hot summer vacation was spent in study and active practice in one of the outlying hospitals of Philadelphia. Like all finely-organized women, she had an intense liking for flowers, odors, beautiful surroundings, and dainty apparel. But she contented herself with a cheap room, plain garments, and the rarest necessaries. Years afterwards she used to smile at the recollection of the

struggle it cost her to deny herself a ten-cent bottle of cologne. She remembered its exact place on the chemist's shelf, and the pang she felt in leaving it there.

The price of her graduation gown seriously encroached on the little hoard so carefully kept for future study. But as always, she faced the inevitable with serenity. In a letter written at that time she says: "I am working hard for the parchment which I suppose will come in good time; but I have still an immense amount of dry reading to get through with and to beat into my memory. I have been obliged to have a dress made for the graduation ceremony, and meanwhile it lies quietly in my trunk biding its time. It is a rich black silk, with a cape, trimmed with black silk fringe, and some narrow white lace round the neck and cuffs. I could not avoid the expense, though a grievous one for a poor student; for the affair will take place in a crowded church. I shall have to mount to a platform on which sits the president of the University, in gown and triangular hat, surrounded by rows of reverend professors; and of course I can neither disgrace womankind, the college, nor the Blackwells by presenting myself in a shabby gown."

On a bright January day of 1849 the largest church in Geneva was packed with spectators eager to see the presentation of the first medical diploma ever granted to a woman. Whatever marvel they may have expected, the reality was simple enough. A slender, black-robed girl ascended the steps, with a group of her brother students, and standing undismayed, the focus of a thousand eyes, received from the venerable president of the college the blue-ribboned parchment which converted "No. 417" into Doctor Elizabeth Blackwell. A door hitherto closed against women stood open. A whole world of fresh interests and aspirations invited them to possess it. The old order had changed, giving place to new. And never was revolution so quietly accomplished.

When it came to Dr. Elizabeth's turn to return thanks, she said, in a low voice, which the utter stillness made audible in

the remotest corner, "I thank you, Mr. President, for the sanction given to my studies by the institution of which you are the head. With the help of the Most High, it shall be the endeavor of my life to do honor to the diploma you have conferred upon me."

No change could well be greater than that from rural Geneva to cosmopolitan Paris. But the indomitable Dr. Elizabeth next besieged the doors of that ancient city's schools. An unwritten Salic law excluded women from inheritance in their unrivalled opportunities. The most eminent physicians, to whom she had brought letters of introduction, declared her quest hopeless, and advised her to assume a man's dress and register a man's name. But like that great reformer who said: "I will be as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch, and I *will* be heard," she held to her purpose with dogged tenacity. After months of wearying delay, the great lying-in hospital of the *Maternité* admitted her as a resident-pupil, and some others consented to tolerate her visits. These concessions demanded a heavy return of application and labor. But Dr. Elizabeth was a very Hotspur of young doctors, vanquishing difficulties as Percy his Scots, and finding time for exacting private studies under the ablest professors in Paris. Returning to London, she obtained admission to St. Bartholomew's and the Women's Hospital, and again took private instruction.

She had always intended to practise in America, partly because it offered a better field than England; partly because she was anxious to help and encourage the many women whom her example had stimulated to attempt the study of medicine.

In 1851, after seven years of the hardest study, she arrived in New York to enter on her profession. But her Hill of Difficulty stretched high and steep before her. Prejudice and ignorance are tough combatants who too often push large-minded ability into the ditch. The sensible young doctor knew how slowly a good practice must grow. But it seemed,

at first, as if she would not be permitted even to plant the germ. The mere mention of her profession closed the doors of reputable boarding-houses against her. And when submission to an exorbitant rent finally secured tolerable office room, the suspicions or neglect of her landladies sent away patients, or failed to deliver messages. Intelligent women of the class she had hoped to benefit sneered at "female doctors." Reputable physicians ignored her claims as a fellow-practitioner. But the quiet, steadfast, indomitable woman refused to be dismayed. As in Charleston, Philadelphia, Paris, and London, a few able physicians recognized her high character and capacity, and treated her with profound professional and personal respect. Without this encouragement her attempt would have been impracticable from the outset. With it, she could say, like Walter Scott, "Time and I against any two."

In 1852 she delivered a series of lectures to ladies, on hygiene and physical development. Health had not yet come into fashion, but these talks attracted many listeners, partly drawn by curiosity to hear one of the "strong-minded," partly by worthier motives. Even those who came to scoff, however, remained to praise, while not a few became eager patrons and patients of this learned and high-minded teacher.

The next year she published an excellent treatise called, "The Laws of Life, considered with reference to the Physical Education of Girls," and, with an increasing practice, found time to establish a Dispensary for Women and Children. This long-needed charity began its work in a single room, with the free furnishing of advice and medicine to outdoor applicants. But Dr. Blackwell saw in it the germ of a beneficent and wide-spreading growth. As its funds increased it was to receive indoor patients, providing indigent women with able physicians of their own sex. It was to give this class of patients, beside needed advice and medicine, plain and kind counsel concerning the care of health, rearing and education of children, household management, and personal habits. It was to educate an efficient body of

nurses for the community, a service of benefit not only to the sick, but to those deserving and competent women who would gladly earn their bread as nurses, could they command the necessary training.

So steady was the success of Dr. Elizabeth's dispensary, that in May, 1857, she was enabled to add to it that Hospital for Women which, both as relief-agency and as training-school, had been the hope of so many years. This Infirmary was the first medical charity established by female physicians, as well as the first hospital organized for the instruction of women in practical medicine. In ten years over fifty thousand patients were relieved by its means. Thirty-one students had been received, who resided from one to two years in the house, and nineteen nurses had been trained and established in the city. The record of the seven subsequent years has been even more satisfactory.

Meantime Dr. Elizabeth had welcomed a coadjutor, able, wise, and zealous as herself. In 1848 her younger sister, Emily, began a course of medical reading and dissection with Dr. Davis, demonstrator of anatomy in the Cincinnati College. Like Dr. Elizabeth, she brought perfect health and indomitable energy to her work. Like her, she possessed quick perception, and an exceptional memory. Latin, French, and German she knew well. In Greek and mathematics her standing was fair. Earning as teacher the funds required as student, she worked hard in both capacities till 1851, when she applied for admission to the Medical School at Geneva. To her surprise she was refused, the same faculty which had testified that the presence of her sister "had exercised a beneficial influence upon her fellow-students in all respects," and that "the average attainments and general conduct of the students during the period she had passed among them, were of a higher character than those of any class which had been assembled in the college since the connection of the president with the institution," now declaring that they were not prepared to consider the case of Dr. Elizabeth a precedent. Ten other colleges in succession refused her application.

Meanwhile the Free Hospital of Bellevue, in New York, gave her admission to study, and, after more than a year of waiting, the young Medical College of Chicago accepted her as a student. Her summer vacation she passed in hospital work at Bellevue and in the chemical laboratory of Dr. Doremus. Returning to Chicago for the next term, to her surprise and dismay she found the doors closed against her. The State Medical Association had censured the college for having admitted a woman. The woman was therefore left to shift for herself. After much delay she was received by the college of Cleveland, where she completed her course, triumphantly passing the examinations. From Cleveland to Edinburgh, studying in the Lying-in Hospital and under the eminent Dr. Simpson; from Edinburgh to Paris, following the clinical lectures of the great masters of their art through the *Hôtel Dieu*, *Beaujou*, *St. Louis*, the *Hôpital des Enfants Malades*, living and working in the vast establishment of the *Maternité*; from Paris to London, walking the wards of St. Bartholomew and other hospitals, Dr. Emily toiled along her conscientious way, bringing back to America in the autumn of 1856 the highest testimonials of capacity and acquirement from the men most competent to bestow them.

A curious ebb-tide of feeling concerning the fitness of professional life for women seemed, at that time, to be bearing away all that had been gained. After the graduation of the Doctors Blackwell, and two or three of their immediate successors, the schools which had received them closed their doors upon subsequent applicants. It was as if the Faculties, on the impulse of the moment, had said, "Anything so simple and natural as medical attendance upon women by women must be right," but, having time to think about it, had amended their formula to "Anything so simple and natural as medical attendance upon women by women must be wrong."

Separate schools for female students of course sprang up. But small means and small classes necessarily confined the teaching of these schools to lectures, unaccompanied by prac-

tical study and observation, while all existing hospitals and dispensaries were closed against women, whether as physicians or students.

It was this meagreness of opportunity which led Dr. Blackwell to conclude that hospital experience would be more immediately valuable to female medical students than college study, and perhaps more readily sustained by public opinion. But even to so humane and necessary an experiment as that of the hospital objection waxed loud. The projectors were assured that no one would let a house for the purpose; that the plan would invite suspicion and the interference of the law; that if deaths occurred, their death certificates would not be recognized; that improper persons would apply for treatment; that, without resident male physicians, discipline could not be maintained; and, finally, that they would never be able to collect money for so unpopular an undertaking.

The Doctors Blackwell had the courage of their opinions. They held nothing which was right to be impossible. They found the house. They prepared the sick wards. Through discouragement and distrust they held their serene way. The practice was conducted entirely by women, but a board of consulting physicians, men of the highest standing, gave it sanction and reputation. Necessary operations were performed by its attending female physicians, and performed with adequate skill and nerve. In a year or two the government of a hospital by women for women was a proved success.

In 1865 the trustees obtained from the Legislature a charter conferring college powers upon the institution. The new college began with certain amendments of established customs, which the profession at large had vainly urged upon the older schools; namely, the extension of the college course through three years, the lengthening of the college year, the grading the course, so that each year's study was not a repetition of the preceding one. A chair of hygiene was established, which, surprising as is the statement, for the first time made hygiene a branch of instruction in any medical college in this

country. "Of the forty-six students who had passed through the Infirmary prior to 1878, nine were married women, five of them the wives of physicians, all now engaged in practice with their husbands. Three graduates were daughters of physicians, now in practice with their fathers. Four had gone abroad as missionaries, it having been found that women physicians obtain access to Eastern women as no other missionaries can. One of these has succeeded in establishing in China a hospital for women, through which she is exerting a widespread influence. Sixteen graduates have engaged in hospital work as resident physicians, or as physicians to women's colleges, as Vassar and Mount Holyoke. Seven have pursued their studies at European universities. One of these in connection with one of the professors at Zurich has published a paper of original research on some points of physiology. The thesis of another has been republished by an English medical journal as one of the most important papers contributed to the subject. Two graduates have applied for hospital positions given by competitive examinations, these being the first instances in which women have been allowed to compete. Both candidates passed honorably. One obtained the desired position at Mount Sinai Hospital, and filled it well. The other was refused the post of Interne at the Charity Hospital, because no arrangement had been made for giving it to a woman."

Almost invariably the pupils of the Infirmary have remained in the practice of their profession, supported themselves by it, and in many instances acquired a competence.

From the beginning, all the professional work of the institution has been done by women. Daily prescribing in the dispensary, charge of patients in the wards, visiting the poor in their own homes, exposure to wet, fatigue, bad air, contact with every form of disease, all the hardships and horrors known to the city practitioner, have not discouraged the ardor or impaired the health of these physicians. On the contrary, their roused mental activities vivify and strengthen the physical nature.

When the institution she had founded was strong enough to do without her, when the scores of women whom she had helped to help themselves were able to help others, when the public sentiment which her example had created was ready to release new fields of labor to her sex, Dr. Elizabeth felt that she could do more useful work in England than in America. For some years she has lived in London, writing, lecturing, advising, organizing, saying the fit word in the fit place, helping the efforts of women towards self-support and higher culture. Dr. Emily has remained in New York, busy, useful, and honored. The Women's Hospital and College profit by her attendance and instruction, her private practice is large, the best physicians of the city acknowledge her remarkable attainments, and willingly meet her in consultation.

Other women are making a high professional name. Other women have toiled faithfully for high professional education. But in their undertaking the Blackwell sisters stood not more for personal success than for woman's right to labor. They chose an interdicted and uncongenial calling, pursuing it in the face of poverty, suspicion, misrepresentation, and the prejudice which denies opportunity, not more to vindicate their conscious capacity than to justify woman's right to learning. And if paid industry is coming into fashion for their sex, the new mode owes no little of its vogue to the discussion of woman's work and wage which their brave experiment excited.

The moral of biography, said a great man, is, that by heroic encouragements, it holds us to our task. Lives like these make toil and self-denial seem easy, kindle new hopes and aspirations, lift those who ponder them above their old selves and their old lot, and take the sting from that bitter curse of Timon of Athens, "If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be — as they are."

CHAPTER VII.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

BY ELIZABETH BRYANT JOHNSTON.

Mrs. Burnett's English Home—Tales of Her Childhood—Emigration to America—A Helpless Family in a Strange Land—The Struggle for Subsistence—Incidents of Her Girlhood—Her Sympathy for the Poor—How She Acquired Her Knowledge of English Dialect—The Original "Lass o' Lowrie's"—First Literary Efforts—Seeking a Publisher—Devising Ways and Means—Diplomacy—A Day of Triumph and Happiness—"Who is She?"—Life at Mt. Ararat—Revisiting England—Her Washington Home—A Thrilling Incident at Long Branch—A Heroine in Real Life—Mrs. Burnett's Personal Appearance.



It is as difficult to write a faithful biography as to paint a true portrait. The artist gives form, line, color, and a phase of life or expression; the biographer gives country, lineage, personal appearance, deeds; but the better part of a life, the incentive, is as hard to catch, as delicate to transcribe, as the soul is to imprison on canvas. Indeed, a perfect biography may only be written when it is possible to divest the mind of the conviction that in writing it a privilege is being taken with individual rights.

It will be conceded that the few incidents usually scattered through the years of a woman's life are enclosed by two words—"opportunity," "duty." Men make their opportunities; women accept the appointment of destiny; therefore, their lines in life are more dependent on the accident of birth, and are longer under the governance of another will. Woman's duty is her own, not limited by station, but may rather be called limitless, knowing only such bounds as mental and physical strength have set. In writing the life of a woman,

these obstinate facts are encountered at the beginning — first, the scarcity of event, and second, the ever present realization that whatever is best, strongest, loveliest, and most worthy to be admired and imitated, is so delicately interwoven with the sacredness of domestic ties that the world may never know that life's full beauty. Therefore the drawing, tone, and color of a woman's pen-portrait must be found in incidents rather than in important events.

Frances Hodgson Burnett was born in the thrifty old manufacturing city of Manchester, Lancashire, England. She is the daughter of Edwin Hodgson, a merchant who lived near the suburbs of the city, in a commodious house facing Islington Square, and near the well-known Islington House, a mansion quite pretentious within this generation. Her father, having died when she was about four years old, was little more than a memory to her. Her mother was Miss Eliza Boond, daughter of William Boond, a heavy cotton manufacturer. He was an heroic character, such as would have delighted Mrs. Gaskell or Charles Reade as a model in that crisis when the ill-feeling between manufacturer and operative was most bitter, consequent upon the introduction of machinery into the mills. In these periods of excitement his personal danger was not small, and on their way to and from church his daughters were often hooted at by the angry weavers.

The description given by her mother of the coolness and hauteur of one of these aunts under circumstances so embarrassing used to delight Frances. She had no recollection of her grandfather, but one of the pleasures of her childhood was an intimate association with her grandmother, a beautiful old lady of fourscore, with stately carriage, placid brow, and snowy hair. Her maiden name was Hannah Clegg, and her family was of gentry, which had intermarried with wealthy manufacturers.

In the home circle Frances was thought to have inherited the characteristics of her maternal grandmother, and it may have been this similarity that made her a chosen companion

of the old lady. She would often ask Frances to remain through the night with her, and the little maiden, before breakfast was served, would read aloud from a well-marked copy of Young's "Night Thoughts," always a welcome author to the listener. Sometimes the aged mother would interest the child with family legends, several of which she recalled years after. One was of a certain Lady Alice Clegg, of Ordsall Hall, who was privately married to a mysterious stranger, with whom she soon removed to the Continent, and never returned. The country folk started the rumor that the deserted hall was haunted, as strange, fitful lights were seen moving to and fro at the "wee sma' hours;" but the sudden advent of London detectives, who arrested a band of counterfeiters established there, laid the ghosts.

Another story was of a beautiful girl, — the eldest of seven Misses Clegg, — who, from an unhappy love-affair, resolved to become dumb, and for seven years no persuasion nor artifice could induce her to speak, or hold communication in any manner with man, woman, or child. There was no paralysis — only a very firm will, — and it was conjectured that she had made a vow. One afternoon she astonished the maids by walking into the kitchen, and with her own hands preparing tea; then calling her sisters to the table, took her rightful seat at the head; and this particularly composed maiden lady led the conversation on the current events of the neighborhood, but could in no way be induced to explain her self-imposed silence. During these seven years her only occupation was writing, and she always destroyed her manuscript when it seemed to be completed.

The intimacy of Frances and her grandmother continued as long as the aged lady lived, who often said, "No one knows what a comfort that dear child has been to me."

At the time of Mr. Hodgson's death his business was in flourishing condition, and he left it to the management of an experienced business man, to be turned over to his sons when they were of suitable age to accept the responsibility. Affairs were badly managed, and the civil war in America gave the

final blow to their fortunes. In a few years Mrs. Hodgson discovered that she was utterly without means to rear and educate her five children—Herbert, John, Frances, Edith, and the baby, Edwina, who was born after her husband's death. She was a woman of refinement, accustomed to ease and luxury, and the situation was one that demanded immediate action. A brother had some time previously removed to the United States, and was established in prosperous business in Knoxville, Tenn. He wrote to her to come to America, holding out as an inducement the promise of immediate employment for the two boys. She ventured into a strange land with her helpless family, but about the time of her arrival her brother became involved in ruinous litigation, and was powerless to fulfil his kind intentions.

They left their home cheerfully, and no one of them had finer spirits than the eldest daughter, Frances. To this precocious girl, life in the New World had great fascination. It altogether assumed the form of charming adventures in search of fortune, where every change was not only sure to bring success, but in addition to present interesting studies of a strange people. The reality was very different. From the date of their arrival the struggle began—a hand-to-hand fight for subsistence, in which the willing hands, the answering genius of her daughter came to the rescue. The civil war gave Frances Hodgson Burnett to America—poverty called forth her strength and gave her work to the world.

Frances was the eldest daughter and third child, and her remarkable mind had always been a matter of pride to the family. At the early age of three she stood by the side of her aunt and read one of the parables out of a large Bible.* The little one had apparently *absorbed* the art of reading, as no one had taken any special care in teaching her. Her childhood was marked by a passionate fondness for books; reading,—when permitted, or by stealth,—was her daily avocation. Finally *books* became her crime, and “that child

* In a recent biographical sketch of Madame Henri Greville, it is stated that she read fluently at the same age.

has a book again," was the signal for new prohibitory resolutions made by the mother, and persistently disregarded by the child; — until the sorrow and disobedience of her young life was — "a book, always a book." Nooks and closets were utilized by her to secrete favorite volumes, until one day she offended beyond endurance. She had been hurriedly despatched to the domestic realm with a message of importance, when she sat down on the broad stairway, and, beginning to read, forgot all about the order. There was a commotion, and the hitherto indulgent mother made laws, the breaking of which would have been unprecedented in any well-regulated English household.

The little maiden's hunger for romance had, for a time, to be satisfied by her own creations. Her dolls had always *lived* in her mind, each china-baby and wax-darling assuming rôles; and she loved to play alone with them, weaving for each a romantic destiny. In the wide range of her reading, this girl, now seven, had found great attractions in Stevens' "Central America." She therefore immediately equipped an exploring expedition, and the daily report of the doll voyagers was indeed unique. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was among her favorite works, and she was not contented until a black doll was purchased, which she dressed and invested with all the woes and virtues of Topsy. That gentle lady, her mother, was distressed one day upon entering the nursery to discover her little daughter, whom she thought an amiable child, vigorously whipping poor Topsy. She had improvised a whipping-post, and assumed the character of "Legree."

One of the happiest incidents of her childhood was discovering in a collection of books left by her father, a complete set of "Blackwood's Magazine." These books were in a handsome mahogany bookcase or secretary that then stood in her mother's bedroom. She had never thought those dark, heavy-looking volumes could contain anything except legal lore, until her eye was accidentally arrested by the word Magazine. She clambered up and opened a volume. Here were stories short and stories long, — a literary bonanza.

Seating herself upon the ledge of the secretary, with her little legs dangling over, she daily read, until from sheer weariness she almost fell from her perch. In this small library were many good books, and her mother—becoming each season more absorbed and perplexed with business entanglements—allowed greater liberty to the reader, so docile in other ways. Sitting thus, in the room seldom entered during the day, she read Shakspeare, Scott, Byron, Burns — Aikin's "British Poets" complete. It was here she read "The Fair Maid of Perth," which opened a new world to her, and it would have been impossible to convince her, as she hung with delight over this beautiful romance, that the world held in reserve for her another joy so entrancing. Byron was, from seven to twelve, the poet of her idolatry. When only eight she startled a dignified Scotch gentleman by expressing the opinion that "the travels of Don Juan was a very pleasing book of adventures," — quoting the description of Haidee as one of its gems: —

"Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heels
Flowed like an Alpine torrent which the sun
Dyes with his morning light;"

The young man was so surprised that he satisfied himself as to the correctness of the quotation, and suggested that he should select books more suited to her age, whereupon the little lady decided him to be "deficient in literary taste."

From this incident arose a firm friendship between the precocious reader and the cultivated man of business; — one of many pleasant relations which it was a sorrow to break, upon removing to the United States. Her companionship with maturer minds was somewhat peculiar. She had many grown-up friends, whose conversation on books and authors, though a delight to her, did not appear to arouse her vanity.

The fondness Frances evinced for history, a year or two later, would seem somewhat paradoxical; yet she read such works with no less eagerness than she had shown in perusing the wildest romance, and at a remarkably early age, she was

quite well versed in the histories of Greece, Rome, France, England, and America. History had a special charm to her creative mind. The most momentous national event was to her a splendid romance, bristling with situations, — her vivid imagination supplying all that the conscientious historian had not found.

Her education was given into the hands of the Misses Hadfield, who had a small private school. They were the daughters of an artist, and enjoyed good social relations. With them she had a careful English course with music, in which she became quite proficient. Her mother preferred that she should not study the languages in England; she intended to take her to France and Germany. The school had the advantage of a fine art atmosphere. Books and magazines on art were at her command, and at an early age she had read much on the subject, and had also seen a great many fine pictures, for the City of Spindles could boast its public exhibitions and private collections.

She was the "star" of domestic troupes, and their frequent entertainments presented to her occasions of great enjoyment as well as improvement. Her three friends and schoolmates were also sisters of her teachers, Suzette, Annie, and Hetty Hadfield.

After school hours they used to wander into the neighborhood where the operatives lived. They were first attracted by the charm of the broad Lancashire dialect, which they attempted to imitate. The effect of indulgence in this was soon observed by their teachers, and a penalty imposed for using it. They had, however, acquired considerable knowledge of the provincial phrases, and often were offenders in their use. Their childish sympathy had been awakened by the scenes of poverty which they witnessed, and the family of Mrs. Hodgson were soon able to recognize the humble friends, who had been encouraged by Frances to solicit alms at the back-door. These came to be distinguished as "Frances' pin-and-needle-woman," — "Frances' fitty woman," — "Frances' dumb man," etc.

As a small child, she began the study of character, and especially such as she met among the operatives. Their house faced Islington Square, and the rear yard extended to a narrow street where the long, low rows of workmen's houses had been built. In these adjacent homes there was fine opportunity for observation, and Frances was frequently awakened by the reflection on the nursery ceiling of a single candle in the hand of a woman, who groped about before the daylight in her little kitchen, preparing breakfast for her sulky "man." The child would spring out of her bed, and softly creeping to the window, lest the nurse should be aroused, would watch each stage in the progress of the morning meal. She closely observed the various types found in these humble homes, — the besotted and often brutal husband, the hopeless wife-drudge, the children, — hungry, prematurely old, and preternaturally wise.

Islington Square was entered by a large iron gate, and through this she was wont to watch the operatives, home-ward-bound — women and girls, with their clogs heavily clanking on the paved walks, and their brooding faces enshrouded in the indispensable woollen shawl. Through the bars of this gate, when nine years of age, she first saw the girl whom she afterwards draped in romance and sent out to the world as "That Lass o' Lowrie's," — a tall, handsome figure, clothed, according to the custom of mill-girls, with a long, coarse linen apron over the dress, and tied close down the back with strong tapes to guard against accidents from machinery. She stood in a group of children — playmates all, save her — for in the midst of their romps her fingers busily knitted on a dark, rough sock. She was so different from the others — strong, massive frame, large, luminous gray eyes, pale, clear-cut face, and head rivalling in pose the Venus of Milo, — she instantly riveted the attention of the maiden at the gate; but not till long years after did Frances realize her to have been so wondrously beautiful, for at that period of the young romancer's life her type of female loveliness demanded rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. The refined

strength of the girl had a fascination she could not then analyze, but she has since looked in vain for a face so fair, a form so majestic. The boisterous children apparently recognized her superiority, as appeals were made to her in the adjustment of all differences, and her voice answered the expectation of the listener at the gate, as the replies fell upon her ears in broad, yet musical Lancashire. Frances saw her only once more in the square—as before, not at play, but friend and adviser of the children. This time a brutal-looking man, whose face was swollen from drink, came and drove her out with angry words and threatening gestures. She obeyed silently, proudly, yet without defiance or apparent fear. For many afternoons Frances watched at the gate for her, but in vain;—that noble form was never again seen amid the group in the sunny square.

What is known as the "Lancashire distress"—1863-64—will be remembered as having elicited universal sympathy. The pathetic poem by Miss Muloch—"A Lancashire Doxology"—was written upon reading the following:—"Some cotton has been imported into Farrington, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in deepest distress, went down to meet the cotton; the women wept over the bales, kissed them, and finally sang the Doxology over them." Such great suffering called upon the active offices of both young and old, and Frances improved the opportunity of being permitted to be the dispenser of modest charity. Perhaps the calamitous effects of the civil war were nowhere, save in the South, so much felt as in the good old cotton-weaving city of Manchester. As before stated, the Hodgson family were financially ruined by it. For four years, in reply to every coveted indulgence, Frances received the unwelcome answer, "Wait until the war is over in America, *then* we shall have more money."

An incident illustrating the precocious development of Frances Hodgson occurred when she had just entered her thirteenth year. A friend of Mrs. Hodgson's, who had been

reduced from affluence, had opened a school, and her daughter was her assistant as teacher of music and other higher branches. She was suddenly called away, and the good lady — being sorely distressed to supply the place — sent to Mrs. Hodgson, asking if Frances might be loaned to her for a few days. It was an important period, just before the close of the session, but the request seemed ridiculous, as some of the scholars were nearly grown. However, the emergency had to be met, and the happy thought of putting her in long dresses immediately set all doubt at rest. Her auburn hair was twisted into an awe-inspiring club, and with fearless heart she entered the hall and taught to the close of the term.

Her first literary effort was written at the age of seven, and was a poem — "Church Bells," — which was immediately destroyed. Her second, also a poem, in the same year, was shown to her mother. One Sunday evening when the family had all gone to church she began a dolorous poem entitled, "Alone." Suddenly striking another key, she launched into a humorous description of the woes of old bachelorhood. When Mrs. Hodgson returned, Frances followed her to her room, and read the effusion. The reader was interrupted with exclamations of "How clever!" "How very funny!" "Where did you find this?" the mother said when it was ended. Learning that Frances had written it, she stooped down and kissed her, saying, "My child, I believe you have the gift of ten talents." "No, mamma," replied Frances, with calm conviction, "I am not clever; you think so because you love me. A little girl who is clever would love arithmetic better than I do."

A story immediately followed the poem, the title of which was "Frank Ellsworth, or Bachelors' Buttons." It was the history of a woman-hater, ending in his total and abject enslavement by some dazzling daughter of Eve. This was read in sections to her mother, and then destroyed; for her brothers, discovering her delight in scribbling, instituted a system of bantering and teasing, holding her efforts in utter contempt as "girl's romance," "silly stuff," and treating

it all with undisguised disdain. So the little girl hid her manuscript with trembling anxiety from these audacious critics, who voted her a jolly playfellow if they could only get books and pens out of her hands.

Every English girl keeps a small book of personal expenses, and in her earlier efforts in romance Frances would frequently utilize her account-book. Once, when visiting an aunt in the country, the good lady looked through the bureau in Frances' room to satisfy herself as to the orderly habits of her charge. She opened the little book, and supplementary to the modest rows of figures was a story, entitled "Millicent's Romance." "What is this?" sternly demanded the lady of the culprit, who stood near. "Only a little scribbling of mine," said the abashed girl. "Do not waste your time in that foolish way," was the discouraging advice.

Her second story was rather more pretentious, and was read to the dear mother as before. Its title was "Celeste, or Fortune's Wheel," and the manuscript was kept until the family left England, when it was burned, with an accumulation of like nature. Before she came to the United States she had made notes for a story, which was finished in Tennessee, and sent to "Ballou's Magazine." It was the first story for which she attempted to find a publisher, and the trial was made the third year after their removal to America. In the privations of their new life it occurred to Frances, who was then teaching a country school in New Market, that she would make this venture. The school-room was in their own home, — an old log-house; which they had dubbed "Noah's Ark." The payment for her services was almost entirely in vegetable currency, — potatoes, cornmeal, flour, and occasionally bacon. Frances did not have the nerve to submit to her mother, nor yet to her brothers, the daring proposal to send her manuscript to a publisher, but of her sister Edith, who was the "Dame Durden" of the establishment, she took counsel. From the first suggestion Edith was sanguine, and the manuscript of "Miss Carruthers' Engagement" was

revised, but at the outset the two girls had to meet a very embarrassing question; "Where were they to get the money for postage?" It would not do to ask Herbert, for he would demand to know what they intended doing with such an amount. It never occurred to them to ask a favor—a loan. "Dame Durden" at last proposed that they should spend a morning gathering blackberries, which they could dispose of in town. The possible return of the manuscript was another perplexity which must be guarded against; for that it should fall into the hands of the family was a mortification that could not be endured. It was finally determined to ask permission of a gentleman friend to have some letters or packages enclosed to him. He was only too glad to oblige the young English girls; and besides this the request had a flavor of romance, as visions of returned love-letters flitted across his mind. "But how can I distinguish your letters or packages from my own?" "I will have 'The Second' put on mine," replied Frances. The story was despatched, and the editor replied that he was pleased with it, and would publish it, but did not propose to pay for it. This was stoutly opposed by Edith, who maintained that "if it was worth publishing, it was worth paying for"—which sound position the young author approved. So they wrote for the story to be returned, and then sent it to Mr. Godey, who promptly replied, inquiring if it was an original story, as it seemed strange that a tale of English life should emanate from Eastern Tennessee. He also requested her to write another, and Frances at once wrote "Hearts and Diamonds," by "The Second." This was published in "Godey's Magazine," in June, 1868, and "Miss Carruthers' Engagement" followed in October of the same year; the editor paying thirty-five dollars for the two short stories.

It need not be said that this was a far larger amount than had been anticipated by the girls; and it was a day of triumph and happiness when Herbert took the young author in his arms and kissed her. From that day until this, work with her pen has been the first duty of this gifted woman.

She had not anticipated or cared for a literary career; nor does she appear, even at the present moment, to have developed, in the great pressure of her busy life, an ambition comparable with her rich endowments. Urgent need has been the spur; but there is little doubt if she had continued in the sphere of ease and luxury to which she was born some crisis in life would have called for her aid or work.

When she had once begun, she wrote with amazing rapidity. Her contributions were accepted by Ballou, Frank Leslie, Peterson, Harper, and Scribner. "Dolly" appeared in 1872, in "The Ladies' Friend," edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson, and was the first novel which was afterwards published in book form. To the timely and unselfish encouragement of Charles J. Peterson, more than to any other person, does Mrs. Burnett attribute her success. For this she never fails to give him due meed of praise, speaking with affectionate gratitude. "But for that man's honest consideration, I might early have become discouraged, as I never for a moment contemplated writing without remuneration;—the need was too urgent." She contributed to his magazine for years, and from time to time, without a suggestion from the modest writer, he would increase the pay, writing, "You are growing more and more valuable to my magazine." Later, he said to her husband, "I know Mrs. Burnett will rapidly advance in popularity, and I may not be able to pay her such prices as she can command. When that time comes I do not want her to hesitate to write for others, or to feel that she is under obligations to me. I am more *her friend* than *her publisher*." He liberally advanced money for the trip to Europe, and when she wrote "Louisiana" to meet this indebtedness, he gave ready consent that it should be sent to Scribner, and waited until she could write "A Fair Barbarian."

The first story sent to the Scribners was in 1872, and was entitled "The Woman who Saved Me." This was returned, with the comment that it was too long; but the real reason, as was afterwards admitted, was that they feared it was not original, because of the finished style and English manner

of writing,—they thought it might have been taken from some trans-Atlantic magazine. However, they requested her to send a shorter story, and she wrote "Surly Tim's Troubles." The following note, upon the receipt of the second MSS., left no doubt as to its acceptance:—

"NEW YORK, Feb. 23, 1872.

"DEAR MISS HODGSON,—Dr. Holland and Dr. Holland's daughter (Miss Annie) and Dr. Holland's right-hand man (myself) have all wept sore over 'Surly Tim.' Hope to weep again over MSS. from you. Very sincerely and tearfully,

"WATSON GILDER."

Both of these stories "by Miss Fannie E. Hodgson," appeared in "Scribner," and from that time, a period of eleven years, she has been a regular contributor.

The profit of this young girl's pen soon began to lift the family from indigence to comparative comfort. The gentle mother lost some of the deep lines furrowed by anxiety, and the household,—having abundant capacity for enjoyment,—was a very happy one. It was an unequal fight with poverty, as they had no training for such a struggle. They removed as early as 1868 to Knoxville, finding a house that pleased them, on the banks of the Tennessee, in the suburbs of the town. They chose this house because its tiers of wide verandas made it resemble a boat; and Herbert had *a boat*, though many other important things were not purchased.

The gay young people named this home "Mt. Ararat;" and it was a home from which care was banished, and indulgence in fun and frolic was encouraged by the loving mother, who assented to any suggestion within the bounds of propriety. Entirely emancipated from conventional austerity, they were amiable, talented, and contented, and by their varied gifts some new interest was continually afforded. One could paint, another play or sing, while the third could write or improvise a story. It is true they had no carpets on the floor, no lace curtains at the windows,—but they had a piano, a harp, an organ, a guitar, a violin, a piccolo, and a banjo, so that a concert could be given *impromptu* at any

hour. Frequently there was no pudding for dinner, but there was a painting on the easel, a new book to be read, or a manuscript by Frances, over which they might laugh or cry.

In the dawning of this more prosperous future the beloved mother died. Frances, as eldest daughter, was burdened with increased care, which, with the sudden bereavement, was very hard to bear. A year later the household presented a group of engaged young people; all five, — every member of the family, except their cousin, Frederick Boond, — were determined to face the perils of matrimony. Those were halcyon days. Fun and frolic were succeeded by a summer of poetry and happy dreams. Herbert married Miss Burnett, the sister of Dr. Swan M. Burnett, to whom Frances had become engaged; and when the brother brought home his bride, "Mt. Ararat" became the model of "Vagabondia."

Soon after the marriage of her brother, Miss Hodgson, being released from the responsible care of her sisters, went to England, intending also to visit the Vienna Exposition. Being taken ill at her relative's in Manchester, she remained there, and wrote "Dolly." During this long visit she read a series of articles in the "Manchester Guardian," which directed her sympathies anew to the lives of miners and weavers. This resulted in the production, after her return to Tennessee, of "That Lass o' Lowrie's" — "the flower and crown of all recent fiction."

She remained abroad about fifteen months, — returned September 16, 1873, and was married to Dr. Burnett on the 17th. Dr. Burnett was practising in Knoxville, and for a year pursued this uneventful, unpromising, and laborious life. His wife, — never ambitious for herself, — saw not only that her husband was unappreciated, but, with the example of so many physicians around her, that he was in danger of falling into a rut, and with the care of a family, of accepting the situation. She knew his ability, and his desire to devote himself to the specialty for which he had already spent one winter in New York, and she determined he should have every advantage. But anxious as he was to complete his

studies as an oculist, he very naturally inquired where the means could be found. The reply was "My pen." Nothing else was thought of by the wife and mother—for a brown-eyed boy—Lionel—had been born to them. It was determined to start in quest of fortune, and they began preparations for their forlorn venture. Friends remonstrated in vain, pleading that they were leaving a certainty in a land where any good doctor (if he did not die in the trying) was sure to make a respectable competency. Mrs. Burnett, who had firmly resolved not to accept such drudgery for either her husband or herself, worked through that one year with a will and concentration that, had she not been blessed with a splendid constitution, would doubtless have cost her life.

While the doctor was on his long, weary rides to see his poor patients his wife was weaving with her pen the pathetic stories that made the readers weep, and the world begin to inquire "Who is she?" With hands often burning with fever, and head throbbing with excitement, she daily sat by her table. Under such circumstances she wrote in about fifteen months "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Pretty Polly Pemberton," "The Fire at Grantley Mills," and "The Fortunes of Philippa Fairfax."

Effecting a favorable engagement with her considerate friend, Mr. Peterson, the little family,—husband, wife, baby and black "Mammy,"—started on their tour; and in this crisis our brave woman, our admired writer, rivals in heroism the knights of old, made famous in song and story. *They* were armed cap-a-pié; *she*, with fearless exaltation born of love and hope, dared more than they in all their fine, vaulting bravado. First they went to Manchester, then to London, Rotterdam, Utrecht, and Dusseldorf—the last two cities being selected with a view to the advantages afforded the doctor in his studies.

They spent the autumn in Rome, going to Paris in the winter, and in both cities the studies of the husband and the writing of the wife were continued. In Paris, she wrote "Smethurstses," "Seth," and other stories. In this city, in

the spring, a second son, Vivian, was born to them. In the summer of 1876 they returned to the home of the doctor's father, in New Market, and Doctor Burnett determined to establish himself in Washington. It was six months before affairs financial justified the removal of the rest of the family. Mrs. Burnett, with her two children, spent the interim in the quiet Tennessee village of New Market; but she was not idle. She wrote "Lodusky," "Esmeralda," "Mère Giraud's Little Daughter," etc., etc.

For nearly a year after joining her husband in Washington they lived quite obscurely and plainly in the West End. Her children were a great care, and through months of weakness, she lived a life of almost utter hopelessness in this city, where soon her name was known in every household.

In a short time she began her work with renewed determination, sending "Louisiana" to "Scribner's," and "A Fair Barbarian" to "Peterson's Magazine," and writing "Haworths," a work which, though it never attained the popularity of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," is undoubtedly, as an example of literary art, the finest she ever produced, and the rival of any romantic creation in the New World. In 1878 the family removed to the pleasant house which they now occupy, 1215 I street, and Mrs. Burnett has a large circle of devoted personal friends. Nor is her accomplished husband less popular. Their home is one of luxury, though not extravagance, filled with works of art, handsome hangings, and interesting *brie-à-brac*. Upon entering the hall the fact appears that it is the abode of refinement and culture. Here the visitor at the Capital seeks to know the writer whose pen has furnished so many hours of pleasure; and here they are met with such a genial welcome and such hospitality that even the most shy are placed at perfect ease. The doctor, who delights in art, has collected old engravings and fine etchings; and he often surprises his wife with a vase of roses, or a bunch of field-flowers, painted, as he says, by an unknown artist,—in whom she is quick to recognize himself. It is a home free from the iron rule of conventionality, and though

not "Vagabondia," is the outgrowth,—as far as the environments of a city allow,—of such freedom. Each Tuesday evening in the season the parlor is filled with visitors, a large proportion being strangers. For a year or so Mrs. Burnett, with her genial nature, essayed to take up the burden of social life in Washington, but it was too great a burden, especially as the demands of the busy pen were not less exacting;—indeed, rather more, now that the boys grew rapidly, and luxuries were added to necessities. Mrs. Burnett's work-room is known as the "Den," and to the favored few who are received into its privacy the very mention will recall the delightful home circle and agreeable friends met there. Early each morning Mrs. Burnett seats herself at her table and writes until noon. Mood,—not even health—is consulted. If she is in happy mental frame, the hours are not heeded, and the sentences flow freely from her pen; if not, the afternoon is given to recreation, walks, drives, and visiting. The evenings, except those of the more formal Tuesdays, are spent in the "Den," and "the children's hour" there is one to be remembered. There, to amuse two restless boys, were improvised "The Proud Little Grain of Wheat," "Editha's Burglar," "Behind the White Brick," and other stories that have delighted the juvenile readers of "St. Nicholas." Here, too, she has recently completed "Through One Administration."

The world has set its critical seal upon the productions of this woman of genius, and should she never write another word of fiction, the fame of Frances Hodgson Burnett will rest secure upon "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworths," "Smethurstses," and "Louisiana." Having written these, she must remain her own rival.

Of poetry Mrs. Burnett has published but little; occasionally a short poem appears from her hand—such as "Yesterday and To-day,"—so exquisite as to make us ask for more. At the Garfield Memorial of the "Literary Society," Washington, D.C., she read a poem that will never be forgotten by those who were present. As neighbor and friend,

President Garfield had been much beloved, and this was a heart utterance which, indeed, rose to the heroic :—

“ We cry, but he who suffers lies
 Meeting sharp-weaponed pain with steadfast eyes,
 And makes no plaint ; while on the threshold Death
 Half draws his keen sword from its glittering sheath,
 And looking inward, pauses — lingering long —
 Faltering — himself the weak before the strong.”

“ A Woman’s Reason,” which appeared in the “ Century ” January, 1883, gives a happy portrayal of a woman’s heart by a woman’s hand :—

“ And now my hand clings closer to your breast ;
 Bend your head lower, while I say the rest —
 The greatest change of all is this, — that I
 Who used to be so cold, so fierce, so shy,
 In the sweet moment that I feel you near,
 Forget to be ashamed and know no fear —
 Forget that life is sad and death is drear —
 Because — because I love you.”

If called upon to discriminate as to the characteristics of this eminent woman I should call her personal courage the most distinguishing. She is delicate in her womanly instincts, modest in valuing her literary achievements, socially not ambitious of display, and right feminine in all her pleasures and avocations, yet possessing a coolness and courage in an emergency which is not generally a female attribute.

A paragraph which appeared two years since in the daily papers describing her rescue at Long Beach of Mr. Larz Anderson of Cincinnati, was not overstated. Mrs. Burnett, with Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, were walking on the beach ready to have an early morning swim in the Inlet. Mr. Anderson declared his intention of diving from the bridge — a purpose he had several times declared. His wife had doubts as to its safety ; but he was determined to try it. The two ladies saw the plunge, and in an instant a white face appeared on the surface of the water, then went down.

The frightened wife ran for assistance, and Mrs. Burnett, who was that summer learning to swim, dashed into the waves and swam rapidly to him. The helpless form, — for, as may be surmised, his head had struck a rock, — was going under for the third time. She clutched him, and putting forth all her strength reached the beach with her still insensible burden, and, with a power almost superhuman, bore him across the stretch of sand to a grass-plot, where Mrs. Anderson had brought assistance and restoratives. The friendship based on this incident has grown to be one of the pleasantest associations of this heroic woman.

Dress has abundant attraction for her. She enjoys it artistically, and has an honest delight in a new gown. This is not really an individual consideration, but a part of the love she has for all that is beautiful in art or nature. She fancies working in dainty lace, adjusting bows on robe or hat, and is apt to give all such detail as far as possible her personal attention. She is æsthetic in all her belongings, and in her own boudoir every nook and corner indicates the fancies of its occupant, or the thought of her husband, who, with picture or bric-à-brac, adds frequently to her collection of novelties.

Mrs. Burnett is modest in her estimate of her achievements ; while she listens to words of praise, she is not embarrassed, but pleasantly surprised, and often says that when met with more than ordinary effusiveness she accepts it as absolutely impersonal, as though it was some other writer of whom they are speaking.

Although she is certainly not indifferent to criticism, she is philosophical, accepting the abuse and the approval with equanimity ; freely discussing reviews in her home circle, — yet I feel at liberty to say that nothing yields her greater happiness than a realization that she has given solace or enjoyment to so many. I remember one evening just at twilight I went in to sit an hour with her. As soon as she saw me she called to her husband, "Please light the gas, doctor ; I want to show my beautiful present." The light

revealed thrown across her on the lounge a rare India shawl, a gem full a hundred years old, as was told by the delicate color and antique pattern; "Made when men loved art for art's sake," wrote the donor, an elderly gentleman, an entire stranger, who begged its acceptance as some recognition of the pleasure he had received in reading "Louisiana." When I read aloud his beautiful letter, in which he modestly claimed some soul kinship with the pathetic old father in the mountains of North Carolina, "Tho' a little more polish had been given me some forty years ago," she was deeply touched, and said, "That repays me many times for days of labor and hours of discouragement."

Graceful recognition of pleasure received and much grateful expression come to the successful story-teller, — yet I doubt if ever an offering went more directly to her heart. She receives countless confidences, particularly from young women who indulge in literary aspirations, with enclosed manuscript for criticism. Daily applications for autographs come, and letters of inquiry and approval. To all this, as far as time or strength permit, she has conscientiously endeavored to send answers; not failing to encourage, if it be possible, young writers — well remembering the worth of such kindness. Her capacity for work must be illustrated by a plain statement. In little more than seven years she has given the world five novels, a large number of short stories, several children's stories, and the dramatization of "Esmeralda." During this time there were often months in which she was seriously indisposed with nervous prostration. Meantime domestic and social duties were not disregarded. There is nothing, by the way, in which she can accomplish so much as working, unless it be playing — upon which she enters with a zest that is charming. This, a happy heritage, is often the blessing given to true genius, a blessing which renews the strength and keeps the heart young.

Although of English birth, the work of Mrs. Burnett has so identified her with and endeared her to the country of her adoption that she may be proudly claimed by the New

World. In physique she is decidedly of English type, well-formed, graceful — usually she rejoices in excellent health. She is a blonde of rich tint, with dark bluish-gray eyes, that are full of varying expression, — so intense do they sometimes become that they have been described as black. Her head is shapely and well poised; nose straight and finely cut, nostrils thin and sensitive, while the firm chin and decisive mouth are full of character. In manner she is utterly free from affectation, though sometimes forgetful and abstracted. She has a fund of small talk for an idle hour, and of humor an abundant supply, with most happy appreciation of it in others. While in writing her pathos is so touching as to overshadow the vein of humor threading her pages, in conversation humor predominates. She is endowed with a large degree of magnetism, and above all she has charms for her own sex. The highest eulogy that may be pronounced on a woman is when it can be said "Women love her," and this can with truth be said of Mrs. Burnett. Those who know her well have much reason to love her. In temper she is delightfully amiable and ready in sympathy. I have endeavored not needlessly to intrude upon the sacred precincts of home, but if I had yielded to the temptation and related incidents known to me, this brave-hearted woman of genius would indeed appear what she is — a heroine in real life. A life so loving in all its ties, so exalted in duty, so full of good work, so responsive to every call, so replete in wide-reaching sympathy, she with all her power of characterization has never presented in romance.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Rose Terry Cooke's Ancestry—Her Description of an Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving—Scenes in Her Childhood—A Picture of Old New England Life—Her Deep Love of Nature—Passion for Flowers—School-life—Reading at the Age of Three—Inimitable Skill in Depicting New-England Life and Character—Her Bright Humor and Keen Sense of the Ridiculous—Beginning Her Literary Career—Opening of Her Genius—A Novel Incident in Plymouth Church—The Story of an Opal Ring—How a Little Slave-Child was made Free—A Romantic Story—Odd Experiences with Impostors and Counterfeiters—Mrs. Cooke's Power of Mimicry—Her Home and Domestic Life—A Woman of Rare Genius.



QUARTER of a century ago, most of us can recall the joyous pride with which the birth of the "Atlantic Monthly" was hailed, and the eagerness with which each number was anticipated. Into what charming company it took us! There the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table held his genial sway; Motley fought over the "Battle of Lepanto"; Colonel Higginson led us into the woods of "April Days" and among the "Water-Lilies" of August in his series of wondrous out-door studies; Anne Whitney came with poems of a loftier reach and fuller grasp than any other woman has ever given the world; the "Minister's Wooing" took up its placid way; that brilliant tale, the "Queen of the Red Chessmen," delighted the fancy and promised a new type of fiction; the "Man without a Country" deceived a wilderness of readers into tears; Emerson sang of "Brahma," Longfellow of "Sandalphon," and Whittier sang the "Swan-song of Parson Avery"; Frank Underwood stretched his kind hand to the unknown; and James Russell Lowell's genius welded the varying elements into a harmonious whole.

In this gracious company, too, came Rose Terry, with the leading story of the first number; and as story followed story, each better than the other, she kindled the ambition and had the felicitation of every other young woman who turned the pages throughout the country,—for most of us felt as if all girlhood were honored in her who carried her light before men with such proud strength and beauty.

We knew but little about her in those days, for personalities had not grown to rule us. We only knew that she lived in Connecticut, and had already published a story, in the palmy days of "Putnam's Monthly," called "The Mormon's Wife," which dealt powerfully with the leprosy of Mormonism, and wrung from the heart tears dried only by the heat of indignation. Any one who now reads that old story will be as much moved by it as its first readers were,—will comprehend that stronger yet more delicate argument was never made against the iniquity which would undermine that whole foundation of civilization, the family,—tearing the hearts of women and debasing the souls of men,—and must needs ask how so young a person knew the deep springs of feeling that play there, unless it is true that the experience of years teaches less than the intuitions of genius.

It is genius that informs every line Rose Terry has ever written,—a pure and lofty genius that burned with a white flame in such subtle metaphysical reveries as "My Tenants," and "Did I?" and showed its many-colored light in brief bits of poetic romance, and in a succession of stories of New England life. One marvels how such a genius became the ultimate expression of generations of hard Puritan ancestry, as one marvels to see after silent flowerless years some dry and prickly cactus-stem burst out into its sudden flaming flower.

Rose Terry Cooke came of undoubted and undiluted Puritan blood, which is to be found nowhere bluer than in Connecticut. Her mother was Anne Wright Hurlbut, the daughter of John Hurlbut of Wethersfield, Connecticut, the first New England shipmaster who sailed round the world, and a man

who subsequently lost his life caring for the sick during an epidemic. He left his daughter an orphan in her ninth year; and she grew up beautiful, tender, delicate, shrinking, undemonstrative from principle, and with a morbid conscience. She married Henry Wadsworth Terry, the son of Nathaniel Terry, president of a Hartford Bank, and for some time a member of Congress.

Henry Wadsworth Terry was a man of great information, a social favorite, sensitive, generous, and open-hearted. On his mother's side he belonged to the old Wadsworth stock, from which the poet Longfellow descended, his immediate ancestor in this country having been the Hon. William Wadsworth, dated at Cambridge, 1632, and at Hartford, 1636; and his uncle, several times removed, having been that Joseph Wadsworth who stole the Charter and ennobled the oak-tree for all time to come, and who had a descendant of his own spirit in General Terry of Fort Fisher and Pulaski fame, the cousin of Rose.

Rose was born on the 17th of February, 1827, on a farm, where her father and mother then lived, a half-dozen miles from Hartford, to which city, when the child had reached her sixth year, they removed, taking up their residence in a large brick mansion built in 1799 by Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth for his daughter, and at that time the best house in Hartford, except another just like it which he built for his son.

It is of the life and manners in this house that she speaks in a little sketch, faithful as a Flemish picture, in which she narrates to a child of the family the old-fashioned Thanksgiving doings in her grandmother's kitchen, with the green knotty glass of its window-panes through which she watched the pigeons and the cats, and with its immense fireplace:—

“It was very wide indeed,—so wide you could sit in each corner and look up the chimney to the sky. The fire was in the middle, and was made of big logs piled up on great iron andirons. Over it was an iron thing called a crane, a flat, strong bar that swung off and on, so you could put on the



ROSE TERRY COOKE.

kettles without burning your arms in the flame, and then swing them back to their place. They were hung on hooks, and those hooks put into short chains that had other hooks which held them on the crane, so the pot-hooks could be put in higher or lower, just as was needed. There was a bake-kettle stood in one corner of the chimney, and a charcoal furnace in the other, so that you could cook a great many things at once.

“What fun we children did have at that fireplace when the cook was good-natured. We used to tie apples to strings, and then fasten the strings to the shelf above and see the apples twirl and roast and drip into saucers. We used to melt loaf-sugar into little wire-baskets tied to just such strings, and see it drop into buttered pans, making cakes of clear amber candy. We thawed frozen apples in the dish-kettle, and roasted ears of corn by leaning them against the andirons. We always begged the pigs’ tails at ‘killing-time,’ and, rolling them in brown paper, baked them in the hot ashes. They never were good, nobody ever ate them; but we persisted in doing it year after year.”

Then she tells us what Monday was in this great kitchen on the week in question, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, when, “if I was good, I was allowed to tuck myself into a corner, and look on, and run of errands. I went for nutmegs, for cinnamon, for pie-dishes; for more sugar, for milk, and spoons, and spices; but I was more than paid if I could only watch grandmother roll the thin crust out, lay it neatly over the dishes, shave off the edge close, and then, after filling it with the red, or yellow, or creamy mixture before her in big bowls, cut strips of paste with the dough-spur, and ornament their surfaces. What a work of skill it was to set those pies in the oven and never spill a drop or slop the broad edges of crust and leave a smear! How deliciously they smelt when they came out glazed and crisp and fit to melt in your mouth, like the cream-tarts of Bedredde Hassan!”

It was here that Rose learned how to become the faultless housekeeper and accomplished cook that she is, and to prac-

tise an abounding hospitality in her own house. "Now the guests might come, and come they did, — some from the river-boat where they had spent a long dreary day; some from the stage that rattled and rumbled up to the door and unloaded there more bundles and babies than it ought to have held. And oh, what fun it was to hear the house ring with fresh voices; to see our dear handsome old grandfather welcoming them all so heartily; to hear fires crackle in the spare rooms and in the drawing-room; to see the tea-table with an extra leaf for extra guests; and see them all enjoy the bread and butter, the loaf-cake, the cookies, the dried beef, the pears and cream that nobody ever got so nice anywhere but at grandmother's house; and then there was the last delight of the day, to see mother, just as I was dropping off into sleep, standing close to the lamp to baste a bit of old lace into the throat of my green merino dress, and pin on the front her own little pin of rough Carolina gold.

"But the next day is Thanksgiving. Grandfather is downstairs early, and has a big bright fire all ready; and there is sweet, gentle Aunt Clara with the last baby beside her knee, and a smile and a kiss for all of us; there are half a dozen cousins and five or six other aunts and uncles; and I get into a corner silent and shy. I love them all, but I could not say so, possibly. So I get out of sight all I can, swallow my breakfast and am happily at play under the table, with paper boats and handkerchief babies, and my dearest cousin Taf, the best boy in the world, I think, when mother comes for me to be washed and dressed and go to church. Taf is a big man now, and a general. He has taken forts, and conquered rebels, and been trailed about the world from pillar to post, and been praised in the newspapers and honored by the country;—but I asked him, not long ago, if he remembered how we played boats under the table, and he laughed and said he did.

"I'm sorry to say I didn't like to be washed and dressed and go to church. My nose was always rubbed up, and soap got into my eyes, and my hair was braided in dreadfully

tight pig-tails. I wanted to stay at home, and see the big turkey roasted in the roaster. I should have liked to baste him through the lid behind and turn him on the spit. I wanted to help stick cloves into the cold ham and score the mashed potato before it was put to brown in the reflector; but I had to go to church for all that, in my plum-colored pelisse and the pea-green silk hood lined with pink and edged with squirrel fur, that was made for us out of a piece of old Aunt Eunice's petticoat. She left two of them, one sky-blue and one pea-green, quilted in flowers and scrolls in the most elegant manner, — and they made beautiful hoods.

“But then there was church. We sat in a square pew close by the pulpit, and when the long prayer came I always got up on the seat and knelt down and looked out of the window into the graveyard. There were two tombstones under the window, very small and brown, with a disagreeable cherub's head on each of them, and letters to tell about Mr. Joseph Hancox and two little sons, from New Hampshire, lying there. I used to wonder if they liked it to be buried there, and have burdocks grow over them. I never did like burdocks.

“It seemed to me very hard that we had to go to church on a week-day. But I suppose they wanted us out of the way at home. For when we got back there was the long table all set out with silver, and glass, and china; the big bunch of celery in the middle in its sparkling glass vase; the moulds of crimson cranberry at the corners; decanters of bright wine at either end; the ham starred with cloves at one side, and a pair of cold tongues at the other; little dishes of pickled mushrooms, mangoes, and butternuts standing interspersed about; and on the sideboard such an array of pies, and jellies, and nuts, and apples, and almonds, and raisins, as might make four desserts to-day. But then people liked to eat and drink. They had open fires and rattling windows, and so plenty of fresh air.

“There was grandfather in his knee-breeches and queer old-fashioned coat, with all the children clustering and clam-

bering round him ; there was grandmother, with her brown silk dress and best cap on, ruffles of soft thread-lace about her face and throat, the pretty young aunts dressed for the day, and the married aunts talking to each other about their children, and servants, and clothes, much as married aunts do still ; and there were the uncles looking a little as if they wished the dinner would hurry. And last of all, there was one little table — for we children always had a table to ourselves — with a set of small pies on it. And sometimes I sat at the head, if Kate was not there, for she was older than I ; but Quent always sat at the foot, being always there and the oldest of us all. What fun we had ; and how hard it was to say what we would have to eat, for we could not eat everything. And by this time the table was loaded with turkey, and roast ducks, and chicken pie, and stewed salsify, and celery sauce, and gravies, besides all the cold meats ; and I knew mother's beautiful dark eyes kept good watch over her little daughter's plate, for fear of next day's headache, for even then I had headaches."

This little transcript is valuable not only as giving scenes in the childhood of Rose, but as a picture that is nowhere else, that I am aware of, given so faithfully and vividly of the daily life of the period it treats, for there is much of it that I have not quoted.

How fond she is of those old places and people now long gone, and how she loves to delay and dally with them.

"A garden full of all old-fashioned blooms lay about the wide front door and south of the side entrance. Old pear-trees, knotty and awkward, but veiled always in the spring with snowy blossoms, and hung thereafter with golden fruit, shaded a little the formal flower-beds where grew tulips, lifting scarlet and golden cups, or creamy chalices striped white, and pink, and purple, toward the sun ; peonies round and flaunting ; ragged robins ; flowering almond that bloomed like Aaron's rod with myriads of tiny roses on a straight stick ; fleur-de-lis with languid and royal banners of blue, white, or gold ; flowering currant, its prim yellow blossoms

breathing out spice to the first spring winds; snowdrops, original and graceful; hyacinths, crocuses, jonquils, narcissus, daffi-down-dillys; velvet and parti-colored roses, the rich buds of Provence and moss, the lavish garlands of the old white rose, and the delicate odorous damask. Why should I catalogue them? Yet they all rise crowding on my memory, and the air swims with their odors. . . . The smooth-cheeked crisp apricots ripened against the wall; bell-pears, — a fruit passed out of modern reach, a wondrous compound of sugar, and wine, and fragrance, — dropped in the rank grass; peaches that are known no more to man, great rose-flushed globes of honey and perfume that set the very wasps crazy, drooped the slight trees to earth with their gracious burden; cherries and plums strewed the ground, and were wasted from mere profusion; curculio was a stranger in the land, fire-blight unknown, yellows a myth, black-knot never tied, and the hordes of ravaging insects yet unhatched; there was enough for men and robins; the land was full of food."

How she delights to people this garden and its house with the old figures that belonged there — there is something touching in the way she lingers about them; perhaps the figure of the distant uncle to whose inheritance she at last owes that comfort which makes her in a measure independent of publishers, — perhaps that of the rosy, wilful, sweet, high-spirited maiden whose "very self has come back to earth in the third generation, romping, blooming, blue-eyed, and bewitching as her great-grandmother, with the same wide clear eyes and softly curving lips, the imperious frown, broad white forehead, and careless waving hair, that charmed the eyes of Rochambeau and Washington, and made the gay and gallant French officers clink their glasses for honor of little Molly when she was set on the dining-table with dessert to drink the general's health at a dinner-party. Sitting at her feet on a cricket and looking up at the wrinkled face and ruffled cap above us, it seemed more incredible than any wildest fairy tales that she should ever have been young and beautiful;

but her picture, taken in the prime of womanhood, attests with its noble beauty all that tradition tells."

Here, too, she lingers with Mabel, the old great-great-grandmother, stern, self-reliant, with regular features, set lips, and keen, cold, gray eyes. "That chill and steel," she says, "come out here and there among her descendants, and temper, perhaps desirably, the facile good-nature and *bon-homme* that her husband bequeathed also among us." That husband rode, to serve his country, on some emergency, till his legs were so swollen with the fixed position and fatigue that it was necessary to fill his riding-boots with brandy before they could be forced off.

It is his clothes laid up in the garret, the clothes of the old Wadsworth of the Revolutionary era, worn at the French court and other less regal festivities, that were wont to delight Rose's childish fancy.

"How goodly were those ample suits of Genoa velvet, — coats whose skirts would make a modern garment, with silver buttons wherever buttons could be sewed; breeches with paste buckles at the knees, so bright in their silver setting that my childish soul secretly cherished a hope that they might possibly be diamonds after all; and waistcoats of white satin, embroidered with gold or silver, tarnished, it is true, by time, — but what use is an imagination only eight years old if the mere tarnish of eighty years counts for anything in its sight. These coats were wonderful to me; — how wonderful would they not be in the streets to-day! One was of scarlet velvet, with a silvery frost on its pile like the down on a peach, — velvet so thick that I pricked my fingers painfully attempting to fashion a pine cushion out of a fragment thereof; another was purple, with a plum-like bloom on its royal tint, and another sober gray and glittering only with buttons and buckles of cut steel. Think how a goodly and personable man dazzled the eyes of fair ladies in those days, arrayed like a tulip, with shining silk stockings, and low shoes all of a sparkle with steel, or paste, or diamonds; his shapely hands adorned with rich lace frills, his ample bosom and muscular

throat blossoming out with equally soft and costly garniture !”

Between Rose and her mother, with the beautiful dark eyes she spoke of, — to return to herself after this glimpse at her ancestry, — there existed the most close and tender relation in a tie of unusual intimacy. But to her father she owes much of her love of nature, and of her varied knowledge of its manifestations. It was he that taught her how to study the clouds and the stars, flower and weed, and landscape; it was he that taught her the names of blossoms and the songs of birds, so that there seems to be small sum of wildwood lore of which she is not mistress. An apt little pupil, a child of the woods in which she lived so much, these studies were after her own heart, — she stood once nearly an hour, as silent as a stone, to see if a big, burly humble-bee, buzzing and humming about, would not mistake her for a flower and alight upon her. She can tell you where to find the partridge’s nest, the whippoorwill’s eggs hidden in dry leaves, the humming-bird’s pearls; her glance knows all the difference between the basket-nest of the vireo hanging from its twig, the pensile grossbeak’s swinging over the stream, and the orchard oriole’s. She distinguishes their notes, and as if she understood their meaning; she knows the “faint songs of blue-birds closing their spring serenades in a more plaintive key, as if the possible accidents of hatching and rearing assailed them now with apprehension;” an old acquaintance of hers is the cat-bird, “giving his gratuitous concert from the topmost twig of an elm;” and it is she that describes “the distant passionately mournful lyric of the song-sparrows, reserved for spring alone, as if a soul had merged its life in one love, and in its deepest intensity and most glowing fervor knew through all that the love was wasted and the fervor vain.”

All the wild-flowers and their haunts are pre-eminently hers, too. She knows where the first of the pink moccasin-flowers hang out their banners, in what wet spot the sweet and rare white violets hide their fragrances, the brookside where the

cardinals gather the later heats into their hues, the forgotten paths where the shy-fringed gentian may be found, and the field where here and there is to be seen "a vivid fire-lily holding its stately cup of flame right upward to the ardent sun, as if to have it filled with splendor and overflowed with light;" and so true is she to their seasons, as if she felt with them the life that pulses up through the old earth to their blossoming, that if she said the wild-rose wreathed the snowdrifts of January, I should believe that the rest of the world had always been mistaken regarding that particular blossom. She ought to know about roses, anyway, for none in all the country-side bloom more beautifully than hers do in the little plots where she is a famous gardener to-day. Perhaps it was her mother, on the other hand, again, who taught her the love of man and woman and child, the knowledge of human nature which marks every word she utters, and from whom she inherited that innermost poetry of being, the emotional delicacy which gilds and illumines all her thoughts. She was a delicate child, owing to an early illness, so severe an illness that for a space it was thought she had really passed away from life; and it was possibly for that reason that her out-door habits were encouraged. She was an exceedingly sensitive and imaginative child, too, and her imagination was by no means dwarfed by the servants, who told her ghost-stories, so powerfully affecting her that years afterward she would slip out of bed in all the dreadful, haunted darkness, grope shivering and shuddering to the stairs, and crouch there where she could see a glimmer of light or hear a murmur of voices.

The most noted of these servants was Athanasius, a Greek boy escaped from the Turkish massacre,—more's the pity, one is tempted to say,—and despatched to her father as a waiter by Bishop Wainwright. Rose was sent out to walk with him every day, being then only three years old, and he would regale her on the way with the most frightful recitals, threatening that if she ever told her father or mother he would murder her, a possibility which she fully believed of him.

So thoroughly had secrecy been burned into her soul by fear that she never told of him till she was a grown woman, and had forgotten every word of his stories; but she never forgot, she has said, her horror when she chanced to meet his fierce black eyes at the table, and, thinking he might fulfil his threat on the supposition that she had betrayed him, would open her lips to cry out, "O Athanasius! don't kill me! I haven't told!" when the thought that such an exclamation was truly betrayal and sudden death checked her. It is very possibly something of her own experience of this sort that has made her one of the most eloquent advocates of oppressed children.

After leaving the shelter of her mother's side, Rose entered a female seminary, under the care of Mr. John P. Brace, who had been an instructor in the school where her mother received her education before becoming a pupil of Mrs. Sigourney's. The early growth of her powers, which was marked by the fact of her knowing how to read perfectly at the age of three, was equally perceptible in her school life, where she wrote prize-poems, composed dramas for the young amateurs of the school, and learned languages, all as if it were play: some verses written then under the title of "Hearts-ease" would have done credit to the maturer poetesses of the preceding generation.

At sixteen she graduated; and it was during the same year that she united with the church, making a profession of religion which has ever since been as vital to her as the atmosphere she breathed. But although of the strictest sect herself, she has always been liberal and kindly in relation to the views of others. To some, in her enthusiasm for beauty, her idealism, and her sense of the consoling power of visible nature, it would seem as if a strain of pagan blood had, after all, a little enlarged the Puritan, if there were any possibility of the pagan upon the scene. For if one recalls the dark antecedents of that region which gave her birth, the strength and sternness of a race springing on a soil but half reclaimed from the primeval forest, but half redeemed from

the lurking savage, haunted by terrors of the known and of the unknown, where thought descended straightened by the iron cage of a strict creed, nowhere stricter, and nowhere enduring with more unrelaxing rigor, it will be felt that so rich and beautiful a nature as Rose Terry's was as foreign to all that gloomy shadow of descent as a tropical blossom would be to that belt of the eternal snows where only the lichen grows.

But whatever her own nature and identity may be, that descent has given her a warm and kindred sympathy with the experiences of people who share it with her, and she derives from it her faculty of depicting the last delicate shade and contour of the New England country life in a manner rivalled by no other delineator. For capital as the dialect of Mrs. Stowe is in this field, and delicious as the "Biglow Papers" are, I should say that they neither of them quite render that inner piquancy and flavor which she has caught, nor altogether evince complete perception of that strange character, soon to be only a thing of history, with all its contrasts and colors, its wealth and its meagreness, the depth of its sombreness, the flashes of its drollery, the might of its uprightness, the strength of its superstitions, with its shadows, its grotesqueries, and its undying pathos, — all of which she sees with keen insight and personal sympathy, humanizes with fearless fidelity to nature and most tender humor, and brightens with a brilliant wit.

It is not in any flattering light that she takes up this theme; she finds in it occasion for romance of all the darker sort, as well as for trenchant phrase and for illimitable laughter. In the sketch of the "West Shetucket Railway," that Hawthorne might have written ("*Crispin, rival de son maître, un petit chef d'œuvre que Molière a oublié de faire,*" as Arsene Hous-saye says), she looks on a blacker side than many of us are quite willing to admit the existence of; but it is on this black side that she knows how to throw the irradiation of her genius, and, while bringing out the abrupt lights and darks, softening all with the divine glow of pity.

"To a person at all conversant with life in the deep country of New England," she says: "Life in lonely farms among its wild mountains, or on the bare, desolate hills that roll their sullen brown summits mile on mile through the lower tracts of this region, there is nothing more painful than the prevalence of crime and disease in these isolated homes. Born to an inheritance of hard labor, labor necessary to mere life; fighting with that most valorous instinct of human nature, the instinct of self-preservation, against a climate not only rigorous but fatally changeful, a soil bitter and barren enough to need that gold should be sewn before more than copper can be harvested, without any excitement to stir the half torpid brain, without any pleasure, the New England farmer becomes in too many cases a mere creature of animal instincts akin to the beasts that perish, — hard, cruel, sensual, vindictive. An habitual church-goer, perhaps; but none the less thoroughly irreligious. All the keener sensitiveness of his organization blunted with over-work and under-feeding till the finer emotions of his soul dwindle and perish for want of means of expression, he revenges himself on his condition in the natural way. And when you bring this same dreadful pressure to bear on women, whose more delicate nature is proportionately more excitable, whose hearts bleed silently to the very last drop before their lips find utterance, — when you bring to bear on these poor weak souls, made for love and gentleness and bright outlooks from the daily dulness of work, the brutality, stupidity, small craft, and boorish tyranny of husbands to whom they are tied beyond escape, what wonder is it that a third of all the female lunatics in our asylums are farmers' wives, and that domestic tragedies, even beyond the scope of a sensation novel, occur daily in these lonely houses, far beyond human help or hope?"

It is not always from such gloomy material, however, that she has drawn, and whenever she has used it it is to brighten it with her inexhaustible pleasantry. "The's other folks die and don't remember you, and you're just as bad off as if you wa'n't a widder," comes on a funereal occasion; a touch of

rude nature breaks upon the pathos of a scene where "the locusts in the woods chattered as though they was fryin'," and phrases of the vernacular, such as "chewin' of meetin'-seed," "the shockanum palsy," "dumb as a horned critter," and a world of others are preserved for all time, like bugs in amber.

A multiplied value is given to these characterizations by the circumstance that their types are fast becoming extinct. The pious old spinster, who could give lessons in the five points of Calvinism to the modern minister, will soon be no more, and it is a historical study when we find her, as we do, for instance, in the person of Miss Lavvy, uttering her shrewd aphorisms, "Well, of all things! if you hain't got aground on doctrines," cries the old tailoress. "Happilony, you hear to me, you've got common sense, and does it stand to reason that the Lord that made you hain't got any? . . . If you've got so't you can't understand the Lord's ways, mebbe you'd better stop. Folks that try dippin' up the sea in a pint-cup don't usually make it out. . . . We ain't a right to vex ourselves about to-morrow; to-day's all we can handle; the manna spiled when it was kep' over."

Immediately after graduation Rose began to teach in Hartford, although she did not long remain there while thus occupied, presently taking a situation in a Presbyterian church school in Burlington, N. J. In the fourth year there she became a governess in the family of the clergyman; but after a while, feeling the need there was of her at home, she returned to Hartford and began her more precisely literary life.

Her first story, written for "Graham's Magazine," at the age of eighteen, encouraged her; but her dream was that of developing her powers of poetry. Sympathy with those whom she met and knew from day to day, a quick and keen eye for the ridiculous, a heart touched with pity, and the natural faculty of the *raconteur*, diverted her in some measure into the stories of New England life of which I have spoken; but the fluttering aspiration of her nature, at home in lofty regions, lifted her on wings of song; and every one of her stories that deals with human nature in other than

its rustic New England aspects is as much a poem as if written in measure with rhyme and rhythm.

Her first verses were printed in the New York "Tribune," and nothing better shows the tenderness of the tie between her and her mother, and the inherent modesty of her nature, than the fact of her using her mother's initials for a pseudonym, and hiding her own authorship altogether. Mr. Charles A. Dana, then editorially connected with the "Tribune," was her very good friend in this matter, and she has always cherished for him a grateful attachment. Those who befriend us in these trying if glowing days of our first endeavor, become in some degree a part of the ideal we pursue, and never lose the light then shed about them, and this was her case in relation also to many others who watched the opening of her genius with interest and sympathy. Rose Terry is the most loyal of friends where she has given her affection; her fidelity is as staunch as her choice is discriminating, and her enthusiasm once kindled knows no bounds, since in its cause there is nothing she would not sacrifice except her soul. Possibly she would be as good a hater as lover should occasion rise, for indifference is impossible to her, and all her emotions are strong ones.

Such a spirit, sensitive to all the phenomena of the material and immaterial universe, is the animate essence of poetry; and it is no wonder that as week by week her verses appeared they touched a wider and wider circle, till inquiry rose as to their origin, and it was at last demanded that they should be gathered into a volume where their lovers could have them more nearly at hand. Between the lines of this little volume much of the author's experience and personality can be read by one in search of it. A passionate love of beauty pervades it, a stinging scorn of the ignoble. Every here and there a delicate sadness breaks through its reserves:—

"My life is like a song
That a bird sings in its sleeping,
Or a hidden stream that flows along
To the sound of its own soft weeping."

And again we have it in the "New Moon," in "Implora Pace," and in the "Fishing Song" heard over the wide gray river:—

"And the ways of God are darkness,
His judgment waiteth long,—
He breaks the heart of a woman
With a fisherman's careless song."

It is a sadness, nevertheless, that once in a while rises to an impersonal height, as in the strength of the lines:—

"Hast thou no more enduring date
Than out of one despair to die?"

Or yet again,

"God sees from the high blue heaven,
He sees the grape in the flower;
He hears one's life-blood dripping
Through the maddest, merriest hour;
He knows what sack-cloth and ashes hide in the purple
of power!"

Here, too, in such fiery verses as "Samson Agonistes," "Fremont's Ride," and "After the Camanches," may be seen the writer's patriotism, her politics, and her lively interest in the questions of the day; her religious feeling is found in the "Bell Songs" and in "Prayer," to speak of no others; and her sympathy with the human heart in "At Last," and in "The Two Villages," a thing that has been printed and reprinted, carried in work-baskets and pocket-books, and everybody's heart. There is a tremendous vigor and vivid picturesqueness in her poems of "Semele" and "The Suttee," weird and wonderful phases of passion, and in "Doubt," a poem without a peer, in its own order, unless it be Emerson's "Brahma;" while "Basile Renaud" is a ballad that in dramatic fire, spirit, and beauty is worthy of the first poet of the age. Meantime, "In The Hospital," "Done For," and "Lost on the Prairie," were the pioneers of the Border ballad, originated the idea and gave the motive to all of that nature that have ever followed.

There are few poets who have the power of presenting a scene so that its very atmosphere is felt; but Rose Terry always does; here the spell of cool odors and dews and rustling leaves are had, where —

“Far through the hills some falling river grieves,
All earth is stilled
Save where a dreaming bird with sudden song is thrilled;”

And there the sense of the forest distils about us as —

“The thick leaves that scent the tremulous air
Let the bright sunshine pass with softened light,
And lips unwonted breathe instinctive prayer
In these cool arches filled with verdurous night.”

None of her poems are more spiritually or suggestively lovely than that with the title of “Trailing Arbutus,” which seems to bear about it the fragrance of the flower itself.

“Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew,
Starlight unimpassioned,
Dawn’s most tender hue,
And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for you?

“Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.”

Through all these pages a sweet, keen, delicate music throbs and sings itself. I remember when I first read them how it haunted me, a beautiful ghost that would not down, and after twenty-five years they are still singing their tunes in my brain.

Of late years other work has in too great measure superseded the delight of singing, although a long poem was written to be read at the celebration of the anniversary of the Groton

Massacre, the selection of her name as that of the poet of the day, showing the pride and appreciation in which her native State holds her; and later she gave the young girls of the graduating class of Smith College "The Flower Sower," as full of freshness and purity as the spring morning is of sunshine and dew.

Ten years after writing her first story, "The Mormon's Wife," of which we have already spoken, was published, and after that time Rose became a constant contributor to "Putnam's Monthly" till it ceased, to "Harper's," the "Atlantic," and other periodicals as they rose, receiving the best pay given, although the best may be said to be inadequate for such work. If many of these stories are not poems, as I have said, it is simply in form. What fine unison with nature breathes through them, what feeling for the ineffable experiences of which all are conscious but which most are powerless to reduce to words, how rich and varied is the diction, and how sonorous the phrasing! What sentences are such as this: "The music lived alone in upper air; of men and dancing it was all unaware; the involved cadences rolled away over the lawn, shook the dew-dropped roses on their stems, and went upward in the boundless moonlight to its home." And who, with brush and pigment, can paint a picture more actually and perfectly than this: "From the front door-step, a great slab of hewn granite, you looked southward down a little green valley, striking a range of wooded hills, and on the other hand a bright chain of lakelets threaded on a rippled river. To the right, as you faced this lovely outlet, a mountain lifted its great green shoulders and barren summit high in air; and, to the left, a lake slept in the bosom of just such lofty hills, wooded to the water's edge, and so reflexed and repeated in that tranquil mirror that its shifting dyes of golden verdure mimicked the peacock's beauteous throat, and changed, faded, brightened, grew dark, or gold, or gray, with every wandering cloud, each sun-kiss from the sunnier heaven, all flying showers or ruffling winds; while, to the north, mountain overlapping

mountain, painted by the deepening distance with darkest green, solemn purple, or aerial blue, and hiding in their giant breasts the road that threaded those secret abysses, daunted and defied the gazer with a mystery of grand beauty that might make a poet hopeless and a painter despair."

Although stories as forcible as "Freedom Wheeler's Controversy," full at once of a terrible pathos and a grim humor, have since come from her pen, nothing that she has ever written has exceeded the absolute beauty of "Metempsychosis," published twenty years or more ago, and of which I subjoin a portion:—

"I drew the long skirt of my lace-dress up over my hair, and quietly went into the greenhouse. The lawn and its black firs tempted me, but there was moonlight on the lawn, and moonlight I cannot bear; it burns my head more fiercely than any noon sun; it scorches my eyelids; it exhausts and fevers me; it excites my brain, and now I looked for calm. This the odor of the flowers and their pure expression promised me. A tall, thick-leaved camellia stood half-way down the border, and before it was a garden-chair. The moonlight shed no ray there, but through the sashes above streamed cool and fair over the blooms that clung to the wall and adorned the parterres and vases; for this house was set after a fashion of my own, a winter-garden under glass; no stages filled the centre. It was laid out with no stiff rule, but here and there in urns of stone, or in pyramidal stands, gorgeous or fragrant plants ran at their own wild will, while over all the wall and along the woodwork of the roof trailed passion-flowers, roses, honeysuckles, fragrant clematis, ivy, and those tropic vines whose long dead names belie their fervid luxuriance and fantastic growth; great trees of lemon and orange interspaced the vines in shallow niches of their own, and the languid drooping tresses of a golden acacia flung themselves over and across the deep glittering mass of a broad-leaved myrtle.

"As I sat down on the chair, Pan reared his dusky length from his mat and came for a recognition. It was wont to be

something more positive than caresses; but to-night neither sweet biscuit nor savory bit of confectionery appeared in the hand that welcomed him; yet he was as loving as ever, and, with a grim sense of protection, flung himself at my feet, drew a long breath, and slept. I dared not yet think; I rested my head against the chair, and breathed in the odor of flowers; the delicate scent of tea-roses; the southern perfume, fiery and sweet, like Greek wine, of profuse heliotropes, — a perfume that gives you thirst, and longing, and regret. I turned my head towards the orange-trees; southern, also, but sensuous and tropic was the breath of those thick white stars, — a tasted odor. Not so the cool air that came to me from a diamond-shaped bed of Parma violets, kept back so long from bloom that I might have a succession of them; these were the last, and their perfume told it, for it was at once a caress and a sigh. I breathed the gale of sweetness till every nerve rested and every pulse was tranquil as the air without.

“I heard a little stir. I looked up. A stately calla, that reared one marble cup from its gracious, cool leaves, was bending earthward with a slow and voluntary motion; from the cup glided a fair woman’s shape; snowy, sandalled feet shone from under the long robe; hair of crisped gold crowned the Greek features. It was Hypatia. A little shiver crept through a white tea-rose beside the calla; its delicate leaves fluttered to the ground; a slight figure, a sweet sad face with melancholy blue eyes and fair brown hair, parted the petals. La Vallière! She gazed in my eyes.

“‘Poor little child!’ said she. ‘Have you a treatise against love, Hypatia?’

“The Greek of Egypt smiled and looked at me also. ‘I have discovered that the steps of the gods are upon wool,’ answered she; ‘if love had a beginning to sight should not we also foresee its end?’

“‘And when one foresees the end, one dies,’ murmured La Vallière.

“‘Bah!’ exclaimed Marguerite of Valois, from the heart of a rose-red camellia; ‘not at all, my dear; one gets a new lover!’

“‘Or the new lover gets you,’ said a dulcet tone, tipped with satire, from the red lips of Mary of Scotland, — lips that were just now the petals of a crimson carnation.

“‘Philosophy hath a less troubled sea whereon to ride than the stormy fluctuance of mortal passion; Plato is diviner than Ovid,’ said a Puritanic, piping voice from a coif that was fashioned of the white camellia-blooms behind my chair, and circled the prim beauty of Lady Jane Grey.

“‘Are you a woman, or one of the Sphinx’s children?’ said a stormy, thrilling, imperious accent, from the wild purple and scarlet flower of the Strelitzia, that gradually shaped itself into gorgeous oriental robes, rolled in waves of splendor from the lithe waist and slender arms of a dark woman, no more young, — sallow, thin, but more graceful than any bending bough of the desert acacia, and with eyes like midnight, deep, glowing, flashing, melting into dew, as she looked at the sedate lady of England.

“‘You do not know love!’ resumed she. ‘It is one draught, — a jewel fused in nectar; drink the pearl and bring the asp!’

“Her words brought beauty; the sallow face burned with living scarlet on lip and cheek; the tiny pearl-grains of teeth flashed across the swarth shade above her curving, passionate mouth; the wide nostril expanded; the great eyes flamed under her low brow and glittering coils of black hair.

“‘Poor Octavia!’ whispered La Vallière. Lady Jane Grey took up her breviary, and read.

“‘After all, you died!’ said Hypatia.

“‘I lived!’ retorted Cleopatra.

“‘Lived and loved,’ said a dreamy tone from the hundred leaves of a spotless La Marque rose; and the steady ‘unhasting, unresting’ soul of Thekla looked out from that centreless flower, in true German guise of brown, braided tresses, deep blue eyes like forget-me-nots, sedate lips, and a straight nose.

“‘I have lived, and loved, and cut bread and butter,’ solemnly pronounced a mountain-daisy, assuming the broad features of a *fräulein*.

“Cleopatra used an Egyptian oath. Lady Jane Grey put down her breviary and took up Plato. Marguerite of Valois laughed outright. Hypatia put a green leaf over Charlotte, with the air of a high-priestess, and extinguished her.

“‘Who does not love cannot lose,’ mused La Vallière.

“‘Who does not love neither has nor gains,’ said Hypatia. ‘The dilemma hath two sides, and both gain and loss are problematic. It is the ideal of love that entralls us, not the real.’

“‘Hush, you white-faced Greek! It was not an ideal; it was Marc Antony. By Isis! does a dream fight and swear and kiss?’

“‘The Navarrese did; and France dreamed he was my master, — not I!’ laughed Marguerite.

“‘This is most weak stuff for goodly and noble women to foster,’ grimly uttered a flame-colored hawk’s-bill tulip, that directly assumed a ruff and an aquiline nose.

“Mary of Scotland passed her hand about her fair throat. ‘Where is Leicester’s ring?’ said she.

“The Queen did not hear, but went on. ‘Truly, you make as if it was the intent of women to be trodden under foot of men. She that ruleth herself shall rule both princes and nobles, I wot. Yet I had done well to marry. Love or no love, I would the House of Hanover had waged war with one of mine own blood; I hate those fair, fat Guelphs!’

“‘Love hath sometimes the thorn alone, the rose being blasted in bud,’ uttered a sweet and sonorous voice, with a little nasal accent, out of the myrtle-boughs that starred with bloom her hair, and swept the hem of her green dress.

“‘Sweet soul, was thou not, then, sated upon sonnets?’ said Mary of Scotland, in a stage aside.

“‘Do not the laurels overgrow the thorn?’ said La Vallière, with a wistful, inquiring smile.

“Laura looked away. ‘They are very green at Avignon,’ said she.

"Out of two primroses, side by side, Stella and Vanessa put forth pale and anxious faces, with eyes tear-dimmed.

"'Love does not feed on laurels,' said Stella; 'they are fruitless.'

"'That the clergy should be celibate is mine own desire,' broke in Queen Elizabeth. 'Shall every curly fool's pate of a girl be turning after an anointed bishop? I will have this thing ended, certes! and that with speed.'

"Vanessa was too deep in a brown study to hear. Presently she spoke. 'I believe that love is best founded on a degree of respect and veneration, which it is decent in youth to render unto age and learning.'

"'Ciel!' muttered Marguerite. 'Is it, then, that in this miserable England one cherishes a grand passion for one's grandfather?'

"The heliotrope clusters melted into a face of plastic contour, rich, full lips, soft, interfused outlines, intense, purple eyes, and heavy, waving hair, dark indeed, but harmonizing curiously with the narrow gold fillet that bound it. 'It is no pain to die for love,' said the low, deep voice with an echo of rolling gerunds in the tone.'

"'That depends on how sharp the dagger is,' returned Mary of Scotland. 'If the axe had been dull' —

"From the heart of a red rose Juliet looked out; the golden centre crowned her head with yellow tresses; her tender hazel eyes were calm with intact passion; her mouth was scarlet with fresh kisses, and full of consciousness and repose. 'Harder it is to live for love,' said she; 'hardest of all to have ever lived without it.'

"'How much do you all help the matter?' said a practical Yankee voice from a pink hollyhock. 'If the infinite relations of life assert themselves in marriage, and the infinite "I" merges its individuality in the personality of another, the superincumbent need of a passional relation passes without question. What the soul of the seeker asks for itself and the universe is, whether the ultimate principle of existent life is passional or philosophic?'

"Your dialectic is wanting in purity of expression," calmly said Hypatia; 'the tongue of Olympus suits gods and their ministers only.'

"Plato hath no question of the matter in hand," observed Lady Jane Grey, with a tone of finishing the subject.

"I know nothing of your questions and philosophies," scornfully stormed Cleopatra. 'Fire seeks fire, and clay clay. Isis send me Antony, and every philosopher in Alexandria may go down in the Nile! Shall I blind my eyes with scrolls of papyrus when there is a goodly Roman to be looked upon?'

"From the deep blue petals of a double English violet came a delicate face, pale, serene, sad, but exceeding tender. 'Love liveth when the lover dies,' said Lady Rachel Russell. 'I have well loved my lord in the prison; shall I cease to affect him when he is become one of the court above?'

"You are cautious of speech, Mesdames," carelessly spoke Marguerite. 'Women are the fools of men; you all know it. Every one of you has carried cap and bell.'

"They all turned towards the hawk's-bill tulip; it was not there.

"Gone to Kenilworth," demurely sneered Mary of Scotland.

"A pond-lily, floating in a tiny tank, opened its clasped petals; and with one bare pearly foot upon the green island of leaves, and the other touching the edge of the marble basin, clothed with a rippling, lustrous, golden garment of hair, that rolled down in glittering masses to her slight ankles, and half hid the wide, innocent blue eyes and infantile, smiling lips, Eve said, 'I was made for Adam,' and slipped silently again into the closing flower.

"But we have changed all that!" answered Marguerite, tossing her jewel-clasped curls.

"They whom the saints call upon to do battle for king and country have their nature after the manner of their deeds," came a clear voice from the fleur-de-lis that clothed

itself in armor, and flashed from under a helmet the keen dark eyes and firm beardless lips of a woman.

“‘There have been cloistered nuns,’ timidly breathed La Vallière.

“‘There is a monk’s hood in that parterre without,’ said Marguerite.

“The white clematis shivered. It was a veiled shape in long robes that hid face and figure, who clung to the wall and whispered ‘Paraclete!’

“‘There are tales of saints in my breviary,’ soliloquized Mary of Scotland; and in the streaming moonlight, as she spoke, a faint outline gathered, lips and eyes of solemn peace, a crown of blood-red roses pressing thorns into the wan temples that dripped sanguine streams, and in the halo above the wreath, — a legend partially obscured, that ran, ‘*Utque talis Rosa nulli alteri plantæ adhereret.*’

“‘But the girl there is no saint; I think, rather, she is of mine own land,’ said a purple passion-flower that hid itself under a black mantilla, and glowed with dark beauty. The Spanish face bent over me with ardent eyes and lips of sympathetic passion, and murmured, ‘Do not fear! Pedro was faithful unto and after death; there are some men’ —

“Pan growled. I rubbed my eyes. Where was I?” . . .

The oftener I read this story, in which history, poetry, the dramatic, and the natural, blend so many charms, the more irresistible I find its spell, and sometimes I hesitate to acknowledge that, in its own vein, the passage I have quoted has its superior. To me Rose Terry Cooke is the queen of all living story-tellers; in the power of wringing tears and forcing laughter I do not know her superior, and Ludvig Tieck and Edgar Poe are alone her equals.

The writing of stories and poems has been, after all, but an outside matter with her, a sort of ring of Saturn. The real business of her life has gone on within its circle, a life largely given to others, crowded with domestic interests and occupations, in which she has proved, to quote a couplet of her own, that —

“Daily, hourly, loving and giving
In the poorest life makés heavenly living;”

a life little of which belongs to the public, and whose tenor until her marriage was varied only by a journey to Canada, or the West, or the White Mountains, by the publication of her “Poems,” and a marvellously sweet and simple book for Sunday-school children called “Happy Dodd,” and later by a volume of collected stories, by no means her best.

When Rose was about twenty-nine her idolized sister Alice, younger than herself by nearly five years, married; and in the delicate state of this sister’s health her two children became the care and delight of Rose. Much as these children may owe to her, it is to them chiefly that Rose owes her delicate and innermost sympathy with children, the knowledge of their pretty patois, and of their needs and natures; and for years they made all the happiness she had. Great griefs came to her,—the death of her mother, the long illness and death of her sister; but the love of the children has remained a precious possession.

It would be no brief or light thing to tell the story of all that Rose Terry Cooke is in a home, among the poor, in the life of a neighborhood, or beside a sick-bed. Her sister used to say that she thought of everything like a woman and did everything like a man. There was never any limit to her self-devotion, and there is none to-day; she is a prodigal of her time, her work, her thought, her money, and herself. Hardly less is to be expected of so generous and enthusiastic a spirit; for enthusiasm is itself a self-forgetting.

I recall an instance of this enthusiasm, when she was a good deal younger than she is now. She happened to attend Plymouth Church one morning when the pastor brought upon the platform a little colored child who was to be returned to slavery unless a certain sum of money could be paid for her at once, Mr. Beecher undertaking to raise that money in his church and set the child free. As he told the story of her

little life and wrongs, in his inimitable manner, every heart was harrowed, none more so than that of Rose, who was half wild with excitement, wrought to a fever of pity and horror; and every purse flew open, and Rose had no purse about her. But on her hand, a white and tiny hand, was a ring she valued, a ring with a single fine opal in its setting, — if it had been the Orloff diamond it would have made no difference, it was all she had when the box came round, and she took it off and dropped it in. It chanced that the ring exactly fitted one of the fingers of the little brown hand, and Mr. Beecher gave it to the child in token of her freedom and her friends, as the money raised was amply sufficient to purchase her safety; and presently advertising for information concerning the giver of the ring, he christened the child into the new life with the name of Rose. If the reader should ever see a painting by Eastman Johnson, called the "Freedom Ring," where a child sits on a tiger-skin and looks curiously and gladly at a jewel on her hand, it is this incident which it commemorates.

It is such hearty consonance and accord, such quick response, aided perhaps by the pungent wit which is born of common sense at its highest development, that makes Rose Terry constantly the recipient of all manner of sympathetic confidences, both from people whom she knows and those whom she never met before, but who seek her, certain of receiving comfort, and repose in her the sad and sacred secrets of their lives. People, too, turn up, thinking that this or that passage of her writing is about themselves, so true a chord does she strike with her touch that knows the sore spots of the human heart.

Possibly no odder experience ever befell any one than she has encountered in the simulation and personation of herself by various individuals for reasons best known to themselves. The first of these appeared in a Pennsylvania town, in the shape of a woman who claimed there that she had written everything ever published under Rose Terry's name, that the name was a *nom de plume* any way, the name of a little cousin

of hers who died young, her uncle, the child's father, allowing her to use it.

This interesting person aroused a wild religious excitement among the young people of the place, fell into hysteric trances on hearing sacred music, and made herself generally adored and followed. As irritating a fact as any in the matter may have been her statement that she had received eighty thousand dollars from these writings of hers, and had used it all in educating poor girls! After a time Mrs. Stowe received a note from the lady with whom this pretender boarded, which ran, —

“DEAR MADAM, — I call upon you to silence the base reports spread about here concerning a lovely Christian woman at present staying with me. A line from you, stating that she is the author of the works written under the signature of Rose Terry, will stop the rumors at once, and much oblige yours truly.”

Mrs. Stowe immediately responded that she had known Rose Terry from her birth, and that she was then, and had been for many years, living in Hartford, and the other person was necessarily an impostor.

Years afterward this gay deceiver came to Rose's native place, established herself there as one of the leaders in religious and charitable matters, told some one that she had written much under Rose's name, told some one else that she had eighteen hundred dollars a year from the “Atlantic Monthly,” and marked several of the best poems in a religious collection as her own, the publisher positively denying her statement when asked about it. This peculiar individual still holds a trusted position in a city charity, and lives in a wealthy family as guide, philosopher, and friend, although the truth has been told to her *clientèle*, who persist in regarding her as a persecuted saint.

The next counterfeit of her identity was in the person of a lady on a railroad train, who made acquaintance with the sister of a friend of Rose's, the sister never happening to have seen Rose; she informed her that she was Rose Terry, that she

was going abroad to write a book, and various other items of her literary affairs, of which Rose herself is never in the habit of speaking to casual acquaintances, having, as she says, an old-fashioned predilection for the *passée* grace of modesty.

Number three of these *replicas* was not so bad as might be, as she simply offered her services in a New York Sunday school, and having registered this name of her fancy, never appeared.

Number four, however, very soon replaced her, making her *avatar*. at a hotel in New York and confiding the fact of the authorship of certain sentimental, romantic, and humorous stories and verses to a Southern lady who presently betrayed her.

But number five carried things to a pretty pass; meeting an acquaintance of Rose's in the cars on the way from Hartford, she naturally enough inquired if she lived there, and then if she knew Rose, and thereat proceeded to give quite a circumstantial account of her own intimacy with the object of her remark. On reaching New York, she left the train at the upper station, and the pocketbook of Rose's Hartford acquaintance left with her.

As curious as anything done in the counterfeiting way by these worthies is the fact that it was Rose whom they dared to make the subject of their deccits and lies, for in the fires of her indignant scorn and anger a lie is something that should shrivel, — it could not live in her presence. Honest herself, with an unflinching integrity, she has small mercy on meannesses and falsehood, although, tender-hearted to a fault, she is full of forgiveness for the repentant.

Rose is one of the most emotional of people. Music flatters her to tears, as it did the "aged man and poor" of St. Agnes' Eve; she loses herself, like a child, at the play; and she outstrips justice in the generosity of her judgments on her literary contemporaries, some of whom owe her a debt of inspiration not to be repaid. She is an easy and rapid writer, a child of nature, owing little to art, writing on her knee and seldom copying, in a compact and regular script that tells of

an even pulse ; submitting to interruption, and never shutting herself up from her household duties for the sake of her pen. She is an amazing mimic, a delightful talker, having an immense memory with stores of learning, and being the wittiest woman I have ever met ; alive to the tips of her fingers, she takes the keenest interest in everything and everybody about her. Tall and shapely, dressing richly, she is still very attractive in person ; in her youth, with her Spanish color, her great soft dark eyes, her thick and long black hair, and the sweetness and vivacity of her expression, she is said to have been singularly beautiful. I have a picture of her, taken as a Quakeress, the relic of some fancy fair where all were in costume, that is lovely enough for a Madonna.

On the 16th of April, 1873, a great change came into Rose Terry's life, a change that lifted its daily round into the ideal. She became then the wife of Mr. Rollin H. Cooke, an iron manufacturer of Litchfield County, Connecticut ; and she went to live with him, after the death of her father, at Winsted, a little mountain town full of gorges and boulders, and forest trees, the tumbling foam of brooks and the whirling wheels of manufactures, which she has described in a number of "Harper's Monthly," and where she occupies a large old-fashioned house, once a colonial mansion, standing under the shadow of great trees, with a rocky ledge in front lifting its black edge against the sunset. Her life has been ideal ; for there is an entire sympathy of taste, and feeling, and opinion, and enjoyment between the husband and wife ; they are completely complementary to each other ; and a more intimate union could hardly be imagined ; — a union at which all who know them, who love and honor them, who realize the tenderness of her nature and the nobility of his, rejoice with a full heart, and which has given them ten years of almost perfect happiness. Out of this late happiness, with life, and strength, and health, what lovelier work than ever before may yet blossom from Rose Terry Cooke's hands !

CHAPTER IX.

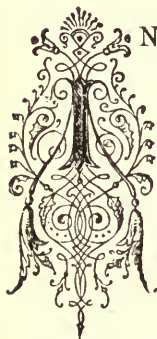
CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

Charlotte Cushman's Childhood — Her Remarkable Imitative Faculty — First Appearance on the Stage — A Scanty Stage Wardrobe — A Friend in Need — An Amusing Experience — The Struggle for Fame — Macready's Sympathy and Influence — First Visit to Europe — "Waiting in the Shadow" — Début in London — A Brilliant Triumph — Her Ability Recognized at Last in her Native Land — Glimpse of her Life in Rome — Unflinching Patriotism — Her Munificent Gift to the Sanitary Commission — The Culmination of her Power — A Notable Dramatic Triumph — Her Farewell to the Stage — Address of William Cullen Bryant — Miss Cushman's Response — Her Illness, Death, and Last Resting-Place.

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption
Than such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

— *Queen Katherine.*



N attempting any interpretation of the artist, it is in the inner life that we must seek the clue. Thoughts are his events, and creations are his only real achievements. Genius controls its possessor, and life becomes a journey under sealed orders, advancing less by development than by crises of surprises and revelations. The proverbial unrest of genius is the result of this law.

That divine fruition of creative power which we call Art is the result of intricate elements. Into its forces enter inherited instincts, the rude powers of material necessity, and those invisible but potent tides of spiritual life. Yet back of these, and defying all analysis, is always the elusive force, the element of the unknown. In studying the life of Miss Cushman, this great fact of the elusive force that defies analysis emphasizes itself to us. In vain we seek its source in her parentage or in the external circumstances of her life.

Charlotte Saunders Cushman was born in Richmond street, in Boston, July 23, 1816. She died at the Parker House, in Boston, February 18, 1876, in the nation's centennial year. In the sixty years between these dates a wonderful life was lived. A girl born into humble and primitive conditions goes forth and conquers a world.

She was the daughter of Elkanah and Mary Eliza (Babbit) Cushman. Her father was born in Plymouth. Left an orphan at the age of thirteen, he walked to Boston in search of employment and began the conscious struggle of life. He established himself in business as a merchant on Long Wharf, but when Charlotte was thirteen years of age he met with such reverses as impelled her, child as she was, to consider how she could rely on herself. Hereditary instincts were strong forces within her. For generations back, on the part of both parents, her ancestors had been exceptional for industry, energy, and piety.

It is believed that Robert Cushman, the founder of the family in America, born about 1580, preached the first sermon in New England, and it was he to whom Governor Bradford alludes as "the right hand of the Adventurers, who for divers years has managed all our business with them to our great advantage." Elkanah Cushman, the father of Charlotte, was the seventh generation in descent from Robert Cushman, and the fifth bearing the name of Elkanah. The Babbit family, too, were honorably known. The maternal grandfather and great-grandfather of Charlotte Cushman were graduates of Harvard University. Her grandmother Babbit (born Mary Saunders) was gifted with a remarkable degree of the imitative faculty, and this gift Charlotte inherited to an extent that made her, as a child, *un enfant terrible*, and which in later years imparted an added vitality to her dramatic power.

Of her childhood Miss Cushman herself said: "Imitation was a prevailing trait with me. On one occasion, when Henry Ware, pastor of the old Boston Meeting-House, was taking tea with my mother, he sat at table talking, with his



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

chin resting in his two hands, and his elbows on the table. I was suddenly startled by my mother exclaiming, 'Charlotte, take your elbows off the table and your chin out of your hands; it is not a pretty position for a young lady!' I was sitting in exact imitation of the parson, even assuming the expression of his face."

In early youth Charlotte's special gift appeared to be music. She received in it careful cultivation. She sang in church choirs, and a few years later, about 1834-35, when Mrs. Wood came first to sing in Boston, and inquiries being made for a contralto singer to support her, Miss Cushman was recommended. The result of a trial was satisfactory, and both Mr. and Mrs. Wood assured her that she had a fortune in her voice if properly cultivated for the lyric stage. She became a pupil of James G. Mæder, and under his instruction made her first appearance in the rôle of *Countess Almaviva*, in the "Marriage of Figaro," at the Tremont Theatre. Following this she went to New Orleans and sang, when, almost without warning, her voice failed. This marked the second of those distinct crises which one traces in studying critically the life of this remarkable woman, and which suggest the changes to which Emerson refers as those that break up the currents of life, but which are advertisements of a nature where law is growth.

To Charlotte Cushman each of these successive crises of life came as the stepping-stone to larger experiences, till of them she might well have said:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low vaulted past,
Let each new temple, statelier than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown cell by life's unresting sea.

But it was reserved for the insight that results from experience to enter into the profound truth of these lines.

The girl's eagerness and tremulous anticipation had not then deepened to the woman's endurance and the conviction of personal power. She was left stranded as it were by a seeming misfortune, which is often only fortune in disguise. So it proved to Charlotte Cushman. Her dramatic tendencies and latent possibilities had revealed themselves to others, and she was asked to essay the rôle of *Lady Macbeth* to the *Macbeth* of Mr. Caldwell in the principal theatre of New Orleans. With characteristic inspiration she seized the opportunity. "So enraptured was I with the idea of acting this part, and so fearful of anything preventing me," she wrote of it later, "that I did not tell the manager I had no dresses until it was too late for me to be prevented from acting it; and the day before the performance after rehearsal I told him. He immediately sat down and wrote a note of introduction for me to the *tragedienne* of the French Theatre. This note was to ask her to help me to costumes for the rôle of *Lady Macbeth*. I was a tall, thin, lanky girl at that time, about five feet six inches in height. The French-woman, Madame Closel, was a short, fat person of not more than four feet ten inches, her waist full twice the size of mine, with a very large bust; but her shape did not prevent her being a very great actress. The ludicrousness of her clothes being made to fit me struck her at once. She roared with laughter; but she was very good-natured, and by dint of piecing out the skirt of one dress it was made to answer for an underskirt, and another dress was taken in in every direction to do duty as an overdress, and so make up the costume. And thus I essayed for the first time the part of *Lady Macbeth*, fortunately to the satisfaction of the audience, the manager, and all the members of the company."

Here Charlotte Cushman struck the keynote of her life, and although it was appointed for her to sound the whole scale of difficulty, and denial, and defeat;—of aspiration, and triumph, and inspiration, yet here as an untried girl she touched the supreme possibilities of her artistic life. From it her path was to lead away in many labyrinthine turnings

till she might well have questioned whether she would ever come to her own. Unseen faces were to break up all the old relations of her life, to force her out under new skies and to experiences prefigured in her dreams and awaiting her in actual guise.

At the close of the New Orleans season she embarked in a sailing-vessel for New York. Mr. Simpson, manager of the Park Theatre, offered her a trial, but in a part that seemed to her, coming fresh from her New Orleans triumph in *Lady Macbeth*, too insignificant. Finally she accepted an offer from the Bowery Theatre, where she entered into a three years' engagement at a salary of twenty-five dollars per week, to increase ten dollars a week each year. She was to appear in *Lady Macbeth*, *Jane Shore*, *Mrs. Haller*, and other characters. She had no wardrobe, and this the manager offered to procure, deducting five dollars per week from her salary to meet the expenses. Miss Cushman at once induced her mother to leave the boarding-house she was keeping in Boston, and join her with two of her brothers in New York. For her elder brother she procured a situation in a store, putting the younger at school. So the little household in New York was established and supposed to be on a firm foundation for three years.

The week before her engagement at the theatre was to begin she was seized with rheumatic fever; recovering after three weeks, she went upon the stage, and at the end of that week the theatre was burned, with all her wardrobe, all her debt on it, and her three years' contract ending, she said, in smoke.

Then followed a brief engagement at Albany, which was a triumphant success, and where, as Miss Cushman laughingly narrated, more members of both houses of the General Assembly could be found at her benefit than at the Capitol.

Following this came an engagement at the Park Theatre in New York, in some minor position, at a salary of twenty dollars per week; a period of some three or four years—from the time she was twenty-one to twenty-four or five—of ceaseless study, activity, and nebulous projects. Macready

came and she supported him. "Even with this great and cultivated artist," wrote an English critic who saw her at this time, "she held her own. She had not his experience, but she had genius. There were times when she more than rivalled him; when in truth she made him play second."

In the winter of 1842, a young woman of twenty-six years of age, she undertook the sublime audacity of managing the Walnut Street Theatre of Philadelphia. Her company included Messrs. Chippendale, Fredericks, and Wheatleigh, Alexina Fisher, the Misses Vallée, one of whom was afterwards the wife of Ben DeBar, her sister Susan Cushman, and others; she served herself as leading lady, acting her large *repertoire*.

Time passed on, and in October, 1844, Miss Cushman sailed for England. Her finances ran low; a benefit performance given in her native Boston met little response. The cultured Hub has small faith in the possibility of entertaining angels unawares. It insists on visible wings, and full credentials, after which it cannot be surpassed in polite courtesy. The city in which Hawthorne sat neglected, and wrote sadly of himself "as the most obscure man of letters of the day," permitted this young woman, whose brilliant genius was destined to honor above all others her native city, to go out from it with a benefit attended by an audience described by the press of that day as "ungenerously small and largely made up of foreigners." However, this did not matter. That Boston failed to discern the genius of Hawthorne or of Charlotte Cushman in its early manifestations was not, on the whole, to be regretted. "The man is not worth much," says the brilliant Autocrat, "who cannot treat himself to an interval of modesty." Genius will cut its own channels, whether the world deride or applaud. When Jupiter divided the goods of the world the poet was absent, lost in a day-dream. Returning, he reproached the god for saving none for him. "True, there is nothing left to give you," replied Jupiter, "but my heaven is always open to you." The legend is vital with truth. Heaven is always

open to the artist, and if the world — albeit Beacon street — prove inhospitable, he has his resources and his inspirations. Charlotte Cushman found hers. Under new skies a new life began. Yet with what a combination of fainting heart and tenacity of purpose she went forth words are powerless to picture.

The winter she passed in Albany was made memorable by the anticipations of all that constitutes a woman's fairest and holiest life. For the first and last time love came to her; yet, while she "dreamed and thought life was beauty," came the rude awakening to find that for her "life was duty." Turning from the clasp of arms strong and tender and sustaining, she found herself alone, with only the wreck of a vanished happiness, and the memory of "the tender grace of a day" that was forever dead. It is idle to repeat the story in detail. It was all over so long ago. Of it Charlotte Cushman herself wrote, —

"There was a time in my life of girlhood when I thought I had been called upon to bear the very hardest thing that can come to a woman. Yet, if I had been spared this early trial, I should never have been so earnest and faithful in my art; I should have still been casting about for the 'counterpart,' and not given my entire *self* to my work. God helped me in my art-isolation, and rewarded me for recognizing *Him* and helping myself. . . . My art, God knows, has never failed me, — never failed to bring me rich reward, never failed to bring me comfort. I conquered my grief and myself. *Labor* saved me then and always, and so I proved the eternal goodness of God."

The influence of Macready was doubtless a potent element in Miss Cushman's resolve to put fortune to the test by going abroad. "Come to England," he had said to her, "where your talents will be appreciated at their true value." Yet it was with an almost desperate resolve to *win* success, rather than with any rose-colored anticipations of meeting it, that Charlotte Cushman sailed on her voyage, which was the threshold of that wonderful life awaiting her. Goethe's

emphasis of the parting of the ways is one that every life, which is at all distinctive in its aims or individual in its method, repeats. The defined separation from the original point of departure can be discerned.

In her diary on this voyage she copied from Longfellow's "Hyperion," as if to reassure herself, the words: "Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present, it is thine. Go forth to meet the future without fear and with a manly heart."

And again she found courage and inspiration in the lines from Browning's "Paracelsus": —

"What though
 It be so?— if indeed the strong desire
 Eclipse the aim in me?— if splendor break
 Upon the outset of my path alone,
 And duskest shade succeed? What fairer seal
 Shall I require to my authentic mission
 Than this fierce energy?— this instinct striving
 Because its nature is to strive?—enticed
 By the security of no broad course,
 With no success forever in its eyes!
 How know I else such glorious fate my own,
 But in the restless, irresistible force
 That works within me? Is it for human will
 To institute such impulses— still less
 To disregard their promptings? What should I
 Do, kept among you all; your loves, your cares,
 Your life,— all to be mine? Be sure that God
 Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart!"

Miss Cushman arrived in England November 18, 1844. Her first movement was a little excursion into Scotland with an agreeable party of friends, and later, while waiting the slow course of theatrical engagements, whose methods exhibit as little rapidity as the mills of the gods, she dashed over to Paris with characteristic energy, and for ten days put herself *en rapport* with the French stage, which left on her a permanent impression. Returning to England she found a

letter from Macready, with the proposition that she should appear in a company with himself and Miss Faucit. This proposal she rejected, as it would place her in an apparent competition with Miss Faucit, who was at that time the favorite of the English public, and she retired into humble lodgings in London to await her destiny.

The faithful maid, Sally Mercer, without a reference to whom any sketch of Miss Cushman were incomplete, was with her, and acted, as Miss Cushman herself said, as her "right hand." It was a period of that waiting "in the shadow" which so often precedes the most brilliant achievement. She registered her determination at a high standard and by inherent force compelled her own conditions.

Her first appearance in London was made at the Princess's Theatre, in the rôle of *Bianca* in "Fazio." Of her début the London "Times" said: "The great characteristics of Miss Cushman are her earnestness, her intensity, her quick apprehension of 'readings,' her power to dart from emotion to emotion with the greatest rapidity, as if carried on the impulse alone. . . . We need hardly to say that Miss Cushman is likely to prove a great acquisition to the London stage. For passion — real, impetuous, irresistible passion — she has not at present her superior."

The next rôle in which she appeared was *Rosalind*, in "As You Like It." The last line of this critique indicates that the large inclusiveness of Miss Cushman's was the predetermining element in her great success. Versatility is strength. The force that goes to each effort becomes the force of all.

In the following March Miss Cushman thus writes to her mother: "By the packet of the 10th I wrote you and sent newspapers, which could tell you in so much better language than I could of my brilliant and triumphant success in London. I can say no more to you than this: that it is far; far beyond my most *sanguine expectations*. In my most ambitious moments I never dreamed of the success which has awaited me and crowned every effort I have made. . . . To you I should not hesitate to tell *all* my grief and all my

failure if it had not been such, for none could have felt more with me and for me. Why, then, should I hesitate (unless through a fear that I might seem egotistical) to tell you all my triumphs, all my success? Suffice it, *all my successes put together since I have been upon the stage* would not come near my success in London; and I only wanted some one of you here to enjoy it with me, to make it complete.

“I have played *Bianca* four times, *Emilia* twice, *Lady Macbeth* six times, *Mrs. Haller* five, and *Rosalind* five, in five weeks. I am sitting to five artists.”

In this winter of 1844-45 the life of Charlotte Cushman flowered into bloom and fragrance. She was then in her twenty-ninth year, — a time when the girl's first flush of eagerness had not faded, while it was still reinforced by the calm poise of woman's strength. Friendships crowded her life with beauty. The most distinguished literary and artistic people of that day sought in her sympathy and society. Like Margaret Fuller, like all great and gifted spirits, Charlotte Cushman had a capacity for friendship. Hers was a nature large enough to include a wide range of sympathies. Earnestness was the keynote to her spiritual scale. A prominent dramatic critic said that the secret of her success on the stage was that “she is in earnest in everything she undertakes.”

The currents of social sympathy that set toward Charlotte Cushman during her first London winter were indicated by the verses that were written, the pictures that were painted, in her honor, and from the inspiration of her life. Eliza Cook celebrated in verse her friendship. The poet Rodgers sought her out. Breakfasts and other entertainments were given for her.

Her London success made success in the provinces a foregone conclusion; indeed, it thus predetermined and prefigured the success of her entire future. For when an individual life has registered a certain degree of attainment it has thereby gained an impulse that moves with accelerated impetus to its final achievement.

In the following autumn Miss Cushman summoned her family to London, where they took a furnished cottage at the suburb of Bayswater, and where she and her sister Susan studied together the rôles of "Romeo and Juliet," in which they appeared at the Haymarket Theatre, making their début in that play on the night of December 30, 1845. It would not have been the natural choice of Charlotte Cushman to appear in male character, but by enacting *Romeo* she could support her sister as *Juliet*, and the rôle provided opportunities to which she was fully equal.

A prolonged tour through the provinces followed, during which the sisters played in all the prominent cities of Great Britain, and during the succeeding summer Miss Cushman visited Switzerland, where she was more enchanted than she had dreamed of being, and from whence she returned to London with new inspirations, caught from the mountain heights. Somewhere about this time Miss Jewsbury, who was Charlotte Cushman's faithful friend, wrote to her, saying that "you are not a machine, but a woman of genius," and insisting that she must not be discouraged if a reaction followed so great an excitement.

It is wonderful how in all this unrest and nervous tension of her professional struggle she kept herself up to a certain level of serenity and repose. It is recorded that she "made many friends of quiet domestic people," and she herself told how she "tried always to keep her prow turned toward good." To a young friend who had histrionic aspirations she wrote at this time: "I should advise you to get to work. . . . You must suffer, labor and wait before you will be able to grasp the true and the beautiful. You dream of it now; the intensity of life that is in you, the spirit of poetry which makes itself heard by you in indistinct language, needs *work* to relieve itself and be made clear."

With all Charlotte Cushman's capacity for friendship — and those words signify a great deal, this capacity for friendship — she was, as every artist must be, severe in the sense of selection. She was as discriminative as she was generous

in response. While she would sacrifice personal ease and even personal achievement for a life that needed it, and in which this sacrifice would be as seed to take root and grow, she had withal the delicate intuition of the artist nature; its instinct of preservation not to waste itself needlessly.

In 1845-46 Miss Cushman was associated with James Wallack, whose influence was educative to her in her art. In the summer of 1849 she returned to America, playing a brilliant series of engagements throughout the country. The nightly average of her receipts was greater than had been Macready's. The woman who had gone out alone from her native country five years before clinging to the faith that —

“Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength He deigns impart!”

returned with recognized honor and with a permanent place awarded her in histrionic art.

In October, 1852, Miss Cushman first visited the Eternal City in company with Harriet Hosmer, who was then on her way to study art in Rome, and with Grace Greenwood. During this winter Page's portrait of her was painted, — the picture preserved at Villa Cushman at Newport. It is of this portrait, painted when she was thirty-six years of age, that Paul Akers said: “It is a face rendered impressive by the grandest repose, — a repose not to be mistaken for serenity, but which is in equilibrium.”

In January, 1856, she was in England and gave a dinner to Mme. Ristori, whose first visit it was to London. For Ristori's acting, as well as for Salvini's, Miss Cushman had the greatest admiration. Throughout her life she preferred the natural to the conventional school of acting; yet the *Théâtre Français* seems to have impressed her, as it did Miss Kate Field, who, in her brilliant and glowing biography of Fechter, describes her own feelings when, after having been from childhood under the influence of the natural school of acting, she first witnessed the French drama. Miss Cushman always preferred Ristori to Rachel, perhaps somewhat from the Puri-

tan in her, which recognized a kindred nobility of character in Ristori.

The winter of 1856-57 again found Miss Cushman in Rome, and it was at this time that she first met Miss Emma Stebbins, her friend and future biographer. This was a winter rich in all that makes the fulness of life. A party of congenial friends were with her. Her "evenings" were the occasions of charming social *réunions*. Her musical gift was exercised freely, and memories are yet vivid of her rich voice in "Wilt Thou not Visit Me?" or the touching pathos with which she rendered Kingsley's ballad of "The Sands o' Dee." Gounod's "There's a Green Hill Far Away" was among her favorite musical selections. Of Miss Cushman's home in Rome, Miss Stebbins says: "This home was a genuine one, and so grew every year more and more in harmony with the true hospitable nature of its mistress. Its walls gradually became covered with choice pictures and such sculpture as there was space for; but its chief beauty consisted in its antique carved furniture, its abundance of books, and the patent fact that every part and parcel of it was for daily use, and nothing for mere show."

Among Miss Cushman's friends at this period was Miss Isa Blagdon, who was also an intimate friend of the Brownings, and to whose memory Florence erected a commemorative tablet after her death, in 1873. Miss Elizabeth Peabody shared Miss Cushman's generous hospitality in Rome, and chronicles the months as rich in enjoyment. "But even amid the glories of Rome," says Miss Peabody, "there was nothing that I studied with more interest and intensity than Miss Cushman."

Of the morning talks at Miss Cushman's home, Elizabeth Peabody writes: "Can you, or anybody with mortal pen, describe so that readers could realize the high-toned, artistic, grandly-moral, delightfully-human nature, that seemed to be the palpable atmosphere of her spirit, quickening all who surrendered themselves to her influence? What sincerity, what appreciation of truth and welcome of it (even if it

wounded her) ; what bounteousness of nature ; and how the breath of her mouth winnowed the chaff from the wheat in her expression of observed character and judgment of conduct."

When the war of the rebellion came it affected Miss Cushman deeply. She was firm in her conviction, even in the early days, that the war would never end until slavery was abolished. Her patriotism was unfaltering all through those years of a nation's agony. In June, 1863, she returned to her native country, her chief reason being to act for the sanitary fund. In the report of Henry W. Bellows, president of the Sanitary Commission, the sum of \$8,267.29 is credited to Charlotte Cushman, and Mr. Bellows says: "It is due to Miss Cushman to say that this extraordinary gift of money, so magically evoked by her spell, is but the least part of the service which ever since the war began she has rendered."

The outward events of Miss Cushman's life in the decade of 1860 to 1870 were to an unusual degree a translation of her inner experience: a materialization, as it were, of thought and feeling. They were the years of the culmination of her power as an artist, and of the finest fruition of her womanhood. During the years 1865-56 she is again in Rome, and writing home letters freighted with valuable literary expressions. Of Browning's "Saul" she says: "It is so very fine, full of grandeur and meaning." Of Whittier she writes: "He is a true soul, with a pure poet's heart." Her letters to Miss Fanny Seward are strong in expressions of her feeling for America.

The latter years of her life developed her talent for dramatic reading. It is said she liked better to read "Macbeth" than to act it. In her wide *repertoire* she had included the male parts of *Romeo*, *Hamlet*, and *Cardinal Wolsey*. In *Hamlet* she had an intuitive perception of the poetic power of the character, and entered into its psychological mystery by a power of spiritual insight, of fine divination, that has been almost unprecedented in the history of the stage. Her *Cardinal Wolsey* was a magnificent triumph. In complete

contrast to these rôles were her *Rosalind*, *Beatrice*, *Juliana*, and *Lady Gay Spanker*. The three greatest rôles of her dramatic life were, without doubt, her *Lady Macbeth*, her *Meg Merriles*, and her *Queen Katherine*. "As *Meg Merriles*," said William Winter, "she obeyed the law of her own nature; as *Queen Katherine*, she obeyed the law of the poetic ideal that encompassed her. Her best achievements in the illustration of Shakspeare were accordingly of the highest order of art. They were at once human and poetic. They were white marble suffused with fire."

Contemporary dramatic criticism is always valuable, and preserves, as by a picture, the art of the actor. An engagement in Chicago was made pleasantly memorable to Miss Cushman by the presentation of a ring in black enamel, on which, in gold letters, was the inscription, "Kind words. McVicker's Theatre, Jan. 11, 1873."

The last engagement at Booth's Theatre in New York was one of the most brilliant of her life. It was here that she took her final leave of the metropolitan stage in the play of "Macbeth," on a night whose performance has passed into history as one of the most notable dramatic triumphs in America. It was the evening of November 7, 1875.

Both Mrs. Siddons and Macready had taken leave of the stage in this tragedy. It was fitting that it should also be the farewell play of Charlotte Cushman.

The scene that night was one of marvellous grandeur. The house was made up of people distinguished in literature, art, and social life. It is thus described by Mr. Winter:—

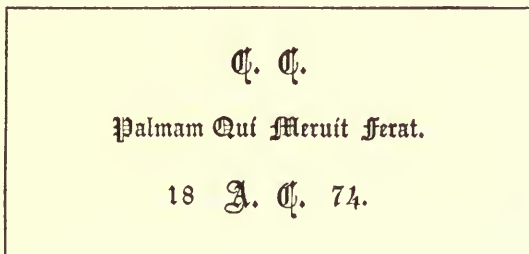
"The house was brilliantly illuminated, and it was decorated with a taste at once profuse and delicate. A tricolor, spangled with golden stars, was twined about the proscenium columns, and hung in festoons along the fronts of the galleries. The chandeliers were garlanded with autumn leaves, and with leaves and fruit of the vine,—symbolical of the maturity of that genius and the ripeness of that fame in which Miss Cushman retires from the theatre. Banners displaying the arms of the States were arranged along the upper tier.

The flag of the Republic formed an arch over the central entrance, and flung its cheerful and hopeful folds over the proscenium boxes. In one of these boxes, inscribed in golden letters with the name of the Arcadian Club, — which society prompted this demonstration, and has carried it forward to signal and honorable success, — sat the poet Bryant, the poet Stoddard, Peter Cooper, and other distinguished guests of the club. In the opposite proscenium box, inscribed with the name of the Army and Navy Club, sat Major-General Hancock, Mr. Tilden, and other dignitaries of peace and of war. Perfumes, from great silver braziers upon the stage, made the air fragrant, and the dreamy music of the dear old Scotch melodies turned it into poetry and attuned every heart to sympathy with the spirit of the time.

“It was about eleven o'clock when the curtain fell upon the tragedy. The curtain rolled up again, and one of the most distinguished companies that have ever been seen in a public place came into view. The stage was crowded. Prominent in the throng were Mr. Wallack, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Boucicault, Mr. Gilbert, Miss Charlotte Thompson, and other professional friends of Miss Cushman. The venerable face of William Cullen Bryant, austere, yet tender, shone out of the central throng. Mr. Charles Roberts, who had been selected by the Arcadian Club to read Mr. Stoddard's ode, appeared at the right of the stand, which was wrought of the beautiful floral testimonials offered to Miss Cushman. The actress herself, hailed by plaudits that almost shook the building, entered and took her place upon the left of the stage; and the ceremonies of farewell began. Mr. Stoddard's poem carries along with it its own testimonial. It is conceived and written in a simple spirit and style; it is worthy of the genuine theme and the lofty occasion; and it was uttered with sympathy and force, and received with every mark of public pleasure, — the applause at the end of the stanza which couples Cushman with Shakspeare being in a marked degree spontaneous and emphatic.”

The poet Bryant addressed Miss Cushman, presenting her

with a laurel-wreath bound with white ribbon, resting on a purple velvet cushion. Embroidered in golden letters was this inscription : —



“A. C.” were the initials of the Arcadian Club.

From the response of Miss Cushman is extracted this paragraph : —

“You would seem to compliment me upon an honorable life. As I look back upon that life it seems to me that it would have been absolutely impossible for me to have led any other. I was, by circumstances, thrown at an early age into a profession for which I had received no special education, but I had already been brought face to face with necessity. I found life sadly real and intensely earnest; and in my ignorance of other ways of study, I resolved to take therefrom my text and my watchword; to be thoroughly in earnest, intensely in earnest, in all my thoughts and in all my actions, whether in my profession or out of it, became my one single idea. And I honestly believe herein lies the secret of my success in life. I do not believe that any great success in any art can be achieved without it.”

The song of “Auld Lang Syne” was sung by Mrs. Annie Kemp Bowler, the entire audience joining in the chorus, and with this and the applause of four thousand people the curtain fell upon the farewell appearance of Charlotte Cushman. True, she appeared on the stage after this date, playing a notable engagement in Philadelphia, and giving readings in Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis; but virtually this splendid ovation was her final farewell.

Her last appearance before a Boston public was made in the Globe Theatre in May, 1875. During the previous winter she had first seen Ristori in "Elizabeth" and "Marie Antoinette," and of her Miss Cushman writes to a friend: "She is the greatest woman artist I have ever seen. Such perfect nature, such ease, such grace, such elegance of manner, such as befits a queen. On Monday night I sat in the directors' box, holding a beautiful bouquet of roses and lilies-of-the-valley for her. As I lifted the bouquet she saw it and came over to the box. She is near-sighted, so did not recognize me until she came near; then she gave a start toward me, saying, 'Ah, cara amica?' Her voice is the most lovely, and her mouth the most fascinating, after Titiens, of any artist I ever saw."

On her last appearance in Boston she impersonated *Lady Macbeth*, supported by Mr. D. W. Waller as *Macbeth*. Of the scene at the conclusion of the play Mr. Clapp writes: —

"When the curtain was raised again, the stage presented the appearance of a drawing-room, and in its centre stood a gilt table upon which rested a floral crown with laurel wreath. Upon either side were placed bronze statuettes of Mercury and Fortune, resting upon handsomely carved pedestals. Other floral decorations were about the stage. After a moment's pause, Mr. Cheney entered from the left, leading Miss Cushman, whom he briefly presented."

Mr. Curtis Guild then addressed Miss Cushman in a graceful speech, concluding with the words: "And now, when we depart, and when

' Fallen is the curtain, the last scene is o'er,
The fav'rite actress treads the stage no more,'

we shall each and all of us remember that though

' Many the parts you played, yet to the end
Your best were those of sister, lady, friend.'"

Miss Cushman concluded her response by saying: "Looking back upon my career, I think I may, 'without vain-glory,' say that I have not, by any act of my life, done discredit to

the city of my birth. Believe me, I shall carry away with me in my retirement no memory sweeter than my associations with Boston and my Boston public. From my full heart, God bless you, and Farewell!"

For many years before her death Miss Cushman had been a sufferer from a malady that proved fatal at last. In October, 1875, she established herself in rooms at the Parker House in Boston. The suffering was great and almost unintermitting in character, yet she bore it all bravely and never made herself the topic of conversation. Intimate friends came to her daily. Until within two days before her death she wrote each day to her family at Newport, in that loved villa by the sea where she had passed so many happy hours.

On the morning of February 12, in walking through the corridor, she took a sudden cold which resulted in pneumonia, from which she died on the eighteenth — six days later. James Russell Lowell's poem of "Columbus" had always been with her a favorite, and a few hours before she went out into the Infinite Unknown she asked to have it read aloud. Its words had been a part of her evolved experience of life: —

"Endurance is the crowning quality
And patience all the passion of great hearts.
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One faith against a whole earth's unbelief,
One soul against the flesh of all mankind."

This incident suggested some exquisite lines that appeared at that time in a Boston journal, signed "C. T. E.," of which the first and last stanzas were: —

"For wast not thou, too, going forth alone
To seek new land across an untried sea?
New land, — yet to thy soul not all unknown,
Nor yet far off, was that blest shore to thee.
.
.
"Thine was a conflict none else knew but God,
Who gave thee, to endure it, strength divine:
Alone with Him the wine-press thou hast trod,
And Death, His angel, seals the victory thine."

The funeral services were held in King's Chapel. They were simple in character, as befitted the sacred majesty of the occasion. For an hour before the services people were permitted to pass through the room where she lay, beautiful in the light of the holy peace reflected from that noble countenance. "God giveth quietness at last" was the refrain in every heart.

In King's Chapel flowers sent by loving hands lay about her. The deep organ music in its solemn chant blended with the prayers that were said. The chancel inscription: "This is my commandment to you, that you love one another," seemed the expression of her entire life. Still and cold lay Charlotte Cushman in the last dreamless sleep under the shadow of white lilies that leaned above her, fair and fragrant.

Forty years had passed since the untried girl had gone out from her native city to conquer life. In those years she had done more. She had conquered herself. She had learned the lesson of renunciation. She had won the reward of achievement.

To Charlotte Cushman life was a conflict. Born into simple, primitive conditions, with the inherited instincts of a long line of Puritan ancestry, yet with the tragic intensity of creative genius in her soul, and the glow of its sacred mystery in her being, what wonder that those two warring forces should have alternately swayed her throughout her plastic youth, and stamped their traces on her mature womanhood? It was this meeting of two forces that could never, from their intrinsic nature, mingle, that gave to her character an aspect of superficial inconsistency. In reality she was strictly true, but now one nature and now the other dominated her.

Her character was made up of the massive forces, and it included with almost startling distinctness two entirely different personalities.

"Oh, sorrowful, great gift
 Conferred on poets of a twofold life
 When one life has been found enough for pain,"

wrote Elizabeth Browning, and this twofold life was essentially that of Charlotte Cushman.

To some degree it was true of her, as Miss Kate Field has said of Ristori, that in her presence "it required a mental effort to recall her histrionic greatness." Conversely this was equally true, and to those who knew in her the grandeur, the sublimity, the intensity of the artist, it was difficult to associate her with other than the artistic life, or to see in her aught but the grandest tragic actress of America.

The religious earnestness of her character never faltered. It was a part of her identity; and, disregarding all forms, the heart of the woman spoke when she said, "I can go to any church and find God."

She is dead. "The curtain drops upon a vanished majesty." A plain granite shaft, thirty-three feet in height, stands in Mount Auburn, and at its base is the name, — Charlotte Cushman. Afar to the east lies the beautiful city that she loved — her native Boston. Beyond rolls the blue sea. The wind sighs its low requiem among the trees. It is hallowed ground. Here stands the monument to Margaret Fuller. The beloved poet Longfellow sleeps not far away. Names that have made life sacred and heaven more dear meet the eye. Lingering among the loveliness of Mount Auburn one feels that, indeed,

"Happy places have grown holy: if we go where once we went,
Only tears will fall down slowly as at blessed sacrament."

Remembering the crystalline purity and truth of this divinely-gifted woman, you may find yourself repeating, as you stay and stray by her last resting-place, the words of *Queen Katherine*, whose impersonation was the most majestic triumph in the art of Charlotte Cushman: —

"After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions
To keep mine honor from corruption
Than such an honest chronicler as Griffith."

CHAPTER X.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The Little Maid of Medford — Her Early Life and Happy Marriage — Books She has Written — Surprise and Indignation excited by Her "Appeal" — The Battle of Life — Rowing against the Tide — Her Patience, Fortitude, and Reliance — Stirring Times — Devotion to Her Husband — Life at Wayland — Her Bright Humor — Sympathy for Old John Brown — Mrs. Mason's Violent Letter — Mrs. Child's Famous Reply — She is Promised a "Warm Reception" — Her Loyalty, Self-Denial, and Work during the Civil War — Princely Generosity — Serene Old Age — Death of Her Husband — Mrs. Child's Touching Tribute to His Memory — Waiting and Trusting — Her Death and Funeral.



N the year 1636 one Richard Francis emigrated from England to America and settled in Cambridge, Mass., where his tombstone may be seen to this day. A hundred and thirty-nine years later we find one of his descendants taking part in the skirmish at Concord, where he is said to have killed five of the enemy. Half a century after Concord, another descendant of the same sturdy stock was settled as a baker in Medford, Mass., where he first introduced what are still known as "Medford crackers." He was the father of Lydia Maria Francis, the subject of this sketch; and in Medford, on the 11th of February, 1802, she was born.

To children of a thoughtful and intelligent cast, the very bareness of New England life at that period had in it something formative and stimulating. The keen, youthful observation and analysis, undistracted by trifles, expended themselves upon facts with their underlying principles, upon theories and the convictions to be deduced from them. At nine years of age, the little maid of Medford was puzzling

her brains to find out exactly what that "Raven down of darkness" could be which smiles when stroked, and was sorely perplexed by the explanation of her teasing brother Convers, that it must mean the fur of a black cat, which snaps and crackles with electricity when caressed in cold weather! At twelve she read "Waverley," and exclaimed, "Why cannot I write a novel?" In her seventeenth year she writes to her brother: "Do not forget that I asked you about the 'flaming cherubims,' the effects of distance, horizontal and perpendicular, 'Orlando Furioso,' and Lord Byron!"

Her earliest teacher was an old woman known as "Marm Betty," who kept her school in an untidy bedroom, and chewed much tobacco. At no time does Lydia Francis seem to have had better opportunities for education than the public academy of her native town could furnish, with the exception of one year at a private seminary. But her mind had that power of assimilation which converts spare diet into generous growth. And the home atmosphere in which she was reared was full of good, practical teaching.

David Francis, her father, though not a highly-educated man, was remarkably fond of books, and possessed of a wide and zealous benevolence. His anti-slavery principles were in advance of his time, and his children were taught from their infancy to exercise a frugal self-denial with regard to their own wants, and a hospitable generosity towards those of others. A Sunday dinner was always carried to "Marm Betty," and at Thanksgiving she and all the other humble friends of the family, to the number of twenty or thirty, were assembled and feasted. This mingling of frugality on the one hand, and liberality on the other, characterized Mrs. Child during her whole life.

In the year 1819 Convers Francis was ordained pastor over the first Unitarian church at Watertown, Mass., and his sister went to live with him. Two years later her first book appeared, a novel called "Hobomok," after its Indian hero. It is a tale somewhat resembling "Enoch Arden," with the important variation that the noble red-man who has married

the heroine promptly gives up his wife and child on the reappearance of her early lover. But this was in the dawn of American letters; and with all its crude improbability, "Hobomok" enjoyed such a measure of popularity as to warrant the publication during the following year of a second novel, "The Rebels; or, Boston before the Revolution," bearing a motto from Bryant, and "respectfully inscribed" to George Ticknor. The immediate effect of its appearance was to make its author a celebrity in her own circle.

In 1825 Miss Francis opened a private school in Watertown, and in 1827 she established "The Juvenile Miscellany," pioneer to the long line of American children's magazines. In 1828 she married David Lee Child, a lawyer in Boston, and took up her residence in that city. The following year appeared "The Frugal Housewife," a manual of domestic management, which proved so suited to the wants of the public that it has since attained its fortieth edition. Later came, in a natural sequence, "The Mother's Book," "The Girl's Own Book," "The History of Women," and "The Biographies of Good Wives." It was about this time that "The North American Review," then the highest literary authority in the country, said of her: "We are not sure that any woman of our country could outrank Mrs. Child. Few female writers, if any, have done more or better things for our literature in the lighter or graver departments."

This was probably the time of Mrs. Child's life in which she tasted most of what the world calls ease and good. Happily and congenially married to the man she loved, courted and invited, revelling in the work which she most enjoyed doing, feeling an increasing influence resulting from it, the sweetness of a new home-life encompassing her day by day; surely this was much for any woman to possess, and very much for any woman to endanger. Many young wives in her situation would have found abundant occupation for mind and heart in self-cultivation, the enjoyment of society, or the details of housekeeping. Decorative art, or whatever did duty for it in those early days, would have claimed atten-

tion, and the scant facilities for household convenience furnished a real excuse for much personal labor and supervision.

But neither house nor social ambitions, nor the absorbing interests of her literary life, stood in Mrs. Child's way for one moment when her conscience recognized an obligation. In 1833 the American Anti-Slavery Society was started at a convention held in Philadelphia. It attained an instant unpopularity. Immediately afterward Mrs. Child wrote and published her "Appeal in Behalf of that Class of Americans called Africans," and by doing so cut herself off from much of what must have been to her the pleasantness of life.

It is difficult at the present day to realize the surprise and indignation excited by this "appeal," so justly called forth and so temperately made. The sale of Mrs. Child's books fell off—the subscriptions to her magazine were withdrawn. Many acquaintances closed their doors against her. That she knew what she hazarded and was prepared for the result is proved by the preface to her book: "I am fully aware of the unpopularity of the task I have undertaken; but though I expect ridicule and censure I do not fear them. A few years hence the opinion of the world will be a matter in which I have not the most transient interest; but this book will be abroad on its mission of humanity long after the hand that wrote it is mingling with the dust."

"Thenceforth her life was a battle," says Mr. Whittier, "a constant rowing hard against the stream of popular prejudice and hatred. And through it all—pecuniary privation, loss of friends and position, the painfulness of being suddenly thrust from 'the still air of delightful studies' into the bitterest and sternest controversy of the age, she bore herself with patience, fortitude, and unshaken reliance upon the justice and ultimate triumph of the cause she had espoused. Whenever there was a brave word to be spoken her voice was heard, and never without effect. It is not exaggeration to say that no man or woman of that period rendered more substantial service to the cause of freedom, or made such a great renunciation to do it."

Of the intensity of public feeling against the anti-slavery reformers her letters of this date bear evidence. In August, 1835, she writes to a friend: —

“I am at Brooklyn, at the house of a very hospitable Englishman, a friend of Mr. Thompson’s. I have not ventured into the city, nor does one of us dare to go to church to-day, so great is the excitement here. You can form no conception of it. ’Tis like the times of the French Revolution, when no man dared trust his neighbor. Private assassins from New Orleans are lurking at the corners of the street to stab Arthur Tappan; and very large sums are offered for any one who will convey Mr. Thompson into the slave States. He is almost a close prisoner to his chamber, his friends deeming him in imminent peril the moment it is known where he is. Your husband could hardly be made to realize the terrible state of fermentation now existing here. Mr. Wright was yesterday barricading his doors and windows with strong bars and planks an inch thick. Violence in some form seems to be generally expected.”

Fearless of consequences, however, Mrs. Child persevered in her self-appointed task. Between the years 1833 and 1838 she published four additional works treating on the evils of slavery. In 1836 appeared her romance of “*Philothea*,” the scene of which is laid in ancient Greece. This book would seem to embody a reaction of the dreamy and imaginative side of her nature against its practical counterpart. Intensely practical she was, with a capacity for detail which extended to the humblest domestic economies; yet, singularly enough, this clear common-sense and talent for administration was balanced by a passionate craving for art, and by a love of beauty which made the everyday sights of nature a continual feast. One of her letters, written in 1840, exhibits this: “I am ashamed to say how deeply I am charmed with sculpture, — ashamed because it seems like affectation in one who has had such very limited opportunity to become acquainted with the arts. I have a little plaster figure of a caryatid which acts upon my spirits like a magician’s spell. Many a time this

hard summer I have laid down the dishcloth or broom and gone to refresh my spirit by gazing at it for a few minutes. It speaks to me. It says glorious things. In summer I place flowers before it; and now I have laid a garland of acorns and amaranths at its feet. I do dearly love every little bit of real sculpture." And later, "It is not I who drudge, it is merely the case containing me. I defy all the powers of earth and hell to make me scrub floors or feed pigs, if I choose meanwhile to be off conversing with the angels." Again, in 1841, "A Southern gentleman some time since wrote to me from New Orleans, postage double and unpaid, inviting me to that city, and promising me a 'warm reception' and 'lodgings in the calaboose with as much nigger company as you desire.' He wrote according to the light that was in him. He did not know that the combined police of the world could not imprison *me*. In spite of bolts and bars I should have been off like a witch at midnight, holding fair discourse with Orion, and listening to the plaintive song of Pleiades mourning for the earth-dimmed glory of their fallen sister. How did he know in his moral midnight that choosing to cast our lot with the lowliest of earth was the very way to enter into companionship with the highest in heaven?"

A curious sympathy with the mystical and speculative was another of Mrs. Child's characteristics. She had also a fondness for ghost stories and supernatural signs and imitations. But these strangely-balanced traits worked in perfect adjustment and without friction. "Her mysticism and realism ran in close parallel lines without interfering with each other," said Mr. Whittier, and he adds, "she was wise in counsel; and men like Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, Salmon P. Chase, and Governor Andrew availed themselves of her foresight and sound judgment of men and things."

In 1844 Mr. and Mrs. Child were engaged by the Anti-Slavery Society as joint editors of their weekly newspaper, "The Anti-Slavery Standard," just started in New York. The state of Mr. Child's health did not at first permit him to share

in the labor, and for a considerable time his wife carried it on without him. The separation which this involved was painful to them both. In the early days of their married life Mrs. Child had written to her husband, "It is nonsense for me to go a-pleasuring without you. It does me no good; I am only homesick for you, and my private opinion is that I shall not be able to stand it a whole week." Now circumstances forced her to "stand it" for two years!

"My domestic attachments are so strong, and David is always so full of cheerful tenderness, that this separation is dreary, indeed," she writes to her brother; and to another friend, "My task here is irksome to me. Your father will tell you that it was not zeal for the cause but love for my husband which brought me hither. But since it was necessary for me to leave home to be earning somewhat, I am thankful that my work is for the anti-slavery cause."

Eight years did the husband and wife continue their joint editorship. During that time Mrs. Child, whenever in New York, occupied a room in the house of "Friend Hopper," whose biography she afterward edited so charmingly. Under his roof her ardent and wide philanthropy found stimulus as well as sympathy. "Dwelling in a home where disinterested and noble labor were as daily breath, she had great opportunities," wrote one of her friends. "Since the keen tragedy of city life began it has seen no more efficient organization for relief than when dear old Isaac Hopper and Mrs. Child took up their abode under one roof in New York."

It was about this time that Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," gave what is perhaps the most charming of the many attempted sketches of Mrs. Child, in the person of "Philothea": —

"The pole, science tells us, the magnet controls,
But she is a magnet to emigrant Poles;
And folks with a mission that nobody knows,
Throng thickly about her as bees on a rose.

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Yes, a great soul is hers, one that dares to go in
 To the prison, the slave-hut, the alleys of sin,
 And to bring into each, or to find there some line,
 Of the never completely out-trampled divine ;
 If her heart at high floods swamp her brain now and then,
 'Tis but richer for that when the flood ebbs again,
 As after old Nile has subsided, his plain
 Overflows with a second broad deluge of grain ;
 What a wealth it would bring to the narrow and sour
 Could they be as a Child but for one little hour."

During her eight years of editorship Mrs. Child wrote for the "Boston Courier" that series of "Letters from New York," which, appearing afterwards in book form, proved their popularity by going into seven or eight editions. In 1852 the husband and wife gave up the conduct of the "Anti-Slavery Standard," and retired to the small rural town of Wayland, in Massachusetts, where, with brief exceptions, the remainder of their lives was spent. Of this new abode Mrs. Child, in some "Reminiscences" found among her papers, says : —

"In 1852 we made a humble home in Wayland, Mass., where we spent twenty-two pleasant years entirely alone, without any domestic, mutually serving each other, and dependent on each other for intellectual companionship. I always depended upon his richly stored mind, which was able and ready to furnish needful information on any subject. He was my walking dictionary of many languages, my universal encyclopedia."

Nothing could seem lonelier than the life led by Mrs. Child in Wayland during the greater part of the year. With few neighbors, and fewer visitors, off the lines of travel, shut in by winter snow, immersed in needful household work, practising a rigid economy, yet the spirit that was in her turned all these hard things into beauty. "Her life in the place made, indeed, an atmosphere of its own, a benison of peace and good-will"; and here, as elsewhere, she found people to help and loving work to do. The inward cheer of her undaunted

nature acknowledged no hinderance and left no chill; loneliness was a thing unknown or undreaded, so long as she had the company of her husband, who was so deservedly dear to her. Of him she writes in the "Reminiscences" already quoted: "In his old age he was as affectionate and devoted as when the lover of my youth; nay, he manifested even more tenderness. He was often singing —

‘There’s nothing half so sweet in life
As love’s old dream.’

"Very often, when he passed by me, he would lay his hand softly on my head and murmur, 'Carum caput.' But what I remember with the most tender gratitude is his uniform patience and forbearance with my faults. He never would see anything but the bright side of my character. He always insisted upon thinking that whatever I said was the wisest and wittiest, and whatever I did was the best. The simplest little *jeu d'esprit* of mine seemed to him wonderfully witty. Once when he said, 'I wish for your sake that I was as rich as Cræsus,' I answered, 'You *are* Cræsus, for you are king of Lydia.' How often he used to quote that."

Sweet words to be recorded by a wife of seventy-two, of a husband who had gone to his rest at the age of eighty! What more could she say or he desire?

It was during the third year of this secluded life in Wayland that Mrs. Child published her most important work, "The Progress of Religious Ideas in Successive Ages." It appeared in 1855 in three large volumes. "More than eight years elapsed between the planning and the printing, and for six years it was her main pursuit." During its progress she writes to her brother with regard to it:—

"My book gets slowly on. I am not sustained by the least hope that my mode of treating the subject will prove acceptable to any class of persons. No matter. I am going to tell the plain unvarnished truth, as clearly as I can understand it, and let Christians and Infidels, Orthodox and Unitarians, Catholics and Protestants, and Swedenborgians, growl as they will."

This laborious work brought Mrs. Child no pecuniary reward; it barely paid expenses. This was, no doubt, due to the fact that, gentle and candid as was the tone of the book, it was in opposition to the pervading religious tendencies of the community in which she lived. Her treatment of the questions involved was too dispassionate. Each sect in turn felt its claims understated. As we have seen, she was not unprepared for this result, nor was she disheartened by it. "This is the second time I have walked out in stormy weather without a cloak," she said to a friend. "I trust I have never impelled any one in the wrong direction. Most devoutly do I believe in the pervasive and ever-guiding spirit of God; but I do not believe it was ever shut up within the covers of any book, or that it ever can be. Portions of it, or rather breathings of it, are in many books. The words of Christ seem to me full of it as no other words are. But if we want truth we must listen to the voice of God in the silence of our soul, as he did."

In the year following the publication of "The Progress of Religious Ideas," we have the following picture of her life:—

"This winter has been the loneliest of my life. If you could know my situation you would pronounce it unendurable. I should have thought so myself if I had had a foreshadowing of it a few years ago. *But the human mind can get acclimated to anything.* What with constant occupation and the happy consciousness of sustaining and cheering my poor old father in his descent into the grave, I am almost always in a state of serene contentment. In summer my once extravagant love of beauty satisfies itself with watching the birds, the insects, and the flowers in my little patch of a garden. I have no room in which to put the vases and engravings and transparencies that friends have given me from time to time. But I keep them safely in a large chest, and when birds and flowers are gone I sometimes take them out, as a child does his playthings, and sit down in the sunshine with them, dreaming how life would seem in such places, and how poets and artists come to imagine such things. This

process sometimes gives rise to thoughts which float through the universe, though they began in a simple craving to look at something that is beautiful."

The words that we have underlined in this letter seem to us to express the serene philosophy which was one of Mrs. Child's prominent characteristics. Her large-mindedness with regard to others was no less remarkable. Of Dr. Channing she writes: "At first I thought him timid and even time-serving, but soon discovered that I formed this estimate merely from ignorance of his character. I learned that it was justice to all, not popularity to himself, which rendered him so cautious. He constantly grew upon my respect until I came to regard him as the wisest as well as the gentlest apostle of humanity. *I owe him thanks for helping to preserve me from the one-sidedness with which zealous reformers are apt to run.* He never sought to undervalue the importance of anti-slavery, but he said many things to prevent my looking upon it as the only question interesting to humanity. My mind needed this check, and I never think of his many-sided conversations without deep gratitude."

Another extract, equally striking to those who recognize the narrowing influences of literary ambition in the majority of minds, is this: —

"I am not what I aspired to be in my days of young ambition; but I have become humble enough to be satisfied with the conviction that what I have written has always been written conscientiously, that I have always spoken with sincerity if not with power. In every direction I see young giants rushing past me, at times pushing me somewhat rudely in their speed, but I am glad to see such strong laborers to plough the land and sow the seed for coming years."

Of the warmth of her affections and friendship sufficient proof has already been given. She was as just to others as to herself, and more generous. Nothing jarred upon her more than to detect a small motive in her own action.

"I have a confession to make to you," she says to a friend, whose birthday came in the same month with her own. "I intended to send you some little 'rattle-trap' on your birthday, but I said to myself, 'That will seem like reminding her of my birthday. She is rich and I am poor. If I send her plaster she will perhaps send me marble; it will be more delicate not to do it.' I am ashamed, thoroughly ashamed, of these mean ideas, for the thought 'I am poor and thou art rich' ought never to interrupt the free flowing of human souls toward each other. Nevertheless I did it, as I have done many other things that I regret and am ashamed of."

Absolute integrity was a part of Mrs. Child's nature. She was thoroughly in earnest. To know the truth and obey it was her chief desire. "It is the likeness of my soul in some of its moods," she says, referring to Domenichino's Cumæan Sybil, "*Oh, how I have listened!*"

Her benevolence was wide as the sea. Down to the last years of her life it knew no slackening. "I have never experienced any happiness to be compared to the consciousness of lifting a human soul out of the mire," she writes, with regard to a drunkard, reformed by months of intelligent, painstaking, daily effort on her part. In her will an annuity of fifty dollars a year was left to this man, to be paid in monthly instalments so long as he should refrain from drink. His was but an example of the many lives which she touched and helped, and furthered toward higher standards.

A constant bright humor plays about her earnestness, like harmless summer lightning against a clear sky. "The 'Boston Post' was down upon me for the verse about President Pierce," she writes in 1856. "I could not help it. His name *would* not rhyme to anything but curse."

At another time she wrote, "Miss R. complains of the exceeding slowness with which things tended to that result (emancipation). I told her of the consolation an old nurse gave to a mother whose child was very sick. The mother said, "The medicine doesn't seem to work as you thought it

would." The nurse replied, "It *will* work. Trust in God, madam : he's tedious, but he's sure."

And once more : "It is natural enough that Gerrit Smith should deem me 'wise.' When I approach him I don't go dancing on a slack-rope, decorated with spangles and Psyche wings ; I walk on solid ground as demurely as if I were going to meeting with psalm-book in hand. If I happen to catch a glimpse of a fairy by the way, she and I wink at each other, but I never 'let on.' He supposes the chosen teachers of my mind to be profound statesmen and pious Christian fathers. I never introduced him to any of my acquaintances of light character."

Still again : "You were right in your prediction about your poems. Many of them are too metaphysical for my simple, practical mind. I cannot soar so high, or dive so deep ; so I stand looking and wondering where you have gone, like a cow watching a bird or a dolphin. A wag says that when Emerson was in Egypt the Sphinx said to him, 'You're another.' I imagine the Sphinx would address you in the same way."

Some who read this will recall the neat drollery of her return strokes to the violent letter addressed her by Mrs. Mason of Virginia, after Mrs. Child's application to the authorities of that State for permission to minister to old John Brown, then a wounded prisoner. Mrs. Mason had asked, with what was intended to be scathing sarcasm,—

"Now compare yourself with those your sympathy would devote to such ruthless ruin, and say on that 'word of honor which has never been broken,' would *you* stand by the bedside of an old negro dying of a hopeless disease to alleviate his sufferings as far as human aid could? Do *you* soften the pangs of maternity in those around you by all the care and comfort you can give? Did *you* ever sit up till the 'wee' hours to complete a dress for a motherless child that she might appear on Christmas day in a new one, along with her more fortunate companions? *We* do these and more for our servants."

To this Mrs. Child retorted: —

“To the personal questions you ask me I will reply in the name of all the women of New England. It would be extremely difficult to find any woman in our villages who does *not* sew for the poor and watch with the sick whenever occasion requires. We pay our domestics generous wages, with which they can purchase as many Christmas gowns as they please, a process far better for their characters, as well as our own, than to receive their clothing as a charity after being deprived of just payment for their labor. I have never known an instance where the ‘pangs of maternity’ did not meet with requisite assistance; and here at the North, after we have helped the mothers, *we do not sell the babies.*”

The outbreak of the civil war two years later aroused her to the most active interest. Her strong anti-slavery feeling was in the outset at variance with her patriotism. “I wait to see how the United States will deport itself,” she writes. “When it treats the colored people with justice and humanity I will mount its flag on my great elm-tree. Until then I would as soon wear the rattlesnake on my bosom as the eagle. It seems as if the eyes of the government were holden, that they cannot see.”

Her helpfulness, however, could not remain inactive when there was such pressing work to do. Very soon she was deep in every sort of undertaking — collecting funds, collecting supplies, urging Whittier to the writing of patriotic songs, sewing, knitting, quilting. At first this work was done only for special regiments, of whose conduct she felt sure.

“This winter I have for the first time been knitting for the army; but I do it only for Kansas troops. I can trust them, for they have vowed a vow unto the Lord that no fugitive shall ever be surrendered in their camps. A soldier needs a great idea to fight for; and how can the idea of freedom be otherwise than obscured by witnessing the wicked, mean, unmanly surrendering of poor trembling fugitives? The absurd policy of the thing is also provoking, — to send back those

who want to help us to be employed by rebels to help them to shoot us."

Later she writes to a friend, half-comically, half-sorrowfully, "Our cause is going to mount the throne of popular favor. Then I shall bid good-by to it, and take hold of something else that is unpopular. I never work on the winning side, because I know there will always be a plenty ready to do such work."

But while clinging firmly to her anti-slavery principles, no one was readier than she to spend and be spent for the service of our country in its hour of need. Her economy, always careful, grew carefuller still. Self-indulgence in the smallest particular was rigidly lopped off. In 1862 she writes to thank a friend for the gift of a book which she had wished to see. "When I was in Boston last week I stopped and looked at the advertisement of 'John Brent,' in the windows of Ticknor & Fields. I wanted it very much, and was on the point of stepping in and buying it, but I thought of the 'contrabands' and of other claims upon me still nearer, as natural relationship goes, and I said to myself, 'No unnecessary expense till the war is over.' I walked away well satisfied with my decision; but I am amazing glad to have the book."

Immediately after comes another letter to the husband of the same friend; "I enclose twenty dollars which I wish you would use for the 'contrabands' in any way you think best. I did think of purchasing shoes, of which I understand they are much in need, but I concluded it was best to send to you to appropriate it as you choose. In November I expended eighteen dollars for clothing, mostly for women and children, and picked up all the garments, blankets, etc., that I could spare. I sent them to Fortress Monroe. Last week I gave A. L. twenty dollars towards a great box she is filling for Port Royal. I still have forty dollars left of a fund I have set apart. I keep it for future contingencies; but if you think it is more needed now, say the word and you shall have it."

"And yet," says Mr. Phillips, "this princely giver kept till death the cheap, plain fashion of dress which early narrow means had enforced, used an envelope twice, and never wrote on a whole sheet when a half one would suffice. 'I do not think, Mrs. Child, you can afford to give so much now,' I said to her once, when in some exigency of the freedman's cause she told me to send them from her a hundred dollars. 'Well,' she answered, 'I will think it over and send you word to-morrow.' To-morrow word came, 'Please send them two hundred.'

"Her means were never large, never so large that a woman of her class would think she had anything to give away. But her spirit was Spartan. When she had nothing for others she worked to get it. She wrote to me once, 'I have four hundred dollars to my credit at my publisher's for my book on "Looking Toward Sunset." Please get it and send it to the freedmen.' And she had nothing of the scholar's disease — timidity and selfishness; her hand was always ready for any drudgery of service. The fallen woman, the over-tempted inebriate, she could take to her home and watch over month by month. And prison bars were no bar to her when a friendless woman needed help or countenance against an angry community. She sought honestly to act out her thought, obeyed the rule, —

‘Go put your creed
Into the deed’;

was ready to die for a principle or starve for an idea, nor think to claim any merit for it."

"Looking Toward Sunset," to which Mr. Phillips alludes, was published in 1864, the last year of the war. It was a collection in prose and verse by various authors, all bearing upon the subject of old age. It met with a most cordial reception.

"My sunset book has had most unexpected success," writes its author. "The edition of four thousand sold before New Year's Day, and they say they might have sold two

thousand more if they had been ready. This pleases me beyond measure, for the proceeds, whether more or less, were vowed to the freedmen; and cheering old folks with one hand, and helping the wronged and suffering with the other, is the highest recreation I ever enjoyed. *Nobles or princes cannot discover or invent any pleasure equal to earning with one hand and giving with the other.*"

In 1867 appeared "A Romance of the Republic," which met with equal welcome. Its scenes were laid in the South, and its plot hinged on what had been the great interest of Mrs. Child's life, the slavery question.

For seven years after the publication of "A Romance of the Republic," the peaceful life at Wayland continued. Age was laying his quieting hand on Mrs. Child's energetic pulses, but his touch neither dulled her sympathies nor blunted her discrimination. She was systematically cheerful. "Cheerfulness is to the spiritual atmosphere what sunshine is to the earthly landscape," she said. "I am resolved to cherish cheerfulness with might and main. The world is so full of sadness that I more and more make it a point of duty to avoid all sadness that does not come within the sphere of my duty. I read only 'chipper' books. I hang prisms in my windows to fill the room with rainbows; I gaze at all the bright pictures in the shop windows; I seek cheerfulness in every possible way. This is my 'necessity in being old.'"

Her letters during this interval are full of comments on books. Reading, then, as always, was her chief recreation, and served as stimulus and refreshment after her daily tasks.

In a letter dated June 18, 1874, occurs this calm and beautiful passage:—

"David and I are growing old. He will be eighty in three weeks, and I was seventy-two last February. But we keep young in our feelings. We are, in fact, like two old children; as much interested as ever in the birds and the wild flowers, and with sympathies as lively as ever in all that concerns the welfare of the world. Our habitual mood is serene and cheerful. The astonishing activity of evil sometimes

makes me despondent for a while, but my belief returns as strong as ever, that there is more good than evil in the world, and that the all-wise Being is guiding the good to certain victory. How blest are those whom He employs as His agents."

With the following October came the stroke which severed this long and happy union. Mrs. Child bore it with accustomed bravery. She writes to a dear friend:—

"I was wonderfully calm at the time, and for twenty-four hours afterward, but since then I seem to get more and more sensitive and distressed. I try hard to overcome it, for I do not want to cast a shadow over others. Moreover I feel that such states of mind are wrong. There are so many reasons for thankfulness to the Heavenly Father. And I do feel very thankful that he did not suffer for a long time, that the powers of his mind were undimmed to the last; that my strength and faculties were preserved to take care of him to the last; and that the heavy burden of loneliness has fallen upon me rather than upon him.

"But at times it seems as if I could no longer bear the load. I keep breaking down. They told me I should feel better after I got away from Wayland, where memories haunted me at every step. But I do not feel better. On the contrary, I am more deeply sad. The coming and going of people talking about subjects of common interest makes life seem like a foreign land, where I do not understand the language, and I go back to my darling old mate with a more desperate and clinging tenderness. And when there comes no response but the memory of that narrow little spot where I planted flowers the day before I left our quiet little nest, it seems to me as if all were gone, and as if I stood alone on a solitary rock in mid-ocean, alone in midnight darkness, hearing nothing but the surging of the cold waves."

To another friend she writes: "I have passed through a very severe ordeal in separating from the loving and beloved companion of half a century, and in the breaking up of the cosy little nest where we had passed so many comfortable

years. I do not suppose that time will ever entirely heal the deep wound, but I trust the sharpness of suffering will subside sufficiently to enable me to be of some use during the remainder of the time that remains to me in this world. I cannot solve the problem of *this* world, except by supposing it to be a primary school for another; but that other world seems too far off, and the conditions of existence there too vague, to be positive relief from the loneliness of separation. I can only wait and trust."

"Wait and trust," she did, but for a time life was become a hard struggle. "People are very kind, but I cannot banish the desolate feeling that I belong to nobody and nobody belongs to me," she tells a friend during the year following her husband's death. Such recognition of loneliness is the almost inevitable fate of one or other of a childless pair, who, for a long term of years, have been all in all to each other. Mrs. Child had never a son or daughter of her own, though, as some one said, "a great many of other people's."

Calmness and comfort came with time and with the ministrations of the many friends who surrounded her. Her last book, "Aspirations of the World," a volume of selections on moral and religious subjects, was published in 1878.

On the morning of October 20, 1880, she died, after a few brief moments of suffering. The generous heart which had beat with all the strongest pulses of her century had at last expended its force, and peacefully and easily the end came.

The funeral was, as befitted one like her, plain and simple. Mr. Whittier tells us: "The pall-bearers were elderly, plain farmers in the neighborhood, and led by the old white-haired undertaker, the procession wound its way to the not distant burial-ground over the red and gold of fallen leaves, and under the half-covered October sky. Just after her body was consigned to the earth a magnificent rainbow spanned, with its arc of glory, the eastern sky."

We can hardly close this little sketch more fittingly than with the beautiful words added to her recently published "Correspondence" by Mr. Wendell Phillips: —

"A dear, lovable woman, welcome at a sick bedside; as much in place there as when facing an angry nation; contented with the home she had made. A wise counsellor, one who made your troubles hers, and pondered thoughtfully before she spoke her hearty word. She was the kind of woman one would choose to represent woman's entrance into broader life. Modest, womanly, sincere, simple, solid, real, loyal, to be trusted; *equal to affairs, and yet above them*; mother wit ripened by careful training and enriched by the lore of ages; a hand ready for fireside help and a mystic loving to wander on the edge of the actual, reaching out up into the infinite and the unfathomable, so that life was lifted to romance, to heroism, and to loftiest faith."

CHAPTER XI.

MARY CLEMMER.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

Mary Clemmer's Ancestry — Pen-portraits of Her Father and Mother — Her Childhood — School-life and Early Education — Publishing Her First Verses — Beginning Her Literary Career — Removal to New York — First Newspaper Letters — Marvellous Industry and Capacity for Work — Contracting to Write a Column a Day for Three Years — A Chapter from Her Experiences During the War — Vivid Description of the Surrender of Maryland Heights — Her Journalistic Work — How She Gathers Materials for "A Woman's Letter from Washington" — Charles Sumner's Friendship — A Busy Life — Sought and Caressed by Society — Tribute to the Memory of Alice and Phoebe Cary.



MONG the women of letters in our own country, few have appealed to the public by work that has attracted so wide a personal response as has Mary Clemmer.

In 1866 she inaugurated an original and specific line of journalistic work that at once fixed public attention. Thousands of families became subscribers to the "New York Independent" when that journal began the publication of "A Woman's Letter from Washington." Mary Clemmer's first letter to the "Independent" was written March 4, 1866. In the years that have passed between that date and the present, Mrs. Clemmer has become widely known as a poet and novelist; yet it is as the fine interpreter of the important phases of Washington life through an eventful series of years that we see her most distinctive work. Her letters from the Capital have always been significant of fine perception, wide comprehension, and a refined insight into the subtle relations and the undercurrents of human life. Strong in their political characterization, these letters have been a potent

force in the shaping of national issues by their power to influence public opinion.

Mary Clemmer was born in Utica, New York. Her father, Abraham Clemmer, a native of Pennsylvania, was of Huguenot descent. Her mother, Margaret Kneale, was born in the Isle of Man.

The Clemmer family trace their origin to Alsatia, France, on the borders of Germany. Their name in the fatherland was spelled Klemmer. In 1685, when Louis XIV. pushed his persecutions of the Huguenots past the borders of France into the very heart of Germany, the Clemmer family were among the million Huguenots who then fled from their native soil to seek refuge in strange lands. They settled in Berks county, Pennsylvania, before the American Revolution. Jonas Clemmer, the father of Abraham Clemmer, an educated man, a teacher by profession, died when his son was but five years of age — his death changing the entire earthly destiny of his child.

The mother of Abraham Clemmer, born Barbara Schelley, came also from Huguenot stock. The male members of her family for many generations had been practitioners of medicine, or professors of medical science. Her brothers were educated as physicians, and their sons to-day are practising physicians in the State of Pennsylvania. She, a girl, denied the liberal education bestowed upon her brothers, possessed in no less degree than they the instinct of healing. With none of the training that bestows a college diploma she became famous in the country surrounding her home for her knowledge of medicines, her skill in using them, and in healing the sick. A woman of magnificent constitution, of great force of character, of profound sweetness of disposition, she died in the homestead in Pennsylvania, where she lived from her youth, as late as the year 1873, aged eighty-two years.

The early death of his father, with the burden that death cast upon his mother of caring for a growing family, were, together, the causes which denied to Abraham Clemmer the

liberal education, the thorough mental discipline, which, up to his time, had been the birthright of his family.

In response to a request from the writer of this sketch, Mary Clemmer writes of her father:—

“The first memory I recall of the aspect of my father was when I was five years old. They placed me in a high chair at the tea-table, and instead of eating, I sat gazing at my father, because to my child’s vision he looked so handsome. My first outburst of grief I recall at the same table, when a person told me that some time my father’s raven hair would be gray. The announcement to me was so terrible I burst into tears.

“Abraham Clemmer carried in his bearing and on his face the visible stamp of a superior race. He was of fine stature, with an alert step and a haughty poise of the head. His features were patrician in outline and expression. His head high, his hair black and curling, his brows arched, his hazel eyes dark and full, his nose finely aquiline, his mouth as exquisitely cut as Apollo’s, with the suggestion of disdain in its curves, yet full of sweetness. This was the beauty of his prime. In old age, in its patriarchal aspect, it became still more uncommon, and in death was so remarkable that those who had never seen him in life, looking upon him in his last sleep, robed for the grave, recall his face to-day, with the seal of ineffable peace upon it, as one of the most nobly beautiful that they had ever gazed upon in death.

“He had the temperament of the poet. He loved Nature with that passion which finds in her presence perpetual satisfaction and solace. He loved beauty with the fine fervor that makes its love religion. He loved music with an enthusiasm that was in itself an inspiration. He wrote with great elegance, drew with remarkable accuracy and facility—was a natural linguist.

“With due opportunity he would have excelled as an artist, or have succeeded in any profession demanding the development of the finest mental faculties. What in his whole life he never attained was the power of calculation indispensable to merely material success.



MARY CLEMMER.

"Born of a race for many generations devoted exclusively to artistic and scientific pursuits, the calculating insight, the forethought of the money-getter, the commercial instinct that commands financial gain were left by nature out of his temperamental and mental make-up.

"Unadapted in every way to a life of business, the circumstances of his lot doomed him early to it, with the inevitable sequence — failure in all the results that build up financial fortune. He lived and died a poor man, bequeathing to his children as their supreme earthly inheritance, the necessity of shaping life for themselves. His generosity was a fault, giving to others, often to the unworthy, what he should have kept for himself and his children. Honorable at any cost to himself, his heart was full of charity. In my whole life I never heard him speak to the detriment of any human being. The absent were always safe in his kindly and gentle speech. His youth glowed with fire and with dreams for the future — whose fulfilment the limitations of his lot made impossible.

"No man ever put more patience, more industry, more energy, into his struggles for a home and a competency. With a little, only a little, more iron in his nature, he could have compelled adversity to have yielded to fortune, — could have commanded the friends who never dreamed that they could have served him till it was too late. 'It was not in him.' He yielded to the blows of adverse fate — he never struck back. He accepted at last the fact of material failure as the final sum of his lot — accepted it with a gentleness and a patience which lifted its very pathos into the atmosphere of serenity. But the absolute consciousness of this fact was the final blow of fortune. It broke his spirit; after it he never struggled again. He mellowed into old age with a childlike-ness and sweetness of temper which won the hearts of all who approached him. Years of wasting malady he bore with a patience that was angelic. Hour by hour he drew constant solace from Nature, — from the beauty of the green earth that he loved. The joy of sight never failed him till it failed him on earth forever. Not till the day he died was his chair

by the window vacant, where for years he had gazed out on the roses of his garden and on the gay sights of the streets of the Capital city.

"That Christmas Sabbath morning, 1881, when asked if he felt able to go down stairs, for the first time he shook his head. Before another morning God took him.

"A Christian believer from youth, with a smile ineffable which chanced to fall upon the face of his child—his last look on earth,—without a sigh he passed out to the Father of his spirit. Never did that FATHER gather back to His all-loving heart a more ingenuous, a more gentle, a more loving child.

"Such, ever mourned, ever missed, ever loved, was — is — my father.

"One day that was his very own—a day all balm and azure and gold—we laid all of him that was dust in God's acre in the inalienable churchyard of Rock Creek, in a suburb of the city of Washington, where the pines will sough, the birds sing above his head, the creek murmur, the flowers bloom beside him, till the Resurrection."

The mother of Mary Clemmer (born Margaret Kneale) came from the Isle of Man. This little island, in the storm-tossed Irish sea, has an importance wholly disproportionate to its geographical extent. It has a government of its own, a House of Parliament, a people descended through generations of noble blood, a striking and eventful history. In Hawthorne's English Note-book he has recorded his impressions of the historic spot; and from its scenery and romantic traditions Scott collected his material for "Peveril of the Peak." The island history dates back to the time that the Norsemen were mighty in the West.

Wordsworth's famous line, —

"The light that never was on sea or land,"

is in a poem that was "suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a storm." Just outside the ramparts of that castle Margaret Kneale was born, and under its ancient archways she played through all her childhood. The influences of this

spot entered into her life, and have flowered into consciousness in the life of her gifted daughter.

The Isle of Man lies in a temperature that fosters a wonderful beauty and luxuriance of nature. Fuschias grow and mass their scarlet blossoms ten and twelve feet high. The mist-crowned heights shine sun-touched and fair above the purple defiles of rocky valleys, over which foam-crested cascades rush, tumbling into the river below. An old legend runs that the isle had once a wizard king who enshrouded it with vapor. Here King Harold Häärfager reigned, and here the Vikings held their sea-throne. Myth and legend have vanished now. The island is only seventy-five miles from Liverpool, and a line of daily steamers connects it with the outer world. Yet something in the sturdy poise of its race recalls the old motto of the land, *Quocunqve jeceris stabit*. [However you throw it, it will stand.] The old enchantment hovers over the spot, although a sail of six hours brings one into the life of to-day.

Mary Clemmer writes of her mother and her parentage: "William Kneale is a name still most honorably known in the Isle of Man as borne by the author, Mr. William Kneale, of Douglas. In 1827 my grandfather, William Kneale, a deeply religious and studious man, desiring for his young children a larger outlook and more extended educational advantages than the Isle of Man at that time afforded, sold his patrimony with that of his proud, high-spirited wife (born Margaret Crane) and sailed for America. His destination with his family was the State of Ohio; but meeting friends from the island by the way at the young city of Utica, New York, he paused on his journey and never resumed it. He at once purchased a homestead, which, now in the heart of the city of Utica, is still in possession of his family. In this homestead grew to womanhood, and was married, Margaret Kneale.

"She was a dazzlingly fair, wide-eyed, blue-eyed daughter of the Vikings. She brought with her to bleak New York not only the radiant complexion for which the women of Mona's Isle are famous, but also all the best inherited traits

of her ancient race, — a passion for liberty in its relation to the whole human family ; absolute faith in God ; the deepest, most spontaneous religious fervor, with an intense desire for knowledge that pervaded her entire being.

“The city of Utica, settled by many of the oldest and most cultivated families of New England, lured from their sterile surroundings by the opulent soil and magnificent promise of the Mohawk Valley, was from its very beginning a small centre of religious, educational, philanthropic, and reformatory ideas and action. It was a rallying point for the early “Abolitionists.” Beriah Green, Alvan Stuart, and Gerritt Smith, in those days were the apostles and prophets of freedom to the slave. From the convocations over which they presided issued such Abolitionists as John Brown, William Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips.

“To the influence of such public teachers, to the marvelously active spirit of ‘reform’ which in all the churches insisted on the highest thinking, acting, and living in every phase of human life ; added to the same influence in her own home, wherein her father was not only the father of his children, but a father in the church, — may be traced that lifelong devotion to every good cause, especially to that of the down-trodden and oppressed everywhere, which marks Margaret Clemmer in Washington to-day, as it marked young Margaret Kneale in Utica long ago.”

In this city, where he chanced to be making a casual visit, she met and married Abraham Clemmer, and here Mary Clemmer and other children were born.

As a child Mary Clemmer is described by those who have known her from infancy as being singularly beautiful and engaging in manner, and as living much in her ideal world, even in those early days. Seated in her little rocking-chair, or wandering in the shaded grounds, while the wind touched caressingly the sunny, breeze-blown hair, she would compose rhymes, repeating them to herself, long before she learned the use of a pen. To the curious student of heredity here was a rare and a wonderful mingling of forces. The poetic legends

and the magic of the Isle of Man that were assimilated into the life of the mother; the positive element giving creative force from the grandmother, and the deeply artistic nature of the father coloring her entire being and attuning it to the inspirational temperament.

When she had just passed childhood, business circumstances led Abraham Clemmer to remove to Westfield, Mass., where two brothers of his wife, one Hon. Thomas Kneale, had already settled.

In due time Mary Clemmer entered the academy of Westfield, one of whose early teachers long before her birth was the famous Mrs. Emma Willard. It was one of those stable and stately schools of the past, where young men were fitted for college and young girls were taught dubious French, and how to read fluently Virgil and Homer. Naturally enough books were to her a passion. The principal of the school, William C. Goldthwaite, one of the rarest and best teachers Massachusetts ever produced, took great interest in this young girl, and especial pleasure and pains in the cultivation of her mind. While a student in the Westfield Academy her first line in verse was put into print. Read as a school exercise, it pleased one of her teachers, Samuel Davis, sufficiently to impel him to send it to his friend, Samuel Bowles, who printed it at once in the "Springfield Republican."

In every life there is an hour when the keynote of the future is struck. At Westfield this hour came to Mary Clemmer. For a literary exercise was chosen one day that sweetest poem of Alice Cary's, "Pictures of Memory." Its beauty was noted by Professor Goldthwaite, and after dwelling on its rhythm as the most perfect in language, he went on to speak of the life of its author, Alice Cary.

"It fell upon me like a tale of romance," said Mrs. Clemmer, in referring to this time, "and I went on thinking of her." In that hour was forged the unseen links of a chain of lifelong friendship between two noble women. Natives of the same land of song, the subtle affinities of nature reached through

time and space. Years after, when the young girl whose nature responded so swiftly to that poem had grown to early womanhood, she went to New York, and the woman-poet she had cherished as an ideal became to her the wise counsellor, the tender friend: while in turn the young girl met her with a new and rare appreciation, and became her trusted friend, her perfect biographer.

When the young girl went to New York she went bearing another name. While yet a school-girl, with no knowledge of actual life, with no desire of her own to impel her to the step she took, moved by misfortune that had fallen upon her home, she yielded to the wishes and the will of others, and was married to a man many years her senior. All that was spiritually right in this relation called a marriage was its final, legal annulment. When with mutual good-will the two honorably parted, she in law, as she was by birth, became again by title solely Mary Clemmer.

Before this separation occurred, in the first flower of her youth, while living in the city of New York, her artistic nature found its first expression. Her first essay in the journalism she was destined to ennoble and adorn was made in the columns of the Utica "Morning Herald," to which she contributed a series of letters from New York.

About this time Mrs. Clemmer wrote a touching little waif of a poem which has never since that date been republished. As it holds in its simple pathos a clue to her complex inner life at this period, the following stanzas of the lines entitled "My Little Sister" are here reproduced:—

"Come to my arms, my little sister,
Thou of the large brown eyes,
In whose deep wells thoughts softly tremble
Like light in twilight skies.
Come to my arms, my little sister,
Thou of the gleaming hair;
Whose sunny life ne'er wore a shadow
Lost from the wing of care.

“I’ve joined the host of eager runners
 Whose race is for a prize ;
 My soul hath laid on Toil’s great altar
 Its holiest sacrifice.
 A life of lofty aim and effort
 Is that which suits me best,
 Till I lie still on Death’s chill bosom
 I do not ask to rest.

“To-day I’ve paused amid the struggle,
 I’ve banished every care ;
 I’ve passed again Home’s placid portal
 And ta’en my vacant chair.
 My little sister’s fond caresses,
 Her winsome, winning ways,
 Make glad my heart that loves and blesses
 And joins her pleasant plays,
 Till I live over in her presence
 My childhood’s merry days.

“Still play with me, my little sister,
 I am so glad to-night,
 That childhood in earth’s darkest places
 Spreads out its wings of light, —
 That I may turn from earth’s proud teachers,
 Turn from the earth’s deceit,
 And learn so many holy lessons
 At childhood’s sinless feet.”

Beginning with no practical training for, or actual knowledge of journalism, she, groping her way, obeyed the law of necessity, and through her obedience to it at last came her opportunity. In early youth she came to know many cares and to bear heavy responsibilities, which together left her no choice of what she would do.

Recalling this time Mrs. Clemmer wrote of it in a private letter to a friend : —

“No one can grow as a writer unless she grows as a thinker. Comparatively few appreciate the value of the discipline of trained faculties, that may come through doing faithfully and well the drudgery, so to speak, of intellectual

work. . . . I once entered into a written contract to write one column per day on any subject I was instructed to write on, for three years in advance, and at the end of that three years I had not, for a single day, failed of fulfilling my task, which included everything from book revision, comments on government, public men and affairs, to a common advertisement paragraph. You see that I did not miss the apprenticeship of literary work. . . . It was a toilsome time, but one positive satisfaction I feel in looking back is the consciousness of the entire command it gave me of all my mental forces. It cured me utterly of the mental perversity that waits for the inspiration of creative moods to do what is necessary to be done. No matter how great the disinclination, whenever I had anything to do I did it, illy sometimes, sometimes better, but *I did it*, the very best I could at that moment. The final result was not deterioration in style, but a much higher aggregate of forces and of command."

There are certain very severe limits that must suggest themselves in attempting biographical details of one who is in and of the life of to-day. "The wreath of *immortelles* that could be fitly placed on a grave cannot be laid on a library table." The life that is dramatic in outward facts is the exceptional life. Rarely is it that of the eventful inner life whose creations are its crises. Men are born and go through life and die with little in the framework of outer circumstances to distinguish one from another. Events spring from within.

Yet when the war came Mary Clemmer was literally in it. In her novel "Eirene," the chapter on the "Surrender of Maryland Heights" was written from personal experience and personal observation. At that time "Eirene" was running as a serial in "Putnam's Monthly," and this vivid and graphic picture of a war event was widely copied by the press of that day, and was reproduced in "Littell's Living Age," and in the "London Athenæum."

From this memorable description of the surrender of Maryland Heights is extracted the following:—

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

We had been expecting to hear the rebel guns for a week. From the moment that we learned certainly that the Confederates were in possession of Frederick; that they had destroyed the railroad bridge at Monocacy; that they had entirely surrounded us, we knew that they were only awaiting their own convenience to attack Maryland Heights.

“If we can only keep the Heights,” we said, as we looked with anxious eyes to the green pastures above us, “if we can only keep the Heights, we are safe.” We could not forget that Jackson said, when last here, “Give me Maryland Heights, and I will defy the world.”

Of what avail would be the force in battle-line on Bolivar Heights, three miles away; of the array of infantry lining the road to Charlestown; the earthworks, the rifle-pits, the batteries — of what avail all, if from the other side Jackson ascended Maryland Heights and turned our guns against us!

The boys had just had their breakfast on Saturday morning, September 13, when the quick, cruel ring of musketry cutting the air made them start. On one side was the Shenandoah, bounded by Loudoun Heights, on the other the Potomac, with the Heights of Maryland, a high, green, precipitous wall, towering above its opposite shore.

Jackson had come. Through the blue of that transcendent morning the sunlit woods upon the mountain-tops were echoing with death. Volley after volley shivered the air, and with it the bodies of men. At first the report was far up on the very mountain summit; then it grew nearer, rattling louder, and I knew that the enemy were advancing. I heard their dreadful war-cry and caught the flash of their bayonets piercing the green woods.

Suddenly the cry grew fainter, the resounding guns seemed muffled in the thicket, and a loud shout from the soldiers of the republic told that they were driving back the foe. The sounds of battle palpitated to and fro, the double line of bayonets glanced, advancing, retreating, while I listened with suspended breath. The fight on the mountain was to decide our fate. Below the artillery were at work. The great guns pointed upward. Shells screamed and hissed, tearing the green woods, poisoning the pure ether with sulphurous smoke. Ambulances began to wind down the steep mountain road with their freight of wounded. Many of these brave soldiers were so shattered that they could

only be carried on blankets, and the sad procession was swelled by the bodies of two of our artillerists, shattered to death at their guns. . . . It was just noon when the musketry firing ceased. Tents were struck. Cannon were spiked and sent tumbling down the mountain gorge. Bayonets flashed out from the woods. Long columns of men began moving down the mountain defile. O, saddest, most disgraceful sight of all, the flag which waved from that mountain-top, our signal of freedom and hope, they tore it down. "The Heights are surrendered!" From the ranks came one curse, long and deep: "If we had not had a traitor for a leader we should not have surrendered."

It dawned, that memorable Sabbath morning, September 14, 1862, in superlative splendor. Through that long azure-gold morning—a morning so absolutely perfect in the blending of its elements, in its fusion of fragrance, light, and color, that it can never die out of my consciousness, I sat at the window making bandages; sunshine, balm, and ether suffused the august mountains, and the blue ether which ensphered us. All were unheeded while we awaited the terrors of the day.

In the spring of 1866 Mary Clemmer wrote from Washington her first letter to the "Independent." From that date to the present few weeks have passed during the congressional sessions that she has not contributed to that journal. "A Woman's Letter from Washington" was significant of refined culture, of bright and keen perception, of an insight into the nobler motives of life. It was strong in political characterization, and was apt to photograph pretty clearly politicians, parties, and principles for the delectation of the reading public. In brief, these letters treated topics of thought rather than the mere surfaces of things.

The feeling with which Mrs. Clemmer looked on all this Vanity Fair is indicated in the following extract from one of her letters in the "Independent":—

"This letter is only a good-morning and a good-evening, dear friends—a salutation on the threshold of winter, as we meet once more with all the summer between us and our last good-by. The world I have left and the world I meet do not

easily coalesce. The strength begotten of mountain heights ; the peace of stormless lakes ; the pervasive fragrance of the autumnal woods ; the music of a tiny leaf stirring in the blue air ; the rustle of a squirrel scampering through the crisp ferns with his winter nuts ; the lowing of the little black cow, bossed like jet against the twilight sky, coming home across the russet flat — all these sights and sounds of a pastoral sphere have come with me hither. Their music is in my ears and their love is in my heart, as I confront this other world, which is no relation of mine — the world of rush, and hurry, and of roaring streets ; the world of vanity and show ; of policy, treachery, and place ; of shallow insights ; of harsh misjudgment and broken faith. This is not my world. I confess to a reluctant hand that lifts a pen to tell of its doings. I am in it but not of it.”

The years that Mrs. Clemmer has passed at the national capital have been to her varied, eventful, rich in experiences. She went to Washington in her early youth, with all her latent capabilities untried and unproved.

Her first sustained work there comprised seven newspaper letters each week. She passed long mornings in the ladies' gallery of the Senate or of the Hall of Representatives. Nothing about her, not even a scrap of a note-book or pencil, indicated the professional listener. The letters being of an editorial rather than of a reportorial nature, did not require her to appear in the outward *rôle* of a correspondent. Returning to her rooms, she sent the long letters and telegraphic matter by a messenger who came for them. In the evening she held herself free to receive friends, or for social engagements. In her parlors might have been found the most eminent men of the day.

The esteem in which Mrs. Clemmer's work was held is indicated in two impromptu notes written in the Senate Chamber by Charles Sumner. One of these bears no date save that of the day of the week. Written at his desk and handed by a page to Mrs. Clemmer in the ladies' gallery, it runs : —

"I am glad to see you again, even at a distance. I wish I could tempt you to my house, where you will find some literary curiosities. Sincerely yours, CHARLES SUMNER."

A pleasant word of greeting this was to the young woman who had that day returned to her post from a brief sojourn in New York. Another note from Mr. Sumner runs as follows:—

"SENATE CHAMBER, 22d March, 1871.

"I have always thought of you with honor and with a constant desire to know personally one who does so much by her pen for ideas which I have much at heart. I hope that you will pardon me if I say that we are co-workers in the same field. I am so little abroad that we have not met, but I trust that it may not be so always.

"Sincerely yours, CHARLES SUMNER."

That trust was fulfilled, and for the years following this date to that of his death the honored Massachusetts Senator and Mrs. Clemmer were warm personal friends. Perhaps no man was ever more truly apprehended or more fairly interpreted than was Mr. Sumner by Mrs. Clemmer. Of him in one of her "Independent" letters she says: "A man solitary by the primal law of his nature, preoccupied, absorbed, aristocratic in instinct, though a leveller in ideas, never a demagogue, never a politician, — he is the born master and expounder of fundamental principles."

Under date of March 5, 1871, Mrs. Clemmer wrote to the "Independent" concerning Lincoln and the Republican party as follows:—

"It has been said that when God wants a great man he makes one. I wish that he would make the great man for the Republican party. In Lincoln He gave the man for the time. The occasion came, and ten thousand sprang equal to the occasion. Repressed men, half-developed men, who else had never risen to the full stature of manhood, in the extremity of battle towered heroic as the gods. They did their work and vanished. With a few exceptions, the grandest men of our generation have already perished in their prime.

Every epoch thrusts forth its demand. Where now is the man for the hour? The leader of a great party should have not only the intellect to be the highest expounder of its principles, but also embody that in his own manhood which arouses and holds the enthusiasm of the masses for the principles which he maintains.

“ While he lived nobody suspected Mr. Lincoln of being a great man. We did not even know how we loved him till he died, and crape floated from every door. Where now in high place can we find a man so simply grand? Where one who could be trusted to use limitless power as he did, solely to attain the ends of justice and mercy, without thought of himself? ‘If I am God’s instrument, He will never forsake the thing that he uses, but it *must* accomplish His purpose,’ I once heard him say, in the heyday of his power, with a humility and sadness never to be forgotten. What is greatness? It is not intellect alone. It is not moral and emotional quality only. It is character compounded of both. It is wisdom, it is high thought, it is wide vision. It is magnanimity, it is mercy, it is love, it is gentleness and child-heartedness, it is forgiveness, it is supremacy over all littleness. I believe in my race. I believe in man. I pray God to raise up such a chief to save the Republican party to the land which owes it so much.”

The decade between 1870 to 1880 were years in which Mary Clemmer achieved a great amount of creative work. journalistic correspondence, novels, poems, the lives of Phœbe and Alice Cary, “Ten Years in Washington,” all followed in quick succession. This work, which in its quantity and quality was enough in itself to absorb the entire time and energies of its author, was really the achievement of a crowded life, — of a woman sought and caressed by society; who was constantly partaking of, and contributing to, the gay world’s elegancies and ceremonies.

In October, 1872, Mrs. Clemmer completed the biography of the Cary sisters, a work which long intimacy and residence

in their home had peculiarly fitted her to undertake. One must always feel in reading Mrs. Clemmer's memorial of these poet-sisters that Providence prepared the work in advance for her, and, in the meantime, prepared her for the work. It is in this book that Mrs. Clemmer pays a beautiful tribute to Alice Cary, as the one friend of her life, in these words:—

“For her sake let me say what, as a woman, she could be and was to another. She found me with habits of thought and of action unformed, and with nearly all the life of womanhood before me. She taught me self-help, courage, and faith. She showed me how I might help others and help myself. Wherever I went I carried with me her love as a treasure and a staff. How many times I leaned upon it and grew strong. It never fell from me. It never failed me. No matter how life might serve me, I believed without a doubt that her friendship would never fail me, and it never did. Yet, saying this, I have not said, and have no power to say what, as a soul, I owe to her.”

In this biography, and especially in depicting the life and character of Alice Cary, to whom she was strongly drawn by that mysterious spiritual affinity which defies for us all analysis, Mary Clemmer did some of her most perfect literary work.

Of Alice Cary she wrote: “The intellectual life of neither man nor woman can be justly judged without a knowledge of the conditions which impelled that life and gave to it shape and substance. Alice Cary felt within her soul the divine impulse of genius, but hers was essentially a feminine soul, shy, loving, full of longings for home, overburdened with tenderness, capable of an unselfish, lifelong devotion to one. Whatever her mental or spiritual gifts, no mere ambition could ever have borne such a woman out into the world to seek and to make her fortune alone. Had Alice Cary married the man whom she then loved she would never have come to New York at all, to coin the rare gifts of her brain and soul into money for shelter and bread.”

The beginning of the friendship with Alice Cary, years before they met face to face, is thus exquisitely told by Mrs. Clemmer : —

“Years ago, in an old academy in Massachusetts, its preceptor gave to a young girl a poem to learn for a Wednesday exercise. It began, —

‘Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory’s wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all.’

“After the girl had recited the poem to her teacher, he told her that Edgar Poe had said, and that he himself concurred in the opinion, that in rhythm it was one of the most perfect lyrics in the English language. He then proceeded to tell the story of the one who wrote it — of her life in her Western home, of the fact that she and her sister Phœbe had come to New York to seek their fortune, and to make a place for themselves in literature. It fell like a tale of romance on the girl’s heart ; and from that hour she saved every utterance that she could find of Alice Cary’s, and spent much time thinking about her, till in a dim way she came to seem like a much-loved friend.”

Of the spiritual experiences of Alice Cary she recorded : —

“The life of one woman who has conquered her own spirit, who, alone and unassisted, through the mastery of her own will, has wrought out from the hardest and most adverse conditions a pure, sweet, and noble life, placed herself among the world’s workers, made her heart and thought felt in ten thousand unknown homes — the life of one such woman is worth more to all living women, proves more for the possibilities of womanhood, for its final and finest advancement, its ultimate recognition and highest success, than ten thousand theories or eloquent orations on the theme. Such a woman was Alice Cary. Mentally and spiritually she was especially endowed with the rarest gifts ; but no less the lowliest of all her sisters may take on new faith and courage from her life.”

Mary Clemmer's literary work is not only widely comprehensive and sound in thought, but it has a peculiarly sympathetic quality which gives it an enduring hold upon the hearts of the people. It is work especially characterized by insight — by the spiritual sight which sees beyond. Sympathy is the polarized light of the mind which reveals the hidden chambers, the secret architecture of human life. It is the supreme endowment of the poet, and it is the predominant poetic temperament of Mrs. Clemmer that gives her writings a vitality which is felt rather than described. This element of her work finds, perhaps, more forcible illustration in the memorial of the lives of Alice and Phœbe Cary, in her poems and in her journalistic work, than in her novels. There are logical reasons for this. Mrs. Clemmer has by nature much of the creative force that is purely artistic. The work done by this type of organization demands not so much repose as freedom; not so much time as it does the consciousness of time.

In journalistic work Mrs. Clemmer is spontaneous, and infuses into it much of that freedom of utterance which forms the magnetism of private letters. She does not fill out a stilted mechanical framework, but fearlessly writes out herself her clear views and vivid impressions; and, as a journalistic letter is not of a lengthened structure, she gives the ideal type of a newspaper letter.

Her poems are an utterance. They express, to all who feel their subtle interpretation, the intensity of the inner life of this woman-artist, an inner flame that burns not for this world. You feel how it is that she "hears the songs of heaven afar." It is the sound of the living waters to one who cannot drink; the far-falling echo that her ear catches amid the din and strife of the market-place, which these poems voice and repeat again in their own music; and to their exquisite quality we would add nothing, take away nothing. They stand as the indices to a life, and their undercurrents of meaning are to him who holds the key to their sacred harmony. They draw their inspiration from the hid-

den wells of being, from a woman's deepest experiences, — love, life, and death.

The logical reason, which, in a critical estimate of Mrs. Clemmer's varied work, may be applied to the fact that her novels have not, as yet, ever exhibited her full power, lies in the very nature of the work itself. A novel is not written in an hour, a day, a week. It requires complete surrender. It does not demand an application that is utterly unremitting, but its characters must take possession of the mind in such a manner as to develop naturally. This class of artistic work cannot be forced into a hothouse growth, — indeed, what true work of the artist can be? It is easily seen how in Mrs. Clemmer's crowded life, — that of a woman in society; who entertains largely in her own elegant home; who holds a leading place on the editorial staff of a weekly paper of New York city; who averaged for years seven journalistic letters per week, — letters accurate in facts, fine in philosophical generalization, and vigorous in thought: from this data it will be readily seen how incongruous the writing of novels must be to such a life. "Any work, the presentation of which should fill the whole soul, cannot be undertaken in extraneous moments snatched from other duties," says Goethe.

These remarks are not intended as any apology for Mrs. Clemmer's fiction. It needs none. It stands fair among that of this age. It is only in comparing the actual work with her own ideal in romance, and that marvellous latent power of Mrs. Clemmer's nature which has never yet adequately expressed itself, that a discrepancy is suggested. "His Two Wives," which appeared first as a serial in the Boston publication, "Every Saturday," is a work of unusual power.

In regard to this novel the only marvel is that it could have been written at all. The request had been urged upon Mrs. Clemmer to contribute a serial story to "Every Saturday." Declining at first, from what seemed the negation of overfilled time, she was led to consider the project, to which all her natural creative power responded. She undertook the work, giving to it simply the Friday

afternoon of each week, sending the chapters just as they flowed from her pen; and when the story was published in book-form it was made up, simply, from the pages of "Every Saturday," without revision from the author. The story, which is unique in treatment, and which sets itself like a series of pictures in the memory, is rendered a remarkable production when the circumstances under which it was written are considered.

Some of the finest work of Mary Clemmer has been in monographs on characters with whom she was strongly in sympathy. Among these were papers on Charles Sumner, Margaret Fuller, George Eliot, Emerson, and on Longfellow.

As a poet Mary Clemmer has touched chords to which the response has been peculiarly sympathetic. In this phase of creative work she has made herself the interpreter of two distinct forces, the life of nature and the emotions of the human heart. Her utterances are strongly subjective, yet much of it is from the material of imagination, and sympathetic rather than of real or of personal experience. A forcible instance of this is in the poem entitled "The Dead Love," which upon its appearance in her volume of "Poems of Life and Nature," was greeted by those discerning persons, the critics, as "written from the depths of her own experience," whereas it was really written when she was a young girl, with no experience of love, living or dead, and was a sympathetic response to a girl-friend whose painful experience she thus interpreted. In the "Good-by, Sweet-heart," Mrs. Clemmer touches her highest lyric force. In her "Arbutus" we see the oneness of her soul with nature, a harmony that is again interpreted in the two sonnets entitled "The Cathedral Pines," written one summer day at Intervale, New Hampshire.

The deeply religious nature of Mary Clemmer is revealed in every line she has ever written. The life of her mother from early childhood has been full of religious enthusiasm. In joy or in sorrow she seeks in silence and in solitude communion with the Divine Spirit. In the work of the

distinguished daughter this religious meditation, this unintermitting spiritual aspiration, is embodied and wrought into practical application to men and things, and to the minutest duties of human life.

Mary Clemmer has ennobled journalism by her profound conviction of its moral significance. Measuring her work by an ideal standard, she has always written up and not down to the mentality of the hour. The action and reaction of human life in its special phases in national statesmanship has been subtly analyzed and ably revealed by her. In the world, though not of it, the poetry of her nature has saved her from the allurements of fashionable frivolities. Her work, be it poetry or politics, has always in it the inspirational element. She has the divining instinct of the poetic temperament, the kindling of its fervor, the vividness of its imagery.

Mrs. Clemmer's home on Capitol Hill, in Washington, is a large, hospitable brick mansion, book-lined and picture-hung; with its souvenirs of friendship from names honored among men, its dainty elegance, its sweetness of repose. It is cosmopolitan in its atmosphere. It could not be otherwise when presided over by this fair, blue-eyed poet woman, whose sympathies and interests radiate like a star to all points of individual and national interests. Years ago Mrs. Clemmer purchased this house, and with her parents entered it to make a home. In this household the father and the mother were the honored guests, the treasured counsellors, the beloved ones to whose comfort and happiness, first of all, the household arrangements were subservient. In the winter of 1881 the aged father passed away, cheered to the last by the unflinching tenderness of his daughter. The mother still graces and brightens this home with her gentle presence, that falls as a benediction on the stranger or the guest.

Into this home come the tributes of respect and of love. Through the discipline of waiting, through rich and varied experiences, Mrs. Clemmer is garnering material and forces for her future literary work.

While Mrs. Clemmer has never been an active advocate in special reforms, she has been a potent force in general advancement. By nature and temperament she is distinctively the artist, the writer, and she has not the aggressive inclination to tilt a lance on all occasions, yet when the occasion appeals to her moral power she has the full courage of her convictions. Those who are leading the cause of the political enfranchisement of women; those who are consecrating their lives to temperance, to philanthropy, find in Mary Clemmer not alone the sympathizer and the helper, but the inspirer. Women go to her home as on a pilgrimage to seek the sweetness and light that never fails them there. Many an "Independent" letter has been sacrificed; many an artistic expression has been left unwrought, to meet the claims of humanity. To Mary Clemmer, truly, the life is more than meat; the need of one humble human heart is more to her than the fame or applause of the world.

The story of a life! Who may presume to tell it? And who, while that life is a part of the present forces of humanity, may dare reveal its deepest meanings, its romance, its invisible yet potent dreams? Let those who would forecast the horoscope of Mary Clemmer read, in her "Poems of Life and Nature," three sonnets: "Recognition," "The Friend," "The Lover." If the reader will he may read a story between the lines.

Little dreamed this young girl of the great world on whose threshold she stood when she crossed that unseen line of fate and went to New York. The reader of her novel "Eirene" may fancy that something of her own experience is reflected in this paragraph regarding her heroine:—

"She had reached that crisis in life when a woman of opposite nature, disappointed and wounded in her affections, turns toward the prizes of intellect and ambition, and sallies forth into the great world in search of a crown. It never occurred to this girl that such a thing was possible to her. Of the rich endowments of her mind as personal possessions she had no

consciousness, much less that it might be possible for her to use them to build up a splendid fate for herself in the world. The realm of letters, the realm of art she knew were both in this vast world into which she was going; both in a dim and distant way had a charm for her; she had read of and worshipped the queens of women who had reigned therein. How remote and inaccessible seemed these realms. . . . She did not think at all that this enchanted world, in which the beautiful, the gifted, and the prosperous dwell, could be for her."

CHAPTER XII.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

BY LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE.

New York Society Forty Years Ago—Prof. James J. Mapes—An Ideal Home—Genuine Hospitality—Mary Mapes Dodge—Her Two Boys—What First Turned Her Attention to Writing—First Workshop—A Cosy “Den”—Birthday Feasts for Jamie and Harry—A Birthday Poem—Red-Letter Days—How “Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates,” came to be Written—Merited Reward—Mrs. Dodge’s Remarkable Editorial Capacity—Her Clear Insight and Sound Judgment—Editing “St. Nicholas”—A Model Magazine for Children—Who and What Makes it So—The Care and Labor Bestowed upon Each Number—Mrs. Dodge’s Home Life and Happy Surroundings.



FORTY years ago, or so, New York still kept something of her earlier simplicity of manners. Her best society had passed the toil of poverty, without yet having entered upon the toil of wealth. The great fortunes of to-day were undreamed of, as the ostentation which vaunts them was unknown. Hospitality was not expressed in monumental dinners and balls, but in more intimate visiting. Strangers, bringing letters of introduction to well-known citizens, were invited to their houses in a friendly way, and contributed whatever brightness they possessed to the general household pleasure, as they received the best which the household could bestow.

Ceremony is a necessary defence in large communities, and the great city long since outgrew this period of grace. But it was the good fortune of the subject of this sketch to be born into one of the most hospitable homes upon the island, at a time when hospitality meant much. Professor James J.

Mapes was not only a scholar of distinction, an eminent scientist, and an inventor of note, but a man of wide social accomplishments, a brilliant talker, and famous wit. His wife, accustomed in her father's house to entertain a wide circle, was a graceful and gracious hostess, unconsciously anticipating Emerson's precept: "Certainly, let the board be spread, and let the bed be dressed, but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things."

In this household the children heard high affairs discussed in a high way. Men of science, poets, painters, musicians, statesmen, philosophers, journalists, were familiar friends. The talk was of scientific achievements, of music, painting, and the drama; of great philanthropic and benevolent movements all over the world; of contemporary history, as the news of the morning journal recorded it; of projected laws and the reasons for them. The petty gossip and small personalities which, in so many families, do duty as conversation never intruded their impertinent heads.

It was a great thing for bright children thus to have the round world rolled daily to their door. And this liberal education was balanced by a rigorous training in those disciplinary studies which teach the mind exactness.

It was a theory of Professor Mapes — a theory which his distinguished daughter has done so much to make a popular article of faith — that children instinctively like good reading if they are fortunate enough to find it. And, at a time when juvenile books represented a waste land of dreary facts and drearier morals, with only an occasional oasis of fancy or freshness, he taught his own flock to find a genuine delight in the old ballads, in Shakspeare, and in Walter Scott. To her thorough knowledge of English literature, and her love of it, Mrs. Dodge owes the excellence of her style; and this love and knowledge she owes to the influence of her father. Of the four daughters of the house, the eldest and youngest showed remarkable musical ability, and became accomplished musicians. The third had a talent for painting, studying diligently at home and abroad, and choosing the artist's pro-

fession. The second, Mary, was one of those fortunate mortals from whose christening feast no ill-tempered fairy stayed away to give her a plague for a dowry. She had an aptitude for music, drawing, and modelling, a quick ear and tongue for languages, a clear and critical judgment, great executive capacity, and an indomitable cheerfulness and serenity of spirit, which made any labor or success seem possible to her. But in her girlhood, before she had decided between the claims of sculpture and painting, another voice appealed to her, and she left the home of her father for the home of her husband.

In the happy years which followed, the claims of husband and children, of domestic affairs, of friends and society, absorbed her time. But the constant contact with an exceptionally able mind stimulated her own mind to steady growth, while the new household, like the old, welcomed the best people and the best thought. From this house might have been drawn that famous picture of the ideal home which "should bear witness to all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves; to be the shelter always open to the good and the true; a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert; whose inmates know what they want; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept; who have aims; who cannot stop for trifles."

Almost without warning this beautiful home was closed by the sudden death of its master, and Mrs. Dodge, with her two young children, returned to the house of her father, then living in New Jersey. To take up her life again in the old spirit of rejoicing; to rear and educate her boys as their father would have done; to do a man's work with the persistent application and faithfulness of a man, to gain a man's



MARY MAPES DODGE.

pay, yet to leave herself freedom and freshness to enter into all her children's interests and pursuits as their comrade and friend, was the duty she saw before her. It was almost an accident which first turned her attention to writing. But having decided that writing must be her work, it became necessary to contrive a workshop.

In the country, as in the city, the hospitality of Professor Mapes was boundless. Vacant chairs stood at the table for the chance comer, and the friendly host was disappointed if they remained vacant. Time had brought money losses, and the household economy was of the simplest. But such cordiality of spirit was there, in that rambling old house, such bright discourse, such refinement of atmosphere, such beauty of surroundings, as made luxury seem vulgar.

Professor Mapes himself was the prince of good talkers. His mother, a charming old lady, in her day one of the charming young girls who could remember having been saluted by the adored Washington, who had danced with the courtly Lafayette at the famous Castle Garden *fête* tendered him by the citizens of New York, and who, on occasion, would graciously exhibit the tiny slippers and stupendous headdress which had adorned the ball, — held a little court of her own, under her son's roof, received her visitors with a certain state and ceremony, and delighted her great-grandsons with stories of that historic past which seemed to them an age of gods and heroes. Their young mother and her sisters had their troops of friends, the children their companions. Sunshine, music, flowers, the heartiest good-fellowship filled the house. No atmosphere could be more delightful to live in. In none could hard work have been more difficult.

A stone's throw from the dwelling stood a deserted farmhouse, its low-pitched attic tenanted only by spiders, and heaped with that *débris* of human occupation which long housekeeping consigns to the living tomb of garret spaces. Of this dusty solitude Mrs. Dodge took possession. The boys knocked down a partition wall, turning two mean chambers into one generous one, cleared away the rubbish, made a

treaty of peace with the banished spiders, which secured to them the undisputed possession of an adjoining territory, restored a hinge here, put up a shelf there, and lo! the coveted study was ready for the decorator and furnisher. By what magic a few pieces of cast-off furniture were made to assume an air of special utility and youthfulness, by what *abracadabra* the odds and ends of ornament which nobody claimed for the house were forced to set themselves in harmony for the adornment of "the den;" by what spell this ill-proportioned, dingy loft became the quaintest and brightest of habitations, at once spacious and cosy, must remain an incommunicable secret. Certain women are born with the gift of decoration in their finger-tips. Draperies fall into perfect folds at their touch. Colors and shapes are obedient to a look. Not even the white waste of ceilings, or the aggressive angularity of corners, refuses to become part of the charming whole. But most domestic artists of this order need beautiful material to work with. It is only genius which creates elements as well as results.

A few yards of Florida moss, a few bunches of bright leaves, a few cheap pictures, a small company of high-bred books, a drift of softly-brilliant drapery falling across an ancient lounge, a cheerful old patriarch of a Franklin stove, and everywhere flowers, and flowers, and again flowers—these were all the visible agencies at work to produce an harmonious completeness. Nobody ever remembered that the carpet was made of rags. Nobody ever noticed the lack of curtains at windows which the climbing ivy hung with softest green. Nobody ever thought that rough-cast was an objectionable wall-finish. And if "the ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it" that cyrie under the roof was ornamented indeed. For thither came many a choice spirit, and often and often the old beams heard "talk, far above singing."

Here, too, were celebrated those little birthday feasts which the boys considered the red-letter days of their calendar. The festivities began only when the day's work was ended:

for the youngsters, their lessons; for their mother, her task of writing. Manuscript and thoughts of manuscript being pushed aside, she covered the writing-table with a white cloth festooned with greenery from the woods, set forth the two or three oranges, the little dish of nuts, the simple birthday cake, with its tiny candles sparkling the measure of the young life's counted years, and then only, most often while the eager lads were clamoring for admission, found time to write the birthday verses which they thought best of all the feast. When the door was opened they rushed first upon their mother, and then upon the table, to find such a remembrance as this:—

ANOTHER YEAR.

Old man, with the hour-glass, halt! halt! I pray —
 Don't you see you are taking my children away?
 My own little babies, who came long ago,
 You stole them, old man, with the beard white as snow!

My beautiful babies, so bonny and bright!
 Where have you carried them, far out of sight?
 Oh, dimpled their cheeks were, and sunny their hair!
 But I cannot find them: I've searched everywhere.

My three-year-old toddlers, they shouted in glee;
 They sported about me; they sat on my knee.
 Oh, their prattle and laughter were silvery rain!
 Old man, must I list for their voices in vain?

They were here; they were gone, while their kisses were warm,
 I scarce knew the hour when they slipped from my arm —
 Oh, where was I looking, when, peerless and sweet,
 They followed the track of your echoless feet?

My brave little schoolboys, who ran in and out,
 And lifted the air with their song and their shout:
 My boys on the coldest days ever aglow,
 My dear romping schoolboys who tortured me so!

There were two of them then; and one of the two —
 Ah! I never was watchful enough — followed you.
 My chubby-faced darling, my kite-flying pet —
 Alack! all his playthings are lying here yet.

And the other, O Time! do not take him away!
 For a few precious years, I implore, let him stay!
 I love him — I need him — my blessing and joy!
 You have had all the rest; leave me one little boy!

He halts! He will stop! No; the fall of the sand
 In the hour-glass deceived me. It seemed at a stand.
 But whom have we here? Jamie! Harry! how? why,
 Just as many as ever — and Time passing by?

Jamie, my bouncer, my man-boy, my pride!
 Harry, my sunbeam, whatever betide —
 I can hardly believe it. But surely it's clear
 My babies, my toddlers, my schoolboys are here!

Move on then, O Time! I have nothing to say!
 You have left me far more than you've taken away,
 And yet I would whisper a word, ere you go;
 You've a year of my Harry's — the latest, you know.

How does it rank among those that are flown?
 Was it worthily used, while he called it his own?
 God filled it with happiness, comfort, and health —
 Did my darling spend rightly its love-given wealth?

No answer in words. Yet it really did seem
 That the sand sparkled lightly — the scythe sent a gleam.
 Is it answer and promise? God grant it be so,
 From that silent old man with his beard white as snow.

To have a "visit with mother" was to the boys the highest conceivable enjoyment. It was for the happy talk, the cheery plans touching the year to come, the intimate sympathy and friendship of these celebrations, and not for any presents they might bring, that they were joyfully anticipated for one twelvemonth, and joyfully remembered for another. The presents, indeed, were few and cheap, for, from their babyhood, the boys had been taught that the value of a gift lay in the spirit which offered it, that the "how" and not the "what" made life rich, and that their pleasure must be found in the simple things of existence.

Mrs. Dodge had already proved herself a clever essayist and capital story-teller for grown-up readers when she published her first book, a collection of short tales for children, under the name of "Irvington Stories." It was a modest little muslin-covered duodecimo, with three or four illustrations by Darley; a book quite out of print now, but dear to the heart of many a young man and woman who were children eighteen years ago. So successful was it as not only to pass through several editions, and receive the warmest encomiums of the press, but to elicit praise from the "North American Review," at that time the "big bow-wow" of our literature, which saw that the stories had just enough of improbability to suit the minds of children, for whom the age of fancy and fable renews itself in every generation. "They are not sermons in words of two syllables," said Rhadamanthus, "they are not prosy, but what is gracious and lovely in childhood is appealed to indirectly, with something of motherly tenderness in the tone. Good books for children are so rare, and books to make little spoonies so common, that this should be praised."

The publisher begged for a second series of "Irvington Stories." Mrs. Dodge, meantime, had begun another story, as a short serial, to run through several numbers of the juvenile department of a weekly religious paper.

Like the rest of the reading world, she had been thrilled and fascinated by the lately-published histories of Motley, the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and the "History of the United Netherlands." She resolved to make Holland the scene of a juvenile tale, and give the youngsters so much of the history of that wonderful country as should tell itself, naturally, through the evolution of the story. The subject fascinated her, and grew upon her hands. It passed the limits which the weekly paper set, and developed into a volume. The publisher, disappointed at not receiving a second collection of short stories, was tempted to reject the manuscript offered him. But the author had nothing else ready, he could not afford to forego the prestige of her former success, and

so, reluctantly and doubtfully, he issued the most successful juvenile tale of our time, "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates." No tenderer, sweeter, loftier story was ever told. Boys' hearts beat quicker as they read it, with the thrill and stir of action, and old eyes dimmed with tears over the unwritten pathos of the humble lives it recorded. The critics seemed to take it for granted that a new book by the author of "Irvington Stories" would be worthy of its parentage, and praised the story in a matter-of-course way, but with one accord dwelt on the perfection of the local coloring, which, as the work of an artist who had never seen the Low Countries, was a marvellous achievement. On closing the book one did not seem to have been reading about Holland, but to have been living in Holland; nay, to have been born and bred there; and to have grown so familiar with the queer customs of that queer country that neither customs nor country any longer seemed queer.

From the moment of its publication, sixteen years ago, the success of "Hans Brinker" was instant and assured, and to-day it is one of the books of steady sale. It has had a very large circulation in America; has passed through several editions in England; and has been published in French, at Paris; in German, at Leipsic; in Russian, at St. Petersburg; and in Italian, at Rome. A version in French under the title of "*Patins d'Argent*" was awarded one of the Monthyon prizes, of fifteen hundred francs, by the French Academy. But the crowning tribute to its excellence is its perennial sale in Holland in a Dutch edition, which, when Mrs. Dodge was in Amsterdam a few years ago, was recommended to one of her party by a zealous bookseller, as the most attractive juvenile in his collection.

This success, of course, was no lucky hit, but the merited reward of the hardest work. Mrs. Dodge ransacked libraries, public and private, for books upon Holland; made every traveller whom she knew tell her his tale of that unique country; wrote to Dutch acquaintances in Amsterdam and Haarlem; and submitted every chapter to the test of the criticism

of two accomplished Hollanders living near her. It was the genius of patience and toil, the conscientious touching and retouching of the true artist, which wrought the seemingly spontaneous and simple task.

About 1870 Mrs. Dodge became associate editor of "Hearth and Home," a new weekly family paper, her coadjutors being Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Mr. Donald G. Mitchell (Ik. Marvel). Her departments exhibited a fertility of expedient, a freshness of mind and resource, an inexhaustible spontaneity, an editorial instinct and capacity, which won wide recognition. A few years later, when Messrs. Scribner and Company were considering the publication of a new juvenile magazine, it was to her that they turned for co-operation, and upon her consent to assume its management that the enterprise was established. From the choice of its title, to the superintendence of each number, "St. Nicholas" has been the personal care and labor of nine years.

Never before, perhaps, had editor so appreciative, generous, and helpful publishers; so capable, tireless, and interested assistants. But with all this help, the original work which must go to every issue of such a publication — the planning, inventing, inspiring, the new thought, the fresh combination, the motive and impulse which are the breath of its life, — constitutes in itself an incessant and absorbing labor. The mere balance of pages, the artistic grouping of pictures and text, the writing of verses to pictures, the sketching in the rough of pictures to illustrate verses, the enormous correspondence, the endless detail, the suggestion here, the alteration there, and, more than all, the regular recurring of the task, as fixedly as the waxing and waning of the moon, demand an unwearying power of application and organization possible only to an exceptional temperament.

Besides, in the nature of things, the editing of a periodical for children is far more difficult than the editing for adults. Mature minds, however they may differ in special tastes and individual development, have at least their maturity in common. But a child's magazine must address the intelligence

of five years as genially as the intelligence of fifteen, and neither five nor fifteen must be sacrificed the one to the other. Again, though the constituency of the "Atlantic" or the "Century" widens, as young people grow up to read them, it does not change essentially. Travels, fiction, essays, biography, historical sketches, poetry, please the readers of to-day as they pleased the readers of a dozen years ago. But the ingenuity that delighted the children who hugged "St. Nicholas" in 1874 must vary its devices in 1875, or be found neither ingenious nor delightful. A child's contemptuous "Oh, that's old," takes the flavor out of a story or puzzle for a whole family of children. Every year the new fives and fifteens demand a difference not only in degree, but in kind. And the wonder grows that every year they find it.

But it is not the aim of publishers and editor to create merely the most beautiful and entertaining book for youth which it was possible to create. They saw that in that very interest in, and study of, children which makes this the Children's Age, a subtle danger lurked. It was, as has been said, as if a newly-discovered specimen, known as *The Child*, were put under the object-glass of the scientific observer, studied, classified, and minutely explained. This observation would be wise were it not that the specimen too often becomes in turn the observer. That is to say, the modern interest in children has produced a special literature, whose tendency is to make them self-conscious, morbid, priggish, and more or less openly disobedient.

It is a question whether the simple virtues which make childhood lovely did not flourish better in the bleak atmosphere which old-fashioned notions of parental dignity and distance produced, than in the hothouse air which pervades the representative juvenile publication. For this quality of unwholesomeness belongs to many books which are pure, well-written, and interesting. And it is this quality which Mrs. Dodge has succeeded in excluding from "St. Nicholas." She believed that their literature should stimulate and quicken children intellectually, but discourage emotional precocity.

And the innumerable letters which reach the editor reveal the fact that the children who love the magazine most, and best apprehend its spirit, are simple, natural, real children, whose interests are external to themselves, and to whom it has not occurred to wonder whether their exceptional nature is understood and appreciated by those beings of a commoner fibre — their parents and teachers.

“The magazine,” wrote Gail Hamilton to a friend, in her delightfully hearty way, “is the very best children’s magazine that was ever read, or seen, or dreamed of. The pictures and the nonsense verses are captivating. I suppose I read that rocking-horse poem over to Jamie Blaine thirty-five thousand times without stopping — yielding to his imploring eyes and wheedling voice.” “While its freshness lasts,” declared another well-known author, “the bound volume drives away all other books from the table; and somehow its freshness seems to have spells of recurrence. Every rainy day puts new charms in it, and acts as a sprinkle or a soak upon a resurrection flower. The youngsters are not quite sure if they like the pictures on the inside of the cover. They’re sure they like them, to be sure; — but don’t quite like the cheeky way in which the binder and Mother Goose set themselves out in this way in opposition to the dainties of Mrs. Dodge — in the inside.” “It has been made level with the comprehension of children,” wrote Mr. Charles Dudley Warner to the publishers, “and yet it is a continual educator of their taste and of their honor and courage. I do not see how it can be made any better, and if the children don’t like it I think it is time to begin to change the kind of children in this country!” And this is really what the editor has been quietly laboring at for the last nine years.

As if the shaping and doing of work like this were not enough for one mortal, Mrs. Dodge has published three books since she has had charge of “St. Nicholas,” and written a fourth, a serial story for the magazine, which, though already printed in book-form in England, is not to be placed in covers in America for another year. The first of these publica-

tions was the famous "Rhymes and Jingles," a book of verses for children, as spontaneous and irrepressible as the lyrics of Mother Goose, with a frolicsome humor, a subtle wit, a delicate innuendo, a love of nature in them, which that singer of an elder day never dreamed of. Their inconsequence is not more delicious than their sense, their fun no more captivating than their moral. They seem to have come by nature, as morning-glories blossom in a score of tints, or as mocking-birds sing every note known to melody, and to have given Mrs. Dodge no trouble beyond that of collecting them.

The success of "Rhymes and Jingles" was as great as that of "Hans Brinker" had been. Critics praised their art, their originality, their cleverness; children delighted in them with no afterthought of "why;" mothers found them an aid to nursery government, after the heart of Miss Martineau herself. A year or two later came a little volume of prose sketches for adults, entitled "Theophilus and Others," and containing, among other bright papers, the famous "Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question," whose cleverness even its enormous popularity has not availed to cheapen, and that unique bit of satire, "The Insanity of Cain." This collection showed how high a reputation Mrs. Dodge might have won as an essayist and story-writer had she not chosen to devote herself to other labors. The papers showed originality, versatility, clarity of thought and a richness of humor, unique, perhaps, in a woman's work.

The volume of prose was followed in 1879 by a small volume of verse called "Along the Way." It was truly "a charming way that she has rambled along, for she has not only picked bright and tender things that were growing at her feet, but she has shaken them down from the trees, caught them in her hat as they flew about her, and gently captured them as they fluttered in her hand. It is a happy thing for those of us who do not walk such ways to have her show us what may there be seen." These words of a brother poet touch the keynote of this poet's song. Her verses are full of naturalness, feeling, imagination; they sing as the birds sing,

but, more than all, they have that loftiness of spirit, that serenity of the upper air, which is the poet's sweetest and rarest gift. Among them are none of those lachrymose "Doubts," "Despairs," "Last Requests," "Resignations," "Misunderstandings," which wail through most feminine verse. By contrast, they justify her own witty saying, that Pegasus generally feels impelled to pace toward a graveyard the moment he feels a side-saddle on his back.

Her sympathy with nature is a sixth sense, as her interpretation of nature is a new voice. "Shadow-Evidence" and "Once Before" are poems for poets; "Inverted" gets itself remembered, as it was written, "by heart"; "Old Songs," "Secrets," "My Window Ivy," have floated on newspaper wings into remotest solitudes. In a little lyric called "Heart Oracles" is written that philosophy of life which makes its singer's own days seem so uplifted:—

"By the notes do we know where the sunbeam is slanting;
 Through the hindering stones speaks the soul of the brook;
 Past the rustle of leaves we press into the stillness;
 Through darkness and void to the Pleiads we look;
 One bird-note at dawn, with the night silence o'er us,
 Begins all the morning's munificent chorus.

"Through sorrow come glimpses of infinite gladness;
 Through grand discontent mounts the spirit of youth;
 Loneliness foldeth a wonderful loving;
 The breakers of doubt lead the great tide of truth;
 And dread and grief-haunted the shadowy portal
 That shuts from our vision the splendor immortal."

But the one poem which touches the deepest human experience, which breathes comfort in the bitterest human anguish, is—

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

"We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still,
 The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
 The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
 The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

“We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain ;
 This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again ;
 We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
 Nor why we're left to wander still ; nor why we do not know.

“But this we know ; our loved and dead, if they should come this
 day —
 Should come and ask us, “what is life ?” not one of us could
 say.

Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be,
 Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see !

“Then might they say,— these vanished ones, — and blessed is the
 thought !

‘So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell you
 naught ;

We may not tell it to the quick — this mystery of death —
 Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath.’

“The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
 So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
 Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead ;
 And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.”

But, after all, the true business of Mrs. Dodge's life, the work to which everything else was subsidiary, and without a knowledge of which no intelligent estimate of her powers could be made, has been the rearing and educating of her two sons. From the dawning of their young intelligence they were taught to regard her as not more their mother than their boon companion, helper, and friend. She flew kites with them, skated with them, swam with them, passed hours in their improvised gymnasium, set up many a “form” at printing-press, tramped miles beside them, collecting specimens for microscope or herbarium. Whatever subject interested them she studied in secret. When the elder, a born inventor, began to care for the things of his craft, it was she who was ready to explain to him the crystallization of iron, the effects of heat and cold, the laws of statics and dynamics. When the younger, a born musician, began to think of harmonies, it

was she who seemed to him to know more of the science and art of music than any teacher.

One afternoon of every week belonged exclusively to the boys, whatever claims were made upon her time by work or friendship. If it became inevitable that that afternoon should be used for other purposes, she appealed to their generosity to release her, which they did, in the spirit of young princes. But she always made up to them that concession, and this sense of justice pervaded all her dealings with them. She recognized their rights as fully as she desired them to recognize the rights of others. She kept before them the highest ideal of character, and left details of conduct to their instructed moral sense.

It was the result of her system that through school-life and college-life, and the life of young manhood in the world, she remained the most intimate friend and adviser of her sons, who grew to be what her love and wisdom had foretold. The elder has created, in his own home, an atmosphere like that in which he was bred. The younger, in the flush of his beautiful and round youth, full of capacity, enthusiasm, and purpose, of noble character and rare intelligence, passed on into the life which completes this.

Dean Swift records it as the opinion of his day that it would not be wise to give women more than a rudimentary education, because mental development would awaken in them an interest in things outside the domestic circle, and render them indifferent to household concerns. But the feminine nature, with its love of home, its instinct of beauty, and its innate desire to minister to the comfort of its beloved, seems conspicuously independent of institutions, and incapable of radical change, even through the insidious influence of the alphabet. The women who have done the best work in literature, and whose culture and interest in affairs are broadest, are, as a rule, not only the women whose domestic duties have been exacting, but who have most ably and conscientiously discharged them.

Mrs. Dodge is an admirable housekeeper, having that last gift of the good manager, the capacity to keep the intricate wheels of the domestic machinery smoothly turning without ever seeming to touch them. But she is much more than a housekeeper, she is a home-maker; two offices not necessarily conjoined, and often drearily dissociated. The order and neatness, the economy and routine of her management, are simply the foundation on which the beauty and serenity of the home rest. Her rooms seem to have been evolved from her individual needs and tastes, and so to have fulfilled that lofty rule, that "the genius and love of the man should be so conspicuously seen in all his estate that the eye that knew him should see his character in his property, in his ornament, in his every expense, for a man's money should not follow the direction of his neighbor's money, but should represent to him the things he would willingly do with it."

In this home, the simplest and most spontaneous hospitality dwells. Mrs. Dodge has inherited her father's brilliant talent of conversation, and no writing she has ever done gives so strong an impression of her thorough mental equipment, her freshness of view, clearness of insight, sound judgment, vivid sympathy, and affluent humor as an hour's talk. Of those qualities which are above and beyond all these, it is not permitted even to speak. But they cannot be concealed. "Grandeur of character," says Emerson, "works in the dark, and succors those who never saw it."

CHAPTER XIII.
MARGARET FULLER.

(MARCHIONESS D'OSSOLI).

BY KATE SANBORN.

Conflicting Opinions—An English Estimate of Margaret Fuller—Her Childhood and School-life—Her Life as Seen by Others—A Peep at Her Journal—An Encounter with Doctor Channing—Emerson's Opinion—Wonderful Power as a Converser—Her Great Ambition—The Influence She Exerted—Horace Greeley's Friendship—Connection with the "New York Tribune"—"Alone as Usual"—Visits Europe—Noted Men and Women of the Time—Harriet Martineau's Opinion—The Great Change in Miss Fuller's Life—Her Romantic Marriage in Italy—Terrible Trials—Homeward Bound—Shipwrecked on the Shores of Her Native Land—Last Scenes in Her Life.



NOTHER sketch of this remarkable woman is called for, and the various comments made by friends show the difficulty of the task. "She is as much of a myth as Sappho," says one; and another, "I envy you your subject;" a third (a man who liked to talk himself), "She was a monstrous thing, — don't you try to be like her!" And a fourth, with a warning shrug, "Why write any more about that woman? She has been done to death! She was a brilliant personality in her day, a marvellous talker; but her writings wont live, her criticisms were often crude and prejudiced, her conceit colossal, absurd. Take a newer light!" Still another, a noble woman, whose name is known and loved all over this land, writes: "I want you to make Margaret Fuller better known to the young girls of our country. There should be a volume condensed from her life and writings for study in schools."

Each bit of advice is true in its own way, and one may well hesitate, as Emerson, Channing, and Freeman Clarke have honored her by a memoir; such women as Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Child, Miss Anna C. Brackett, have expressed their views of her career, and her influence; Landon, G. P. R. James, Christopher Cranch, Mary Clemmer, and others wrote poems on her death; while two English writers, Mrs. Newton Crosland, and William Russell, the curiosity-monger, have placed her in their collection of "Extraordinary Women" and "Eccentric Personages." The latter, determined to serve up a piquant sketch, dwells with delight on "her nasal tones, the quick opening and shutting of her eyelids, unpleasing cast of features, her hectic nervousness and spectral illusions, her superstitious faith in *sortes*, talismans, and the occult power of gems, her somnambulism and wild Dervish-like dances in school-days, her firm belief in the mummeries of mesmerism, her pet scheme for a female congress at Washington, to be presided over by herself, and her superior manner as she spoke from the lofty stilts of a self-conceit unmatched in this used-up Europe."

But one more friend gives exactly the sentiment that leads me to try again this oft-told tale. "I personally feel indebted to Margaret Fuller, because she has done so much to help women, and make their position easier, and has stimulated them to more independence."

To these facts hundreds of women can add a hearty endorsement from their own experience, and this proves that she has left something more than literary criticism, or scholarship versatile and profound, or the memory of her power in monologue or familiar talk.

Her character alternately repels and charms, but her story is always sad. Struggles, baffled hopes, unsatisfied longings, heart-hunger, solitude—these were her lot; the sarcasm of destiny pursued her from cradle to grave, stern, bitter, relentless. Call it inexorable Fate, or a necessary and blessed discipline—it was destined that she should suffer. Some baleful star might be supposed to have darkened her

horoscope. In her words, "I have known some happy hours, but they all led to sorrow, and not only the cups of wine but of milk seemed drugged for me." And in her rhapsodic letter to her patron saint Beethoven: "I know that the curse is but for the time. I know what the eternal justice promises. But on this one sphere it is sad. Thou didst say thou hadst no friend but thy art. But that one is enough. I have no art in which to vent the swell of a soul as deep as thine. I am lost in this world."

Yet with this ever-present conviction of limitation and bondage she was no whining, pining misanthrope, but said grandly: "Yet will I try to keep the heart with diligence, nor ever fear that the sun is gone because I shiver in the cold and dark." Oh, it was hard, and hers was a brave fight!

An Oriental priestess sent by some mischance into a prim Puritan abode, where her wild fervor, idealism, imagination, passion, were curbed by an iron hand, and classics and ancient history crammed into an already over-excited brain. A sybil in a straight jacket! Was it a wonder that she raved? Smiles or sneers follow her statement that she was a queen. But queen she proved herself, though uncrowned; more truly fitted to reign than many a woman born to the purple. Her conceit was half frankness, and conceit seems a frequent fault with the truly great. A series of remarks could be quoted from distinguished poets, orators, scientists, inventors, that would send our heroine's confidence in her pre-eminent ability far into the shade. Genius and self-assertion are twins.

Margaret Fuller proved herself a teacher, a rare talker, a critic, essayist and editor, a reformer, pioneer, philanthropist, almost a poet, very nearly an improvisatrice, and, best of all, a loving, true-hearted woman, who never neglected home ties or homely duties, as is shown by her brother's tender tribute.

A commonplace woman has her compensations. No temptations for her to wander from the prescribed path! No ecstasy of exaltation, no frenzy of despair! No wrestlings

fierce and vain with the chains of hereditary temperament and circumstance. If, as Swift says, "Censure is the tax a man pays for being eminent," comment and criticism are the tax a woman pays for being original. The forty years of Margaret's life were one long struggle with pain, disease, poverty, surroundings, pent-up affection, "tremendous repression," joy ever rimmed with torture.

Many people seem to be perpetually rattling round in a circle that is too big for them, in complete ignorance of the fact that they have never once touched the boundary line. But Margaret said of herself; "I have no natural circle." And her path in life was cramped and thorny. She says: "From a very early age I have felt that I was not born to the common womanly lot. I know I should never find a being who could keep the key of my character; that there would be none on whom I could always lean; from whom I could always learn; that I should be a pilgrim, a sojourner on earth, and that the birds and foxes would be surer of a place to lay the head than I." And later: "We are born to be mutilated, and the blood must flow till in every vein its place is supplied by the divine ichor."

Born of good Puritan stock at Cambridge, Mass., May 23, 1810, she had "force and quality" in her blood; but her childhood was unhappy — unnatural, excited; her earliest recollection the death of a sister who might have been a companion; no playmates; her first friendship an idealizing fondness for an English lady who exercised a powerful influence over her life; instead of story-books, she was at eight years absorbed in Shakespeare, Cervantes, Molière; her recreation, the dear old garden, the only place where her precocious brain could rest, and where the best hours of her lonely life were spent. With the flowers she could dream and be happy. Under her father's guidance, and led also by her own tastes, she went over a most unwholesome amount of reading and study, crammed and overstimulated. And this is her wise comment as she reviewed this period: "Children should not cull the fruits of reflection

and observation early, but expand in the sun and let thoughts come to them. They should not through books antedate their actual experiences."

Next, we see her in school-life ; eccentric, intense, lovable yet disagreeable. She describes this in the story of "Mariana," never sparing herself. A lady, who was a schoolmate of hers in Boston, described to me Margaret's extraordinary appearance and manner, as with head on one side and an air of power and superiority, she swept through the room to her desk. And as she acted this out I could see the old magnetism lingered yet. "We all put down our books and stared at her, and felt she was a genius."

Then as a girl at Cambridge ; ardent, passionâte, arrogant, drawing around her a rare circle of intimate friends, demanding of each a high aim and their entire confidence ; anxious to help each to do the very best of which he was capable. She said of herself that she was at nineteen "the most intolerable girl that ever took a seat in a drawing-room," and we presume that many agreed with her. Flat contradiction of her seniors was her natural habit.

There is a tendency in talking of such a phenomenal and strongly-marked character to either exalt or depreciate ; to fall in love, or unduly dislike ; to find an inspiration or a warning.

I take two of her own sentences as my guide in this matter. She says :—

"We have pointed out all the faults we could find in Mrs. Browning, feeling that her strength and nobleness deserves this act of self-respect."

And her remark on some other author :—

"I think where there is such beauty or strength we can afford to be silent about slight defects."

To represent this modern Hypatia, this Yankee Corinne, this feminine Socrates, and nineteenth-century Sybil, as a well-rounded specimen of womanly perfection, would be a monstrous mistake and a lie as well. One writer compares her to a new flower. To me she is more like a comet ; bril-

liant, fitful, irregular in orbit, a little dangerous if brought too near, quite mysterious and thoroughly fascinating.

To people in general Margaret appeared at this time — from sixteen to twenty-five — sarcastic, supercilious, with a contemptuous benevolence for mediocrity, a strong inclination to quiz, and an overwhelming and ill-bred appreciation and expression of her own ability; “prodigiously learned and prodigiously disagreeable.” Some one who knew her well said that she always found herself giving up the inmost secrets of her heart, while no corresponding confidence was returned, and that she felt after such an interview as if she had been examined, classified, and set one side, with a pin through the back, as another bug for her collection. To others she was sympathetic, sincere, helpful, magnetic—her one object in life to grow, to improve, and to urge others to follow her.

Her conversation then as ever was her forte. Rev. James Freeman Clarke explains: “How she did glorify life to all! All that was tame and common vanishing away in the picturesque light thrown on the most familiar things by her rapid fancy, her brilliant wit, her sharp insight, her creative imagination, by the inexhaustible resources of her knowledge, and the copious rhetoric which found words and images apt and always ready.”

She was now familiar with the best French, Italian, and Spanish literature, and in 1832 took up the study of German, able in three months’ study to read the masterpieces in that language, a fact that illustrates her patience, persistence, and power.

A letter just received from Mrs. Christopher Cranch, of Cambridge, shows how she was loved by those who knew her well.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., February 20, 1883.

You have asked me to do, what would honor me in the doing, were I able to accomplish it in a fitting and appropriate manner. You ask me to write to you of one of the rarest of women, whose talents, whose virtues are revered by all who

knew her well, by those who were able to enjoy her friendship. Have not several of the first minds our country can claim written in her praise, — and how much more durable than marble monument will be those words secured to literature in the volumes already published of her life. Her wit, her learning, her subtle sympathy with all those who could appreciate her qualities of mind and heart, were cherished by a choice circle, though it also included the simple and the lowly as well as the great.

She had no personal beauty. Her health was an uncertain dependence before her visit to Europe, where she ripened in an Italian atmosphere to a degree of physical strength, and a happiness unknown to her in the cold New England climate of her birth — and yet with no personal attractions, with a voice enfeebled by delicate health, often rendered ill by the excitement of a too active brain. Yet this woman drew to her side with admiration the young, the talented, the distinguished — what was the charm? — it was indescribable, and it was felt by so many who sought a strength in her companionship; whose influence was to elevate, to inspire with new hope and courage the power to battle with the struggles of life and of destiny. Her generosity towards those who interested her, and who sought her aid, if measured by comparison would far outweigh the richest givers, for she sometimes gave her all — as in one instance out of many which came to my knowledge, where she devoted to an unfortunate Danish poet the sum which she had for some time been accumulating by intense study, and severe brain work, to accomplish her long-wished-for tour in Europe — and lost the whole of it in the generous action to enable him to publish a book, which was a total failure, in New York.

This of itself should be one of the greenest of laurels that encircles her brow — and I would quote as applicable to her the lines that Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote to George Sand, "Thou large-brained woman, and large-hearted man;" for indeed her heart was as large as her intellect.

I remain, dear madam, most cordially yours, with all good wishes,

ELIZABETH DEWINDT CRANCH.

Goethe was now her hero; she desired to write his life, and make him better known to the American public. Her

critique on Goethe is one of her finest efforts. She also translated Eckerman's "Conversations with Goethe."

We have thus far traced her life as seen by others; a peep at her journal gives another view. Her aspirations often took the form of written prayer. "Blessed Father, nip every foolish wish in blossom. Lead me *any way* to truth and goodness. O lead me, my Father! root out false pride and selfishness from my heart; inspire me with virtuous energy, and enable me to improve every talent for the eternal good of myself and others." And her creed at that time;—"I believe in eternal progression. I believe in a God, a beauty and perfection, to which I am to strive all my life for assimilation. From these two articles of belief, I draw the rules by which I strive to regulate my life."

Her father removed to Groton, Mass., from Cambridgeport, in the spring of 1833, a matter of deep regret to her. She was decidedly unpopular at this time with all but her devoted circle of intimates. Her formidable wit, keen sense of the ludicrous, indiscriminate sarcasms, pedantic, high-flown talk, and extravagant tendencies in thought and action, were sufficient cause. Yet how little the world knew of her severity with herself, and her humility before God. There is a lesson just here for all of us.

In the summer of 1835 Miss Fuller met Harriet Martineau, a woman fully as strong, fully as individual as herself. There was at first great enthusiasm on both sides, Margaret hoping she had found the intellectual guide she sighed for, and Miss Martineau, delighted with the brilliancy of her new friend, insisted that Emerson must know her. But of course they clashed later on, and the account of the acquaintance from the Englishwoman's standpoint is funny enough.

Her life was suddenly changed by the death of her father, in the fall of 1835. The family were left quite poor, and her long-cherished plan of visiting the Old World must be given up. And see how bravely she took her trouble: "The new year opens upon me under circumstances inexpressibly sad. I must make the last great sacrifice, and apparently for evil,

to me and mine. Life, as I look forward, presents a scene of struggle and privation only. Yet I hate not a "jot of heart," though much of "hope." My difficulties are not to be compared with those over which many strong souls have triumphed. Shall I then despair? If I do, I am not a strong soul." "Let me now try to forget myself, and act for others' sakes. What I can do with my pen I know not. The expectations so many have been led to cherish by my conversational powers I am disposed to deem ill-founded. I do not feel in my bosom that confidence necessary to sustain me in such undertakings — the confidence of genius."

She now devoted herself to the homeliest domestic duties, reading also in her intense way, and as the result of this discipline, her "heart was awakened to sympathize with the ignorant, to pity the vulgar, to hope for the seemingly worthless."

In the autumn of 1836 she went to Boston as a teacher, both in Mr. Alcott's school and for classes of young ladies. She saw Alcott as he was; admired his many good qualities, but felt the fallacy of his dicta. "He becomes lost in abstractions, and cannot illustrate his principles."

Through the kindness of Mr. George H. Calvert, of Newport, Rhode Island, I have before me an autograph letter of hers written to Mrs. Calvert while she was at Providence. Mr. Calvert has added a few words of personal reminiscence. He says: "I wish I could do more for you; but my interviews with Miss Fuller were brief and far between. Our relations were most cordial, and though of so large a nature, she was not difficult to know, for her soul shone through and lighted up her being with a rare illumination. I first met her, in 1837, in Newport, where she was invited to spend a week with the Channings. I drove Miss Fuller out in the old-fashioned chaise. New books were rare in those days, and Talfourd's "Ion" had lately been republished in Boston. The Doctor spoke of it as a dramatic poem of merit. Miss Fuller quickly, but with the confidence of one not unpractised in such matters, expressed an opposite opinion,

saying that Talfourd was not a poet ; and it seems to me that she was right. Dr. Channing was better versed in ethic than æsthetic principles, and had probably not studied poetry. This little encounter was conducted with well-stuffed, silk-covered gloves, and the Doctor seemed to defer to Miss Fuller's judgment on such subjects. This pleasant passage at literary arms was characteristic of Margaret Fuller, who was sincere and impulsive, and incapable of worldly calculation."

It was through Miss Martineau that Miss Fuller became a friend of Emerson. She had reported enthusiastically the conversation of this new light, and introduced them. His first impression was disagreeable, as with most persons. He says : — " Her manner expressed an overweening sense of power and slight esteem of others. The men thought she carried too many guns, and the women did not like one who despised them. I believe I fancied her too much interested in personal history ; and her talk was a comedy in which dramatic justice was done to every one's foibles. I remember that she made me laugh more than I liked," etc.

But her sense of the ridiculous was inborn, and Emerson saw at once that her satire was only the outlet of superabundant wit and spirits, and soon went far beyond this into an admiring study of her " many moods and powers." What a great soul she must have been to have won from Emerson this eulogy : " She was an active, inspiring companion and correspondent, and all the art, the thought, and the nobleness in New England seemed at that moment related to her, and she to it. She was everywhere a welcome guest. Her arrival was a holiday and so was her abode, and all tasks that could be suspended were put aside to catch the favorable hour in walking, riding, or boating ; to talk with this joyful guest, who brought wit, anecdote, love stories, tragedies, oracles with her, and, with her broad web of relations to so many fine friends, seemed like the queen of some parliament of love, who carried the key to all confidences, and to whom every question had been finally referred. The day was never long enough to exhaust her opulent memory, and I,

who knew her intimately from July, 1836, till August, 1846, — when she sailed for Europe, — never saw her without surprise at her new powers." Yet the phrases "imperious dame" and "haughty assurance," with the sentence, "She extorted the secret of life," show that there was still too much of the autocrat in her manner. From the beginning she had idealized herself as a sovereign, and said coolly of Shakspeare: "He was as premature as myself." She said plainly that no man ever gave such invitation to her mind as to tempt her to full expression. "A woman of tact and brilliancy like me has an undue advantage in conversation with men." She also made this astounding statement: "I now know all the people worth knowing in America, and I find no intellect comparable with my own." No wonder that Emerson spoke of her "mountainous *Me*," and Lowell alluded playfully to her

"I-turn-the-crank-of-the-Universe air."

With all this there is for those who have studied her carefully a deal of truth in what Miss Brackett says on this point: "It seems to me that those who accuse her of self-esteem in any fault-finding sense simply show their own littleness. To her, life, in others, in herself, was an art. Always a sculptor, fully conscious of the difficulties of her task, she stood chisel in hand before a half-finished statue." This is excellent, and will prove a key to much that without it cannot be rightly understood.

But she could not help knowing her power as a converser. I will not say "conversationalist," for it weakens the praise due her. I wonder that "conversationalisabilitiveness" has not been coined for the use of those who imagine that with every added syllable a greater idea of power is given.

What other woman in this country has achieved a lasting reputation as a converser? Miss Fuller never wearied her auditors. "I never wanted her to stop," was the universal testimony. She was also willing to listen patiently, cordially, and enjoyed making other women talk well.

With other extraordinary talkers the experience has been vastly different. When Coleridge expatiated for two hours on a couple of ragged soldiers he had encountered by the roadside, Theodore Hook exclaimed at the close, "Thank God he did not meet the regiment!" There was a preachiness in his harangues which was intolerable. Carlyle was terribly severe on his monologues, and had the courage to say that few had any idea what the old man was driving at. Rogers, too, declared he often did not understand one word the oracle was pouring forth.

Schiller groaned after two or three interviews with De Stael: "I feel as if I had had a month's illness;" and said that in order to follow her one had absolutely to convert himself wholly into an organ of hearing. Goethe dreaded the encounter, and braced himself as for a serious trial. Byron called her an avalanche in society.

Johnson was dogmatism personified. No one else had the slightest chance, and Carlyle, who inveighed constantly against talking, was a growling, cross-grained pessimist, with a profound respect for his own opinions and a profound contempt for the world at large — a combination, as Dr. Lord wittily put it, of Diogenes, Jeremiah, and Dr. Johnson.

Brougham thought that any one was lucky to get off alive from one of Macaulay's erudite and torrent-like monologues, and Sydney Smith made merry over his nightmare when he dreamed he was chained to a rock and talked to death by Harriet Martineau and Macaulay.

Is there any other woman who has a more enviable reputation as an eloquent and instructive converser? It was Miss Fuller's especial ambition to talk well. "If I were a man the gift I would choose should be that of *eloquence*. I would prefer it to a more permanent influence. Conversation is my natural element. I need to be called out, and never *think* alone without imagining some companion." She added to this, "It bespeaks a second-rate mind."

One of her friends says of her wonderful power in this direction: "Her mood applies itself to the mood of her com-

panion — point to point, in the most limber, sinuous, vital way, and drew out the most extraordinary narratives, yet she had a light sort of laugh when all was said, as if she thought she could live over that revelation. And this sufficient sympathy she had for all persons indifferently — for lovers, for artists, and beautiful maids, and ambitious young statesmen, and for old aunts and coach-travellers. Ah! she applied herself to the mood of her companion, as the sponge applies itself to water.”

Emerson says of his conversations with her: “They interested me in every manner, — talent, memory, wit, stern introspection, poetic play, religion, the finest personal feeling, the aspects of the future, each followed each in full activity. She knew how to concentrate into racy phrases the essential truth gathered from wide research and distilled with patient toil, and by skilful treatment she could make green again the wastes of commonplace.”

From this we drift naturally into the Conversation Class started by her in Boston in 1839. She needed money, and many bright and thoughtful women were glad to pay for the privilege of being guided by her in discussion and listening to her decisions. And it is pleasant to miss her former arrogance, as she says modestly: “I am so sure that the success of the whole depends on conversation being general that I do not wish any one to come who does not intend, if possible, to take an active part. General silence or side talks would paralyze me. I should feel coarse and misplaced were I to harangue overmuch.”

The ladies met at Miss Peabody's rooms. Miss Fuller alluded to the sad fact that women run over a great variety of studies in school, but when they come into real life find themselves unfit for any practical work, as they learn without any attempt to reproduce. She was not there as a teacher, but to give her views and elicit thought from others. The entire circle met her with charming responsiveness. They began with Mythology, then took up the Fine Arts, Education, her favorite theme of Demonology, and the Ideal. I am

glad to say that Miss Fuller was always well dressed and looked "sumptuously," and am more glad to add that, while her toilet was appropriate, it was the magnificent impression made by her genius and her face, glorified by lustrous thoughts, that gave the idea of splendor, for her dress had no special expense.

The influence of this class was grand and wide-spreading. "Everything she said had the power of germinating in other minds," and one lady, who did not like Miss Fuller, and was a severe critic, was obliged to say after one of these rare treats: "I never heard, read of, or imagined a conversation at all equal to this we have now heard."

Her fame increased, and gentlemen begged for an evening class to which they might be admitted. This was arranged, but she was still the head by general consent, and Margaret was the best informed of all the party. "Take her as a whole, she has the most to bestow on others by conversation of any person I have ever known. I cannot conceive of any species of vanity living in her presence. She distances all who talk with her." It is something to be proud of that no man ever had to talk down to her standard.

The summer of 1839 saw the full dawn of the Transcendental movement in New England, and Mr. Frothingham says that Margaret Fuller was certainly, next to Emerson, the most noble representative of this new departure, "a peer of the realm in this new world of thought."

Their organ was the "Dial," and Miss Fuller was the editor for four years. She worked laboriously for small pay, and did much for its success. It is now principally regarded as a literary curiosity.

In the autumn of 1844 she was invited by Mr. Greeley, who had been impressed by her articles in the "Dial," to become a constant contributor to the "New-York Tribune." This was just the opening she had desired, for she had written only a few weeks before: "At present I feel inclined to impel the general stream of thought; my nearest friends also wish that I should now take share in more public life."

In December she took up her abode with Mr. and Mrs. Greeley. Ill-health and her habit of waiting for a mood were against her in this new position. Mr. Greeley at first disliked her, but they were soon devoted friends. How beautifully he speaks of her devotion to children, and her especial love for his little Pickie, who in turn gave his whole heart to "Aunt Margaret." He also applauds her courage and compassion in ministering to those of her own sex who are called "outcasts." "I regard them," she nobly said, "as women like myself, save that they are victims of wrong or misfortune"; and while others deplored their condition and shunned them, she labored to vindicate and redeem. Her articles for the "Tribune" are not especially valuable to-day. Her criticisms were far from infallible, but she was always sincere, never discussed in a frivolous spirit, was never an imitator, never spoke for a clique or sect. Her honest, independent convictions were her only guide. Her judgment of Longfellow was unreasonably severe, and it was a hard slap to say of Lowell, "His verse is stereotyped, his thought sounds no depth, posterity will not remember him." No wonder that Lowell following Goldsmith's example attempted a playful retaliation in his "Fable for Critics," giving her the name she had herself assumed:—

"But there comes Miranda; Zeus! where shall I flee to?
 She has such a penchant for bothering me, too!
 She always keeps asking if I don't observe a
 Particular likeness 'twixt her and Minerva.
 She will take an old notion and make it her own
 By saying it o'er in her Sybilline tone,
 Or persuade you 'tis something tremendously deep
 By repeating it so as to put you to sleep."

What a picture he drew of her in one line!—

"The whole of whose being's a capital I."

Lowell is also supposed to have sketched Margaret Fuller in his "Studies of Two Heads,"—

" Her eye — it seems a chemic test
 And drops upon you like an acid ;
 It bites you with unconscious zest,
 So clear and bright, so coldly placid,
 It holds you quietly aloof,
 It holds — and yet it does not win you ;
 It merely puts you to the proof
 And sorts what qualities are in you ;
 It smiles, but never brings you nearer,
 It lights, — her nature draws not nigh ;
 'Tis but that yours is growing clearer
 To her assays ; — yes, try and try,
 You'll get no deeper than her eye.

" There you are classified ; she's gone
 Far, far away into herself ;
 Each with its Latin label on,
 Your poor components, one by one,
 Are laid upon their proper shelf
 In her compact and ordered mind,
 And what of you is left behind
 Is no more to her than the wind ;
 In that clear brain, which day and night,
 No movement of her heart 'ere jostles,
 Her friends are ranged on left and right, —
 Here, silex, hornblende, sienite ;
 There, animal remains and fossils."

Miss Fuller was quite a lion in New York society, but the old feeling of isolation never left her. "Alone, as usual," was her reply when questioned as to the reason for sighing after a merry evening. There is no loneliness in life like this, and it is a subject upon which a woman cannot enlarge without being laughed at or accused of maudlin yearnings or weak sentimentality, but Mrs. Browning and others have dared to depict this heart-tragedy borne in cheerful silence by many a brave and brilliant woman who is expected to give bread, nay meat and wine, to others, without a crumb to feed her own starving heart.

“Ye weep for those who weep? she said
Ah, fools! I bid you pass them by.
Go, weep for those whose hearts have bled,
What time their eyes were dry.
Whom sadder can I say? she cried.”

In the spring of 1846 Miss Fuller went abroad with a party of friends, and her letters tell of her meeting with almost all the noted men and women of her time in a way that interests all and can offend or injure none. She found it impossible to get in a word when with Carlyle.

It must have been a severe verbal tussle, but the Chelsea sage conquered by brute force. “To interrupt him,” she complains, “is a physical impossibility. If you get a chance to remonstrate for a moment, he raises his voice and bears you down; he allows no one a chance.”

These were hard lines for the woman who in her own country had been so long accustomed to reign, and had found all glad and grateful to listen to her wisdom.

Her experience reminds me of the indignant Frenchman who had been vainly trying to break in upon his opponent's fiery monologue. “If he coughs or spits he is lost!” And of Sydney Smith's declaration that Macaulay had never yet heard his voice, as when they met they would both talk every moment on perhaps totally different themes, each regardless of the other's eloquence. After one of these encounters Sydney pathetically exclaimed, thinking of all the good things he had said, “Poor Macaulay, he'll be very sorry some day to have missed all this!”

Miss Martineau, who had evidently been offended by Miss Fuller's frank expressions of dislike to some portions of her book on America, said that she did not enjoy herself except where she could harangue the whole drawing-room party without any interruption, although there were those present as eminent as herself; and describes comically Miss Fuller's disappointment that Miss Martineau, after her marvellous cure by mesmerism, exhibited no unusual manifestations, and was in fact more commonplace than ever. Miss Martineau had a

bad habit of giving every one a black eye as she passed them, and did not fail in her autobiography to pummel her former friend, saying : —

“The difference between us was that while she was living and moving in an ideal world, talking in private and discoursing in public about the most fanciful and shallow conceits which the transcendentalists of Boston took for philosophy, she looked down upon persons who acted instead of talking finely, and devoted their fortunes, their peace, their repose, and their very lives to the preservation of the principles of the republic. While Margaret Fuller and her adult pupils sat “gorgeously dressed,” talking about Mars and Venus, Plato and Goethe, and fancying themselves the elect of the earth in intellect and refinement, the liberties of the republic were running out as fast as they could go, at a breach which another sort of elect persons were devoting themselves to repair ; and my complaint against the “gorgeous” pedants was that they regarded their preservers as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and their work as a less vital one than the pedantic orations which were spoiling a set of well-meaning women in a pitiable way. . . . Her life in Boston was little short of destructive. In the most pedantic age of society in her own country, and in its most pedantic city, she who was just beginning to rise out of pedantic habits of thought and speech relapsed most grievously. She was not only completely spoiled in conversation and manners, she made false estimates of the objects and interests of human life. She was not content with pursuing, and inducing others to pursue a metaphysical idealism destructive of all genuine feeling and sound activity : she mocked at objects and efforts of a higher order than her own, and despised those who, like myself, could not adopt her scale of valuation. All this might have been spared, a world of mischief saved, and a world of good effected, if she had found her heart a dozen years sooner, and in America instead of Italy. It is the most grievous loss I have almost ever known in private history, — the deferring of Margaret Fuller’s married life so long.”

Greeley admired Channing's delicate way of expressing the fact that, being such a genuine woman, her life was maimed and marred by lack of a satisfying love and a home, adding, "If I had attempted to say this I should have somehow blundered out that, great and noble as she was, a good husband and two or three bouncing babies would have emancipated her from a deal of cant and nonsense." But the change is near. Six years before in prophetic strain she gave a glimpse of the volcano beneath the snow: "Once I was almost all intellect, now I am almost all feeling. Nature vindicates her rights and I feel all Italy glowing beneath the Saxon crust. This cannot last long. I shall burn to ashes if all this smoulders here much longer. I must die if I do not burst forth in genius or heroism."

An ample outlet for this flood of feeling came to her in the Italian struggle for freedom and her romantic marriage with the young Marquis D'Ossoli, while her inclination to hero-worship drew her irresistibly to Mazzini, whom she described as "in mind a great poetic statesman, in heart a lover, in action decisive and full of resources as Cæsar." Her own heroism and philanthropy shone nobly in her devotion to the cause of freedom, her tireless nursing of the wounded soldiers in the hospital where she was directress, for whom she "would have sold her hair, or blood from her arm;" and her generosity was always so excessive as to be almost unfair to herself.

Her marriage, kept private for more than a year for pecuniary and political reasons, was a strange affair to one who did not know the woman's need and longings, much like Madame de Staël's private marriage with the invalid soldier Rocca, who was so much her junior, and inferior to her in everything but love and devotion. But all Margaret's friends felt what one expressed: "I have an unshaken trust that what Margaret did she can defend."

As she rejoiced that in D'Ossoli her heart had "found a home," no one should dare to blame or criticise or even wonder. She could talk of her friends without treachery or gossip; an example I am proud to follow.

She was an utterly changed being after the birth of her boy, Angelo; no arrogance, conceit all gone, only love, hope, and peace. She writes: "What a difference it makes to come home to a child! how it fills up all the gaps of life, just in the way that is most consoling—most refreshing. Formerly I used to feel sad at twilight; the day had not been nobly spent; I had not done my duty to myself and others, and I felt so lonely! Now, I never feel lonely, for even if my little boy dies, our souls will remain eternally united. I console myself in him for my own incapacities. Nothing but a child can take the worst bitterness out of life. The most solid happiness I have known has been when he has gone to sleep in my arms." I like to think of Margaret Fuller, the happy mother, bending over her baby, splashing with merry frolic in his bath, one bright and perfect gleam of sunshine in her clouded life.

New and terrible trials were in store for her. During the siege of Rome she had to be separated from both husband and child; one constantly in danger, the other in the charge of an unprincipled nurse, who was willing to starve her darling for the lack of a few scudi. She wrote: "What I endured at that time in various ways not many would survive. In the burning sun, I went every day to wait in the crowd for letters. Often they did not come. I saw blood that had streamed on the wall where D'Ossoli was. I have a piece of a bomb that burst close to him." She now wrote to Channing: "You say truly I shall come home humbler. God grant it may be entirely humble. In future, while more than ever deeply penetrated with principles and the need of the martyr spirit to sustain them, I will ever own that there are few worthy, and that I am one of the least." See the statue fully freed from the rough block.

The piteousness of poverty is ten times increased when it cramps and saddens genius, and it is painful to recall her words; "It is very sad we have no money, we could be so quietly happy a while." She was obliged to support her family by her pen while preparing her history of the "Recent Revolution in Europe," which, alas, was lost at sea.

But her face was now turned homeward and motherward. Their passage was taken in a sailing vessel, the Elizabeth. Fate again loomed gloomily on her path. D'Ossoli had been warned years ago to "beware of the sea," and Margaret said, "I am absurdly fearful, and various omens have combined to give me a dark feeling. In case of mishap, however, I shall perish with my husband and child, and we may be transferred to some happier state."

God grant that this is now a blessed reality! Every one knows the result. Their captain was a victim of small-pox, and Angelo just escaped. When just in sight of land the ship struck on Fire Island beach at daybreak. The rest is too agonizing to redescribe, when all have the scene in their own minds. Her death was like all the rest; within sight of land, an idle life-boat, beach-pirates — not one to save.

Channing exclaims: "Did the last scene appear but as the fitting close to a life of storms, where no safe haven was ever in reach, where thy richest treasures were so often stranded, where even the nearest and dearest seemed always too far off, or too late to help?" She died for love, she might have been saved, but *all* must be saved or lost. What a tableau for immortality was Margaret, seated in her white robe at the foot of the foremast, her fair hair fallen loose upon her shoulders, face to face with death! This is her epitaph: — "By birth a citizen of New England; by adoption a citizen of Rome; by genius, belonging to the world." Better than this, is the testimony of a friend: "She helped whoever knew her."

"Thus closed thy day in darkness and in tears;
Thus waned a life, alas! too full of pain;
But Oh, thou noble woman! thy brief life
Though full of sorrow, was not lived in vain."

Not in vain, if the women of this land avoid her errors, imitate her virtues, and endeavor to carry out the reforms which she inaugurated. Let us adopt her motto, "Give us truth;" her watchword, "Patience," and, with her, — "love best to be a woman."

CHAPTER XIV.

ABBY HOPPER GIBBONS.

BY LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE.

“Father Hopper’s” Work Among Convicts and Felons—First Sunday Services in a Jail—Abby Hopper’s Girlhood—Following in the Footsteps of Her Father—Her Work among the Inmates of the New York Tombs—The “Isaac T. Hopper Home”—The School for Street Children—The Waifs and Strays of Randall’s Island—Charity Children—An Appeal for Dolls—Generous Response—Affecting Incident—The Story of Robert Denyer—Mrs. Gibbons’ Work During the War—Nursing Union Soldiers—The Draft Riots in New York—An Exciting Time—Attacking Mrs. Gibbons’ House—Havoc and Devastation Wrought by the Mob—Work After the War—A Noble Life.



HE “Hapsburgh lip,” the “Guelph heaviness,” the “Adams temper,” are historic. That subtle drop of blood which forever bequeaths its tendencies descends from sire to son through long generations. But not less certainly does excellence derive itself from excellence. Philanthropy in certain races is an inheritance, and the Hopper good-will is as truly a characteristic as the “Hapsburgh lip.”

The father of Mrs. Gibbons, Isaac T. Hopper, of beautiful memory, spent sixty-five years of his allotted fourscore in constant, cheerful, brotherly labors for the outcast, the prisoner, and the fugitive. When he left his home, at the age of sixteen, to begin life for himself, his mother, a woman of lofty and generous character, said to him: “My son, you are now going forth to make your own way in the world. Always remember that you are as good as any other person; but remember, also, that you are no better.” This counsel he received as a birthright, and

the Hopper claim to it still holds good. On the one side he had always the courage of his opinions, the self-respect that —

“Dares to be
In the right with two or three;”

on the other, he kept the simplest modesty, without self-consciousness. His wife was a woman of great beauty and singular high-mindedness. They belonged to the society of Friends, and believed in the duty of the simplest living, that worldliness might not corrupt or superfluities defraud charity.

Into this plain home many sons and daughters were born, to delight in the beauty and sweetness of their mother, and that resistless charm of their witty, fun-loving, sport-devising, story-telling, dramatic, Quaker father, which, when he was an old man, still drew children to crowd about him, and prefer “Father Hopper” to their young playmates. From babyhood his own boys and girls were familiar with instances of want and misery that might have made them unhappy had there been any morbidness and sentimentalism in the atmosphere of the household. But they were taught, with a simple matter-of-course-ness which precluded harm, that the unfortunate had a human claim upon them. Time and sympathy were not to be wasted in vain pity, but devoted to practical help. Abused apprentices, fugitive slaves, wronged seamen, defrauded workwomen, were familiar figures in their home. On Saturday afternoon they used to take long country rambles with their father, always stopping at the prison to leave whatever comforts they had been able to procure for its inmates. For many years Friend Hopper was an official inspector of prisons, and a tireless Good Samaritan to the most questionable neighbor.

Those were days when it was still a recent discovery that convicts were human beings, capable of reformation, and penetrable to kindness. Near the close of the last century the Rev. Dr. Rogers of Philadelphia, one of the committee of the first society formed in this country “for relieving the miseries of public prisons,” proposed to address a religious

exhortation to the prisoners on Sunday. The keeper assured him that his life would be in danger. Solitary confinement was the rule of the jail. If the convicts were allowed to assemble together it was feared that they would overpower the guard and escape, to rob and murder as they went. The sheriff finally granted an order for the performance of religious services. But the warden obeyed it with fear and trembling, actually ordering a loaded cannon to be planted near the clergyman, a gunner beside it with a lighted match, while the motley worshippers were ranged in solid column, directly in front of their grim threatener. This is believed to have been the first attempt ever made in America to hold Sunday services in a jail.

Friend Hopper used to say that there was not a convict in Philadelphia, however desperate, with whom he should fear to trust himself alone at midnight anywhere. He was once warned against a certain violent and revengeful felon who had been heard to threaten the life of a keeper. Thereupon he summoned the man, telling him that he was wanted to pile some lumber in a cellar, and went down with him to hold the light. They remained for more than an hour in that solitary place, the Quaker talking in the friendliest way to his sullen companion. When they came up again it was plain that the man's dangerous mood was past, for the time, at least. Presently it became the rule, whenever the final resources of prison discipline failed, to send for Friend Hopper, whose shrewd kindness prevailed in the end against the most dogged obstinacy and malevolence.

All the children of this extraordinary man inherited his spirit. But his second daughter, Abby, heard the "inner voice" calling upon her to take up his peculiar work in his peculiar way. Teaching in girlhood, and mothering the younger children, left by their mother's long illness and death to their elder sisters, she still found time to be her father's constant aid and counsellor.

After her marriage and removal to New York cares came upon her in battalions. With no home duty neglected,

and with an ever-demanding spirit of helpfulness, exerted, not in sentiment, but instance by instance, the days were full. Six children were born to the young couple. Money was never plentiful, and the consequent claims upon the time, strength, and ingenuity of the mother and housekeeper were unending. But her wonderful management so systematized affairs as to leave leisure for innumerable good works.

Fashionable ladies keep an "engagement-book," lest, in the whirl of their days, some visit of ceremony, some overdue invitation, some civil message or arbitrary courtesy should be neglected. The punctual Quakeress needed no memorandum of social duties even more numerous and pressing. For fifty years and more, five days of every week have been "visiting days" with her.

Every Wednesday found her at the Tombs, that grim Egyptian pile which is the city Bridewell. Only one who has stood within the bounds of a prison can comprehend the gloomy misery of the place, or the self-denial implied in frequent visits to its squalid inmates. The bolts and bars; the multiplied iron doors; the narrow guarded passages; the far grated windows just below the ceiling, through which no ray of sunshine glances; the chill, and silence, and mocking neatness; the stark, strait walls, which, to affrighted fancy, seem ever to be narrowing; the unvarying routine of stagnant hours—these things give one a suffocating sense of living burial, and the human life entombed there is horrible to see. Men and women, debauched, quarrelsome, drunken, sickening to every sense, and, to the common judgment, conscienceless as the beasts, and incapable of reformation, sulk and complain in the doleful cells, which, after all, are less dreadful places than the dens which fill them. Familiarity with such creatures naturally breeds indifference to them. Official justice naturally confounds unhardened culprits with hopeless offenders.

Armed with discretion in the needed discrimination, the Prison Association, whom Mrs. Gibbons represented, attempted to help those who were willing to help themselves.

These philanthropists saw with what appalling pressure the superincumbent weight of society bore down upon the criminal mass below it. They saw, therefore, the necessity of providing work and a fair chance for convicts, who, having completed their term of sentence, too often found themselves distrusted, isolated, and unable to obtain employment, and finally driven back to their old haunts and their old ways.

Another purpose of the association, never lost sight of, was the improvement of the condition of prisoners, whether awaiting trial, detained as witnesses, or finally convicted.

When Mrs. Gibbons began her weekly visits to the Tombs she found mere children—arrested for vagrancy or held to give evidence,—herded with the most abandoned criminals. She found young girls, accused of trifling offences, exposed to the companionship of the lowest of their sex, and decent men, more unfortunate than vicious, breathing the tainted air of hideous immorality.

Through her instrumentality new rules provided a separate shelter for the children, and made some sort of discrimination between the various grades of crime. She inquired into the previous life and associations of the female prisoners, admonishing the dissolute, and encouraging the remorseful. She lightened the utter cheerlessness of prison life with the hope of better days to come. Felons besought her kindness for their families, and murderers in the condemned cells sent for her to counsel and assist them.

Yet with all her sympathy she had her father's shrewd and sceptical judgment. No sham repentance, no interested piety, no fictitious distresses, imposed upon her for an instant. She had no sentimental counsels for wrong-doers. Hard work, indomitable perseverance, patient endurance of distrust and harsh judgment, she set before them as the hard conditions of readmission to the world of decent living.

A very brief experience among these prisoners convinced her that the women must have some refuge in which they would be safe from temptation on leaving prison. Helped by a few other zealous souls, she established for them the

"Isaac T. Hopper Home," on Tenth Avenue, one of the most useful and modest of the many charitable institutions of New York.

"A few young women," said the directors, in one of their reports, "may occasionally be found there,—strangers in the country, wanderers from their natural homes, who, alone and friendless in this great city, have fallen, not from vicious propensities, but through sheer misfortune; and a few there are, whom we have also found in your prisons, the victims of wrong, suspicion and helplessness. All these, after a short novitiate, we have restored to decent life and productive industry. Some of our inmates are from Sing Sing,—convicts, who have been sent there for the lighter class of crimes so punishable; but by far the greater part is from the Tombs or Blackwell's Island—persons committed for petty offences, or merely for vagrancy. These are the victims of intemperance."

During the forty years existence of the Home, more than two-thirds of the women received—many hundreds in all—have been restored to honorable and useful lives, some of them marrying and making good wives and mothers, others working faithfully in factories or families. Of the remaining third, a few have been sent to hospitals or almshouses, and a few, as was inevitable, have returned to their old life.

While in the Home the women work diligently with a view to acquiring those habits of industry, neatness, and thrift which must be their sole future capital. And it is a touching testimony to its usefulness that, among the contributions received for the support of the institution, there often comes a mite from some former inmate. Once a gift of twenty dollars was received, with the message that it had been honestly earned by hard work, and was given "as an act of faith."

Yet, though thus responding in heart and deed to the sighing of the prisoner, Mrs. Gibbons always has believed the prevention of crime and degradation to be the true policy of society. Placing the children of the very poor, and es-

pecially the children of foreign parentage, under better influences than their wretched homes supplied, she considered the first essential of an improved social order. It seems, in looking over scores of records, as if every effort in this direction had had her sympathy and help. For twelve years, a term of arduous labor, she was president of a German Industrial School for street children. The parents had come, usually, from small villages, where they and their ancestors had lived and toiled on the same spot, and in the same way, for generations. Driven from this narrow round by hard necessity, they found themselves, for the first time in their lives, inhabitants of a city, and without money, language, or friends. Unskilled in any trade, they lived by keeping beer-shops, or by the lower callings of scavenger or rag-picker. Herded together, and easily tempted and deceived in scenes so strange, it was inevitable that they should fall into greater misery than they had left. Even sunshine and fresh air were too costly for them, for in a room nine feet by fourteen, whose one small window looked out upon a noisome alley, it was a common thing to find a family of thirteen persons, sleeping, working, living—or dying. The children were driven into the streets for air and elbow-room, and the way, through vagrancy, to the city prison, was pitifully short.

It was not pleasant work, nor easy, to gather pupils of this order, and teach them something more of American ideas and Christian practice than they were likely to learn from native vagrants or police regulations.

The school opened with seven reluctant students. In four months one hundred and two names stood on the register, and fifty or sixty abecedarians came regularly. Nineteen of them were so well connected that they could have a dinner, such as it was, at home. The rest received a bowl of soup and plenty of bread in the school-room, sixteen hundred and eighteen of these "Christian evidences" being thus set forth, at an average cost of two cents and a fraction each. The children earned the garments they received by good marks, which represented pennies. Begging and indiscriminate giving

were discouraged, as injurious to the thrift, industry, and honest pride, which generally characterize the Germans.

A lady who visited the school on one of its annual examination days thus wrote of it: "You should have attended our *matinée*. It was more entertaining than the opera troupe's. The audience was small, to be sure, and undeniably dowdy. Those eccentric persons who give all their leisure and most of their money to help the helpless over the hard places of life do not, as a rule, recognize the vast importance of English tailors and French dressmakers in the scheme of human existence. A Quaker-like simplicity prevailed, not to mention a certain meagreness, as shown in the whitened seams of ancient overcoats, and the experienced air of bonnets, several seasons old. I do not remember seeing a single jewel, save that quaint decoration that St. Paul admired — the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which was very generally worn by those present — most of them helpers in and workers for the school.

"The fifty performers were in full dress, of course. The richest costume was a frock of vivid blue calico, trimmed with pink galloon, worn above red woollen stockings, and copper-toed shoes. This simple and elegant toilet was harmonized by a yellow flannel sack, and green ribbons, tying pale flaxen hair. Naturally, such splendor could not be general. The majority appeared in scanty raiment, evidently descended through a long line of previous possessors. This entail, though adding the dignity of history to each forlorn relic, had the usual disadvantage of entails — that it did not consider the peculiar needs of the heir. Hence, an imposing array of misfitting gowns and shoes distracted attention at first from the more serious misfit of circumstances in which the little creatures seemed invested. For at their age such atoms ought to be playing with dolls and soap-bubbles.

"This school-room life is happiness, however, compared with any other possible to these children. They have been gathered by kind women from the habitations which house the most dangerous ignorance — the ignorance which does not

value knowledge. They would be selling matches and pins, begging, sweeping the crossings, if they were not in school. Most of them, indeed, pursue one or other of these trades after school-hours. But in class they are taught sewing and like industries, reading, singing, the simpler elementary branches, and the virtues of cleanliness, order, civility, and truthfulness. They bring slow brains to the learning, the legacy of generations of dull disuse. But their wise teacher does not hinder their progress with fetters of rules.

"Her system of object-teaching is most successful. And the sharp attention which the whole school paid to a blossoming rose-tree, and the thoroughness with which its nomenclature and functions were learned — an examination, at the end of twenty minutes, proving that each child knew the name and use of every part of the fragrant wonder — seemed to show that the system of primary instruction from books alone is all awry.

"Here, as everywhere, it is the first step which costs. These charity children have taken that step in learning to use their eyes, their understandings, their powers of comparison. All the rest follows if they have but opportunity. And these fifty little foreign dullards are already on the straight road that leads to intelligent American citizenship."

Another charity dear to the heart of Mrs. Gibbons, and for many years an exacting consumer of time and labor, was the Infant Asylum. But no other work among children has been more fruitful of relief and happiness than her self-appointed mission among the waifs and strays of Randall's Island.

On that lovely islet, in the East River, are gathered ten or twelve hundred children of the city poor — the motley drift washed upon those quiet shores by the storm and wreck of city sin. Some of them are nameless babies, born of unknown fathers and miserable mothers, at the city hospital of Bellevue. Some are boys and girls given up by their parents on account of the poverty which waits on intemperance or crime. Some are the half-orphan children

of those whose occupations make it impossible to care for them at home; cooks, seamen, soldiers, and the like, who pay from three to five dollars a month. Some are foundlings abandoned in the streets of the great city.

Of the twelve great buildings on the island, composing the city of refuge for these oppressed, that which first receives them is the Quarantine Hospital. Here they are detained till it is certain that they bring no contagious disease from foul rookeries and cellars. After this probation they are transferred to the Boys' School, the Girls' School, or, sadly often, to the Sick Hospital or the Idiot Asylum. Babies are kept in the Foundling Hospital till they are four years of age before being assigned to the school departments. In these schools the children are well taught in the same branches which the ward-schools of the city prescribe.

In time many of them are adopted, and the rest bound out to responsible persons, who guarantee their support. Even then they are regularly visited by trustees twice a year, and if any are ill-treated or subjected to evil influences, they are brought back to the institution, to be reapprenticed under better conditions.

In the Idiot School there are, perhaps, one hundred teachable and fifty hopeless idiots — children of foreign parents almost without exception. When these poor creatures come, most of them can discern no difference between white and black, between a circle and a square, nor can they articulate an intelligible sound. Under patient, tireless, repeated drill they learn to talk, to sing, even to write and cipher. More than these, they learn to put off the beast nature, and put on the human, gaining perceptions more or less clear of the need of decency in behavior.

In the Sick Hospital there are seldom fewer than two hundred and fifty children, from two years old to fifteen. They suffer from almost every known disease; many of them enduring chronic maladies which have maimed or lamed them for life. All are the victims of parental vices, or of that early exposure to cold, want, and hardship which saps the

springs of life. Of the vast mortality among them, by far the greater portion occurs during the few months following their arrival, and among the youngest children. A very brief residence on the island, with its pure air, good food, and cleanly habits, wonderfully improves the condition of the frail little creatures.

Neatness, order, and system are the law of the place. Physicians, matrons, attendants, teachers, servants, are kind to their troublesome charges, and astonishingly patient. Contrasted with any life they have known, or can know, elsewhere, the comfort and security of this fill the measure of well-being, and promise a decent and useful future. Its great Nursery, taken for all in all, is an institution of which the city may well be proud.

And yet, there are few sadder sights under the sun than these ranks on ranks of unchildish children, careworn and anxious so far beyond their years. Even the babies in the tidy nursery-house, where they are well fed, well clothed and tended, seem to look out upon life with a dreary resignation, dumbly pleading for that brooding mother-love which is never to enfold them. And in the refectory, to see seven hundred children—four hundred in one room and three hundred in another—form themselves into ranks before the tables at a given signal; drop their eyes and bow their heads simultaneously at a second signal; repeat aloud in singsong chorus an arbitrary "grace" at a third; and at a fourth, fall to work with spoon, knife, and fork, silent as mutes, and obedient as machines, is to feel how drearily the automaton-like precision and regularity of life in such a place as this—inevitable, indispensable as they may be—press down upon the natural joyousness and spontaneity of childhood.

Years ago Mrs. Gibbons, visiting the island in her kindly round of duty, and reading the dumb, pathetic appeal in these young-old faces, said to herself, "What these children need is pleasure. They have care and kindness. They want to feel that they are persons, standing in a human relation to other persons, not mere unrelated members in the sum-total

of an 'Institution.'" And she resolved that when the approaching Christmas should bring its message of good-will, every sick child, at least, and as many more as could be provided for, should be comforted with a doll or a book. Benevolent friends gladly helped. They appealed, through the newspapers, for contributions of sample cards, scraps of gay merino, silk, or ribbon, or gifts of dolls, books, or money to buy them. A week before Christmas a committee of ladies met at Mrs. Gibbons' house, one bleak and boisterous afternoon, and worked from three o'clock to ten, to dress the dolls. Other ladies, hearing of the matter, sent for dolls to dress at home. And when Christmas morning came, and the fairy godmother, with a few attending fairies — by no means young, and very plain in raiment, — started to spend the day at Randall's Island, the fairy gifts filled great clothes'-baskets.

First to be remembered were the sick children in the Hospital, so old, so careworn, so indifferent to life! But they were not indifferent to the joy of possessing something for their very own. Boys, as well as girls, begged for a doll, save a few who were old enough to prefer a book. They hugged, and kissed, and laughed over their new treasures. One poor little creature, dying, and already sightless, pressed her baby to her pallid face, and smiled with joy. "Good doll," she whispered, and tenderly kissed it. They were the last words she uttered. In the Quarantine nursery the children danced for joy over their gifts. Even the slow idiot-minds, prisoned, not housed, in their torpid bodies, felt pleasure, most of them, and manifested gratitude.

It was a simple thing enough, the impulse of one motherly heart, the labor of a few kindly hands, the expenditure of a trifling sum. But the happiness it brought was so obvious and abundant that the visit became a custom, and to this day the doll festival is yearly celebrated. Other persons grew interested, and Christmas trees, with glittering fruitage, now spring in that arid soil.

Going these rounds year after year, Mrs. Gibbons had often noticed a pale scrap of humanity, Robert Denyer by

name, the appealing sadness of whose face touched her kindly heart. He was but a stepchild of generous Nature; high-shouldered, humpbacked, with neck awry, and chest misshaped, and with that weird look of old age so often seen in the countenances of the deformed. In stature he was a child of eight, in age a lad of thirteen, in experience of sorrow a man. Year after year the good boys, — with whom alone he would consort, — sturdy, strong-limbed, capable fellows, were selected for adoption or apprenticeship, and he was left behind. He was a good scholar, in his way, and clever with tools; but these talents were not marketable, and nobody wanted the deformed dwarf.

One blessed day the faithful visitor, whom all the children believed to be a saint, stopped at his chair, and said, "Robert, I believe thee is an honest boy. Would thee like to make me a visit, and do me a service at the same time? We are going to hold a fair for the benefit of the 'Home,' and thee would make an excellent doorkeeper. Thee can reckon money, and give change quickly, and answer questions well, I am sure. Would thee like it?" Like it! The heavens seemed opening to the excited fancy of the child. To be trusted, to be useful, to make a visit in the house which he imagined the most beautiful in the world, — for did not such inexhaustible gifts and kindnesses pour out of it, — he felt that life could hold no higher joy.

The little custodian justified her trust. So smiling, so happy, so helpful a manikin was never placed on duty. Visitors came and came again for the pure pleasure of seeing his delight in receiving another shilling for the "Home," and, hearing his pathetic story from his friend within, bought more than one trifle, to be laid aside for him. But when the joyous excitement was over, and the homeless little fellow had to face the bleak necessity of returning to the island, his unspoken repugnance to the place was more than his hostess could bear.

She sent for her brother, a busy lawyer in the city, and always her ready right-hand and helper in good works, and

said to him: "John, I have a testimony for thee. This Robert is no common child. Where he could have gotten them, I don't know, but he has the instincts and even the habits of gentle breeding. He is conscientious, modest, truthful, and clean of speech. He is fond of music, and pictures, and flowers. Thee can imagine what it must have cost such a child to live in the Institution. I should keep him if I had the time and means to do him justice. Now thee has both, and thee has a kind-hearted wife, and a big house. And I think it is the Lord's plain will that thee should take him, and bring him up with thy own child, and as thy own child."

"If thee think so, Abby, doubtless thee is right," answered her brother. "I will do as thee desires."

From that moment the homeless child found a home not only in an abode which delighted his starved sense of beauty, but in a heart which gave him fatherly tenderness and care. In every way he was treated as a child of the house, and the family name was added to his own. His health was delicate, the vital organs laboring heavily to do their work in his poor misshapen body. Because it fatigued him to walk, Mr. Hopper bought a goat-carriage, whose gay equipments were his delight. Because he could not go to school, private lessons were arranged for him. But, though told that he might do so, the lad, with that singular delicacy which characterized him, never called his kind protectors "father" or "mother."

"I could not love them more if they were fifty parents," he said to his teacher, "but I think it is better for them and for Willy that I should say 'Mr.' and 'Mrs.'" "Willy" was the only child, a beautiful boy of two or three, to whom Robert showed a passionate devotion which never tired in his service, and which was ardently reciprocated.

So sunny, so sweet, so helpful a presence in the household was the quiet little figure, so loving in his ways, so high-minded and unselfish, that he gave as much as he received. "Thee might spare us, Bob, but we couldn't spare thee," Mr. Hopper used to say, taking the lad in his strong arms, when

he was worn and discouraged. And the pinched little face would glow with pleasure. He had a regular and generous allowance of money, that he might not feel dependent, but he spent all his little wealth in presents for the family, or for some of the comrades he had left on the island. And when he had permission to invite one or two of these to visit him, and to go to the theatre, as his guests, he confided to his teacher that he thought he must have experienced all the happiness that this world could offer.

He could not live long with the entire machinery of existence out of gear. Four happy years of love and home were his, and then, tired out with the vain effort to live, and glad to be relieved, he laid down the heavy burden of mortality. In constant pain, he never complained, and always answered, "better, thank you," when asked how he was feeling.

During his last illness some unspoken anxiety seemed to trouble him, and one day when they two were alone together, he whispered, "Mr. Hopper, where shall I be buried?"

"Beside me, my dear, dear child," answered that tender spirit, and from that hour the sick boy was serenely tranquil.

He was laid to rest in the family lot in Greenwood, and when, but a few months afterwards, Mr. Hopper suddenly died, in the very prime of his beautiful life of blessing and bounty, the grave was widened, and the two sleep side by side.

When the war broke out new work devolved upon the busy hands, which seemed already over-full. For the first six months there was much to do at home in organizing Relief Associations for the soldiers. But in November, 1861, Mrs. Gibbons, with her eldest daughter, went to the front. First entering the Patent Office Hospital, at Washington, they worked early and late to evolve order, system, and comfort from the prevailing chaos.

The capital at that time was a vast camp, environed by fortifications, the many divisions, brigades, and regiments scattered over a wide area, each with its larger or smaller hospital, half-organized, insufficient, and crowded with sick and suffering men not yet inured to the hardships of army life.

Driving one day with a friend, for a brief rest, to Falls Church, ten miles below the city, Mrs. Gibbons found herself in a small encampment of New York troops, their hospital containing about forty men, most of them dangerously ill with typhoid fever. One of these, hardly more than a lad, wasted to a shadow, and too weak for the slightest movement, fixed his eager, restless eyes upon the compassionate face bent above him, and whispered, "Come and take care of me. If you do not I shall die." It was impossible for the busy nurse to stay. It was terrible to refuse. But she went back to duty, carrying a memory of such need and wretchedness as she had not before encountered, and feeling that this must be her place. Falls Church was in a disaffected and dangerous neighborhood; no woman had ever entered its hospital; the only nurses were ignorant and blundering men, and the death-rate was appalling.

As soon as she could transfer her charge Mrs. Gibbons returned, with her daughter, to the fever hospital. The young volunteer was still living, but too feeble to speak. Again his eyes seemed to implore her care. The surgeon-in-charge was ready to accept the services of the ladies, but said that there was, literally, not a roof which would shelter them. At last, the offer of five dollars a week induced a neighboring "saloon-keeper" to allow them the use of a loft, floored with unplanned planks, and furnished with a bedstead, and a barrel, which served as table and toilet-stand. There were then thirty-nine patients in the hospital, six lying unburied in the dead-house. Two or three others died. But when the nurses left, six weeks later, all the rest had rallied sufficiently to bear removal save three, who were slowly convalescing. The young fellow who had fastened his hope of life on their coming had been able to return to his home at Penn Yan, and eventually he recovered.

From Falls Church the indefatigable nurses went to the Seminary Hospital, at Winchester, devoted to the worst cases of wounds. Four months in the constant service of pain here were followed by a term at Strasburg, where they

were involved in the famous retreat from that place, the enemy seizing the town, and holding even the hospital nurses prisoners, till the main body of their army had secured its escape southward.

Point Lookout, Maryland, was the next post of these tireless women, — that vast caravansary of sick and wounded, of released prisoners and destitute contrabands, which was, in some respects, the most sorrowful and awful of those wide-spreading encampments of misery known as the hospital service. Here, through summer heat and winter cold, cooking, nursing, encouraging the sick or comforting the dying, they had labored for fifteen months, when news of the draft riots in New York summoned them home.

On Monday, July 13, 1863, a mob attacked the office of the provost-marshal, where the drawing of names for the conscription was in progress, assaulted the officers in charge, scattered the enrolment lists, and burned the building to the ground. Growing in numbers and excitement, and finding a recruiting station in every drinking-shop, the howling horde spread itself over the town, pillaging and burning as it went. For four days the great city lay helpless under this reign of terror. The militia companies were at the front. The police, brave and faithful as they proved, were too few in numbers to cope with the insurgent multitude. Street-cars and stages were stopped. Unarmed citizens barricaded themselves within their homes and places of business, going out stealthily and in old clothes. All trade was at an end except the trade in liquor, and a portentous stillness pervaded the town, save where the yells and curses of the drunken mob, hounding to death some harmless negro, or threatening mischief to some obnoxious citizen, broke the appalling silence. By night the sky was red with the glare of burning buildings, and every hour the fire-bells sounded the vain alarm which the incendiaries forbade the firemen to obey.

The "Tribune" newspaper was especially hateful to the mob, from its vigorous support of the war and the odious draft-measure. Its office was attacked, but found too strongly

guarded for that easy conquest which a mob prefers. It was whispered about, however, that Mr. Greeley lived in West Twenty-ninth street, where he might be more safely punished. On the afternoon of Wednesday a motley crowd, made up, for the most part, of shrieking beldames and half-grown boys, armed with guns, pistols, clubs, staves, paving-stones, and knives, streamed down the quiet block called Lamartine Place, in search of that kind and steadfast friend of the ignorant and vicious, whom they thought their enemy. Swaying uncertainly to-and-fro, up and down the street, and unable to identify Mr. Greeley's lodgings, the rioters might have passed on without further mischief had not a young gutter-snipe, ambitious of distinction, pointed out Mr. Gibbons' house, some doors further on, as the doomed dwelling.

So fierce and sudden was the assault that the two young daughters, with a servant, had hardly time to escape by the roof before the door was battered in, the windows broken, and fires set in many places. The arrival of the police drove off the mob for the time, and neighbors extinguished the flames. But under cover of night the vandals returned to steal and violate.

When Mrs. Gibbons and her daughter reached the place that had been home, havoc and devastation confronted them. The panels of the doors were beaten in. Not a pane of glass remained unbroken. The furniture was destroyed or stolen. The carpets were soaked with oil and filth and trampled into ruin by the feet of the struggling crowd. On the key-board of the piano fires had been kindled. Everywhere were scattered the fragments of books and valuable letters, the correspondence of a lifetime with the great minds of the country, and all the papers and remembrances of Friend Hopper, who had died under his daughter's roof.

Eight years before this the irremediable sorrow of their lives had befallen that tender household, in the sudden loss of the only son and brother, William, then a young man at college. In this noble youth were garnered up the promise and power of generations. With rare mental capacity and

an irresistible social charm that captivated all acquaintances, he possessed a singular strength, sweetness, and purity of character. The president of his university lamented him as the strongest influence for good the college possessed; his classmates mourned long and truly for him as the best of good fellows, tremendous in work and tremendous in play. But to his mother, his most intimate and trusted friend, his death was desolation. From her thoughts he was never absent. One room in her house was sacred to his memory, where were gathered the pictures he had loved, the gifts he had received, the prizes he had earned, his desk and books, the thousand trifles which love consecrates, and flowers daily renewed as if upon an altar.

In this sanctuary the defiling mob had left nothing unspoiled, and this sacrilege was the only disaster which bowed the heroic spirit of the mother. Strange irony of fate it seemed, that the woman who had spent her life in the service of the very class which wrecked her home should be the allotted victim of their blind fury! But she said only, "It was ignorance and rum. Their children must be taught better."

The broken family was reunited under her brother's roof, and, as soon as she could be spared, Mrs. Gibbons, with her daughter, Mrs. Emerson, returned to camp and hospital, moving from post to post, and remaining in service, with short intervals of rest, till the close of the war.

With experiences such as these, and with the burden of more than threescore years upon her steadfast shoulders, another woman might have asked for rest. But the charitable hands of this indomitable worker could not be suffered to fold themselves. Her duties to the needy, the criminal, and the unfortunate were promptly resumed, and new obligations growing out of the war cheerfully recognized. Mission schools and other helps were to be maintained for the colored refugees, who, ignorant, destitute, and miserable, thronged the city. The widows and orphans of soldiers were in great need, and, fully convinced that the prevailing methods of relief

would tend to pauperize them, and that honest work and honest wages were far more helpful than charity, Mrs. Gibbons organized, on a plan of her own, a "Labor and Aid Association," hiring for a laundry a large house on Hudson street, built by the actor, Burton. The noble apartment in which that gentle genius gathered the first Shakspearean library in America, and where he wrought out those marvels of comic art which once convulsed the town with innocent mirth, became the mangling-room. One could fancy the ghosts of Touchstone and Dromio, of Bottom and Toodles, peering about in the darkness, and marvelling at the strange transformation. In another room was the day-school, where little creatures too young to work were taught simple lessons, knitting, sewing, basket-making, and other light handicrafts. The noon-meal was furnished them, and they were amused and cared for while their mothers and elder sisters earned the means to keep a home for them. A sewing-room and hospital chambers were to increase the usefulness of the establishment. But the health of the projector, seriously impaired by the strain of army life and domestic grief, at last gave way, and the plan of the association was abandoned; not, however, till the success of the self-helping system was assured, and many a woman put in the way of a comfortable livelihood.

The New York Diet Kitchen, for the relief of the sick poor, is another charity which owes its prosperity largely to Mrs. Gibbons' fostering care. The association has opened kitchens in various tenement-house regions of the city, where, on the requisition of physicians, broth, milk, fruit, meat, and other nourishments are distributed to the sick who are unable to buy them. Every case of suffering reported to the society is carefully investigated, and, in many instances, these investigations lead to employment, and other efficient mitigations of the miseries of the decent poor. The rate of mortality in the city has been much diminished since these kitchens were established, and, under the stimulus of proper food, those who recover are so improved in condition that they work

better and earn more. So that the indirect benefit of the kitchens is a greater thrift among the lower classes, as their direct benefit is a greater comfort.

In so brief a sketch there is not room even to mention efforts and experiences, merely incidental, which in a life less busy than that of Mrs. Gibbons would have seemed pivotal points. The better education of women, social reorganization, the amelioration of punishments, the establishment of ragged schools, the relief of the sufferers in Kansas, Hungarian liberty, and the victims of Austrian despotism, — every humane cause for more than half a century has appealed to this philanthropist, and none in vain.

It is not a brilliant episode — these sixty years of self-sacrificing labor in scenes and among people offending every instinct of taste or morals. Yet humanity might better lose the history of its conquerors than the record of heroic souls like these.

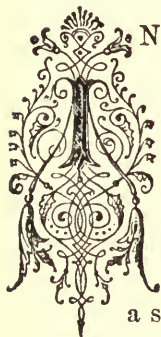
Such deeds are not wrought in the sudden fire of a high moment, but are the slow result of faith in human nature and long-forbearing patience. They make frivolity and selfishness seem despicable. They make luxurious worldliness appear the poor pretence it is. They enlarge belief in the reach of human virtue.

CHAPTER XV.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

BY HER DAUGHTER, MAUD HOWE.

“Little Miss Ward” — The Influences that Surrounded Her Early Life — Her Education — Faculty for Acquiring Languages — “Bro. Sam” — Miss Ward’s First Visit to Boston — Meets Dr. Samuel G. Howe — Her Marriage — Wedding Trip to the Old World — Cordial Reception by Famous People — Declining Tom Moore’s Offer to Sing — Reminiscences of European Travel — Her Patriotism in the Days of the Rebellion — “Madame, You Must Speak to My Soldiers” — Writing the Battle-Hymn of the Republic — The “Brain Club” — A Many-Sided Woman — The Woman Suffrage Movement — Mrs. Howe as a Public Speaker — Reminiscences of Her Life in Santo Domingo — A Woman of Genius and Intellect.



IN the year 1819, in one of the stateliest homes near the Bowling Green, then the most fashionable quarter of the city of New York, there was born a little girl. The parents of the child, Samuel Ward and Julia Cutler Ward, were young people in strong and robust health. This little girl, who was christened Julia, was the fourth child which had been sent to them. The eldest, a son, bore his father’s name. The second child, a daughter, named for her mother, died in infancy.

Next came Henry, the second son. A miniature painted at about the time of the birth of this second daughter represents Mrs. Ward as a very beautiful young woman. The likeness was made in her twenty-first year, and portrays a graceful, rounded figure and an expressive, poetic face. The eyes are large and dark, the lips full and sensitive, the brow high and intellectual. She came of a family somewhat noted for beauty and talent, and her inheritance in both was remarkable. Dying at the age of twenty-eight, she left six children, all of whom inherited

something of the character and attraction which made Mrs. Ward one of the most interesting women of her time.

The little Julia was but five years old at the time of her mother's death. She was nevertheless distinctly aware of her loss, and still remembers with its pain the lovely face whose charm and comfort were so early taken from her life.

Mr. Ward's health had already been somewhat impaired by his assiduous attention to business. The loss of his beloved wife was a blow which laid him prostrate on a bed of sickness for many weeks. Recovering at length from the shock, he addressed himself to the task of bringing up his motherless family, feeling, as he was afterwards wont to say, that he must now be mother as well as father to his little ones. The immediate care of these was intrusted to Miss Eliza Cutler, an elder sister of Mrs. Ward, who now came to reside with her brother-in-law, and who proved a most faithful guardian to her sister's children. When little Julia was in her tenth year this aunt of hers was married to Dr. J. W. Francis, a young physician, already eminent, whose skill had on one occasion saved Mr. Ward's life, and to whom he was much attached. Dr. and Mrs. Francis continued to reside for many years with Mr. Ward, and only left his house when the youngest of his children had attained the age of fourteen years. Mrs. Francis was called the wittiest woman of her time, and the quick, sudden flashes which illuminate the conversation of the niece recall the brilliant sayings which made her aunt famous.

Mr. Ward was a man of tall and stately figure, unimpeachable in character and exceptionally strict in his views of language and deportment. No smallest neglect of decorum was ever tolerated in his presence, nor did he allow anything approaching to gossip or frivolous conversation to pass unreprieved before him. He was a member of the well-known firm of Prime, Ward, and King, which at that time held a high position in the financial affairs of the city, and was the first president of the Bank of Commerce.

From her earliest childhood the little Miss Ward, — for so she was always called, — showed signs of an uncommon mind. Her teachers were all struck with her remarkable memory and faculty for acquiring languages. One of her lifelong friends, in speaking of her youth, said to the writer not long since : “ Mrs. Howe wrote ‘ leading articles ’ from her cradle.”

The exaggeration is not so great after all when we find that at seventeen Julia Ward was an anonymous, but valued, contributor to the “ New York Magazine,” then a leading periodical in the United States. Her youngest sister preserves among the most precious relics of other days, a charming poem of Mrs. Howe, written when she was sixteen years old, in a careful, half-formed hand, called “ The Ill-cut Mantle.” The same sister, among her many tender reminiscences of the days of their early youth, tells the following story : One day the young poet chanced upon her two younger sisters busy in some childish game. She upbraided them for their frivolous pursuit, and insisted that they should occupy themselves as she did in the composition of verses. Louisa, the elder of the two, flatly refused to make the effort, but the little Annie dutifully obeyed the elder sister, and, after a long and resolute struggle, produced some stanzas, of which the following lines have always been remembered : —

“ He hears the ravens when they call,
And stands them in a pleasant hall.”

Since then the hand which wrote these lines has penned many graceful verses, which unfortunately have never been given to the public.

The atmosphere of Mr. Ward’s house was one well calculated to develop the talents of his children. It was the resort of the most distinguished men of letters of the day. One of the most prominent of these, Joseph Greene Cogswell, was intrusted with the literary training of the strong young mind of Mr. Ward’s eldest daughter. The girl’s thirst for knowledge was not to be entirely satisfied by the literature of her own language, and while still very young she became familiar

with the German and Italian tongues. This early training in the European languages has proved of the greatest value all her life through. Not only has it given her access to the treasure-houses of the literature of these languages, but the purity of her pronunciation and the thoroughness of her knowledge have made her at home in European society.

Though a very remarkable child, Mr. Ward's eldest daughter had nothing of the prodigy about her. The father saw at an early day that hers was a mind of uncommon quality and ability, but its growth and development, though precocious, were not abnormal in character. A portrait of her, made when she was about five years old, represents the little girl looking out through a vine-clad window, a favorite kitten clasped in her arms. The face is very exquisite, and has certain traits recognizable even now, after the lapse of more than half a century. Her hair, which afterwards changed to a deep auburn color, was at that time unmistakably red — the color of deep-red gold, soft and fine as the unspun silk of a chrysalis. This hair, which to-day in one of her grandchildren is treasured as the greatest beauty, was made a source of the bitterest mortification to the child. From the early impression that her hair was a great personal misfortune is to be traced the singular lack of vanity which has always characterized Mrs. Howe.

With all her eagerness for study there was no lack of childishness about the child, and one of her first griefs was in the parting from her dolls. This heart-rending separation took place on her ninth birthday, when her waxen darlings were taken from her arms, and she was told that "Miss Ward was too old to play with dolls any longer."

Her musical education was as thorough as were the other branches which she pursued. Her masters were so much impressed with her genius for musical composition that she was urged by one of them to devote the greater part of her time to it. Gifted with a fine, expressive voice, she sang her own music with a dramatic power which easily gave her a high place among the amateurs of her time. Mr. Ward, who

was for those days a very rich man, spared neither money nor pains in bringing musicians to his home, and the musical evenings at the Bond Street house are among the pleasantest memories of Mrs. Howe's youth. Here came every Thursday evening the most eminent connoisseurs of the then small society of New York, and listened to many excellent performances. Miss Ward was at that time a diligent student of Beethoven, Mozart, and Hummel, and often played the pianoforte part in the trios and quartets of these composers.

In 1835 the eldest son, Samuel Ward, Jr., came home from Germany, where he had been pursuing his studies, and where he had first met and travelled with Mr. Longfellow. A friendship was then established between these two remarkable men whose earthly bond was only broken by the death of the poet. Brother Sam, or Bro. Sam, as he was always called by his family, brought back with him from his long European residence much that was fascinating to the romantic mind of his sister, and the intercourse between the two has always been one of the most valued features in their lives. Brimming over with the poetry, the romance, the music of Germany, the advent of this handsome, brilliant son, with his fine tenor voice, was a great event in the somewhat serious atmosphere of Mr. Ward's house, and its effect upon the mind of his sister was very marked.

She now received a strong impression of the state and progress of the social world outside of the limits within which she had been carefully trained. Her interest in German literature was much quickened by her brother's acquaintance with it, and her proficiency in the language grew rapidly through frequent conversations with him. Miss Ward was greatly aided in her German studies by Dr. Cogswell. The influence of Teutonic thought naturally modified in her the views derived from the narrow religious training which she had received.

The brother and sister sang together the music of the great German composers, and always conversed in the language, which they then preferred to all others. Mrs. Howe has

always preserved this early taste, and to-day a well-worn volume of Kant lies upon her writing-table, and is taken up by her for half an hour every day. In the twilight children's hour when "the ring of jewels," her grandchildren, gather about her at the piano and beg for a song, it is often one of the old *studenten-lieder* learned all these years ago from Bro. Sam, that the sweet silver echo of a voice sings for them.

In the year 1833, previous to the return of his son from Germany, Mr. Ward built his great house on the corner of Broadway and Bond street. When he first removed his residence to the latter street he was told that he was going altogether out of town, and that the city would never grow up to his new house. Ten years ago, before this house was torn down, it was a noticeably stately edifice, standing by itself, with a garden on one side. It was built in the simple, dignified style of the time, of red brick, with white marble entrance, steps, and columns. At that time it made more impression than do the houses of all the Vanderbilts on Fifth Avenue to-day. The picture gallery was one of the most interesting apartments in the house. Mr. Ward had made a very valuable collection of foreign pictures in order that his children might have some knowledge of art. To this house, which was made attractive with every luxury, and graced by three lovely daughters, came many men whose names have been identified with their country's progress. Of suitors for the three maidens there was no lack, but the father was a somewhat stern man, and dealt with all of these summarily.

The writer has dwelt on these early days in the life of Mrs. Howe, feeling that their influence was such as greatly to affect her later years. The exceptional education which she received, the early formation of her tastes, the studious atmosphere in which she passed her first score of years, laid the foundation for the solid structure of worth and attainments which she has so faithfully builded into her life. The habit of study thus acquired has not been lost. In all her later years, when the cares of society, wifehood, mother-

hood, and public works, came in turn to be laid upon her, the "precious time" to be devoted to her books has never been relinquished. In the times when her brain has been most actively creative, she has never let slip the power of receiving the thoughts of other minds, and the volume of Kant has for its companions the works of the great Greek and Latin authors, whose writings she peruses in the languages in which they were written. Translation is the photography of letters. The form of the thought is preserved, but its color is lost in the process. Thrice happy is that person who plucks the fruit of literature on the soil where it originally grows, and not in the transplanted garden of foreign language.

In the sudden death of her father, while in the prime of life, Julia Ward felt her first serious grief. She was deeply attached to him, and between the father and daughter there existed the closest affection, though the awe with which she had in childhood regarded her only parent never quite left her. After their father's demise his children left the great house at the corner, and went to live with their uncle, Mr. John Ward, who proved a second father to them in the tender devotion which he bestowed upon them during his lifetime.

Not long after the sad event which left her an orphan Miss Ward made the first of a series of visits to Boston. Here she met Margaret Fuller, Horace Mann, Charles Sumner, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a man who was of this band of thinkers and workers, through whom she was destined to join their ranks. Dr. Samuel G. Howe was the most picturesque, and one of the most prominent men of that phalanx of reformers which came into the world with the new century, and which won for Massachusetts the place which she has until lately held undisputed, of leadership in the thought and progress of the nation. Accustomed to a society of learned men whose whole energy was given to thought and speculation, what wonder that the character of the chivalrous man who thought and worked out his thought with an enthusiasm and steady

persistence which compelled success, should attract the sensitive, romantic young girl who had lived hitherto in an atmosphere of speculative thought. Here was a man who theorized and made his theories into practical facts.

The rare combination of a passionate, romantic nature, with a strong executive power, and a magnetism which overcame all those who fell within its influence, made Dr. Howe a formidable rival to the other suitors for the hand of Miss Ward. The prize of which he was all-worthy was won by him, and in the year 1843, in the twenty-fourth year of her age, Julia Ward and Samuel Howe were married.

The two youngest sisters were intrusted with all the preparatory arrangements for the marriage, and it was with difficulty that the bride-elect could be induced to express a preference as to the material of her wedding dress, so little was her mind occupied with the concerns of the wardrobe.

Shortly after their marriage Dr. and Mrs. Howe made a trip to Europe, accompanied by the bride's younger sister, Miss Annie Ward. This wedding journey was the first glimpse of the Old World that the sisters had enjoyed, and has always been remembered by them as one of the delightful experiences of their lives.

The English and American world had then recently been startled by the story of Laura Bridgman, as told by Charles Dickens in his "American Notes." The interest thus excited in the English community insured to Doctor Howe and his wife a cordial reception in London society. At this period English society was in one of its most brilliant epochs, and the names of some of the men and women whose acquaintance Mrs. Howe made at that time have remained famous until this day. Charles Dickens, Thomas Moore, John Forster, Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Samuel Rogers, Lord Morpeth, Thomas Carlyle, Monckton Milnes, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Sydney Smith, all received the American travellers with hospitality. Sydney Smith, in alluding to Doctor Howe's remarkable achievement in educating Laura Bridgman, spoke of him as "a modern Pygmalion who had put life into a statue."

Tom Moore was much struck with the beauty and charm of Miss Annie Ward, whom he met one night at a dinner-party, and in his diary there is a tribute to the lovely young American girl. He asked Mrs. Howe if he should not come to their lodgings and sing for them, to which she naïvely replied that she regretted deeply that she had no piano! Only too late did she realize the pleasure which she declined, and the ease with which the difficulty could have been obviated by hiring an instrument for the occasion.

After leaving England the trio of travellers started for an extensive tour on the continent. In those days there were few railroads. The great tunnel of the Mont Cenis had not been dreamed of. The *diligence* or the more luxurious system of posting were the only resources of the traveller. The rapid tourist of to-day did not then exist. In their own comfortable carriage Dr. and Mrs. Howe, with their sister Miss Ward, made a long journey through the Netherlands and along the Rhine and Moselle rivers. Europe was already familiar to Dr. Howe, but to the two sisters everything in it had the enchantment of a first impression. Many delightful weeks were spent by the travellers in Switzerland, Styria, the Tyrol, and Southern Germany. At Milan a month was passed, and many brilliant and interesting acquaintances were made through the introductions given by Miss Sedgwick and by Signor Castiglia, whom Mrs. Howe had known in New York.

Every stage of this journey had its own measure of delight, and each step brought the pilgrims nearer to Rome. It was with a feeling of awe that the young woman, poetic, passionate, and full of reverence for the "golden heart" of the Old World, approached the place which she has called "The City of my Love."

The poem of which the title has just been quoted is one of the loveliest blossoms in the vivid garland of "Passion Flowers" which sprang from the heart of the young poet. Several of the verses here given will show the deep feeling with which the Eternal City inspired her:—

“ She sits among the eternal hills
 Their crown thrice glorious and dear,
 Her voice is as a thousand tongues
 Of silver fountains gurgling clear.

Her breath is prayer, her lips are love,
 And worship of all lovely things,
 Her children have a gracious port;
 Her beggars show the blood of kings.

She rules the age by beauty's power,
 As once she ruled by armèd might,
 The Southern sun doth treasure her
 Deep in his golden heart of light.

Awe strikes the traveller when he sees
 The vision of her distant dome,
 And a strange spasm wrings his heart
 As the guide whispers, “ There is Rome.”

Five months were passed in Rome, and it was in this city that the crown of motherhood was laid upon the brow of the young wife.

In the spring of 1844 our travellers turned their faces homeward, carrying with them a little daughter, who received the name of Julia Romana, in remembrance of her Roman birth. They now made some stay in Paris, and crossed thereafter to England, where their time was fully occupied by a series of visits in the country after the mode of hospitality which still exists. One of these visits was to the venerable Dr. Fowler of Salisbury. Another was at Atherston, the residence of Charles Nolte Bracebridge. Mrs. Bracebridge was very intimate with the family of Florence Nightingale, and through her it was arranged that Dr. and Mrs. Howe should visit Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale at their country seat in Hampshire. Miss Nightingale was at that time contemplating the philanthropic career in which she afterwards so greatly distinguished herself. She consulted Dr. Howe on the advisability of devoting her life to the professional care of the sick. To the family of the high-born young woman the idea

was at the time unwelcome; but from the philanthropic American she met with every encouragement.

After their return to America Dr. and Mrs. Howe took up their abode at the Institution for the Blind, of which Dr. Howe was then, and continued to be until the time of his death, the director. The charming estate of "Green Peace" was soon afterwards bought, and here many years were spent. The great garden, with the famous fruit-trees and conservatories, was a constant source of delight to Dr. Howe. The summers were passed at Lawton's Valley, one of the most beautiful spots on the island of Newport. During the first few years of her married life, that busiest time of young wifehood and motherhood, Mrs Howe had little time to give to her favorite occupation of writing, and though she never gave up her habit of study, she produced little literary work of importance.

In the year 1854 she published anonymously her first volume of poems, "Passion Flowers." The little volume made a great sensation in the literary world of Boston, and was easily laid at the door of its brilliant author. "There is no other woman in Boston who could have written it," was the universal verdict, and an all-unsought reputation was won for Mrs Howe by this her first serious literary venture.

The recognition which "Passion Flowers" obtained was of the highest kind. The brother and sister poets whom she addresses in the opening salutation stretched forth to her welcoming hands. Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, and Holmes admitted her gladly as an honored member of their glorious guild.

After the publication of her first volume, Mrs. Howe became deeply interested in the question which at that time divided all society under the two heads of Pro-slavery and Anti-slavery. Dr. Howe early identified himself with the old Free-Soil party, which later developed into the Anti-slavery body. That chivalrous soul, who, before boyhood was left behind, had gone a knight-errant to the help of the Greeks, and had suffered danger and imprisonment in aid of the

cause of freedom, was pledged to the party which had resolved that the fetters should be stricken from the wrists of the slave. With that band of workers, which numbered in its ranks John Andrew, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, and Theodore Parker, Mrs. Howe was thrown in constant contact. That her woman's wit and poet's pen helped on the cause with all courage and enthusiasm is not to be wondered at. The "Boston Commonwealth" was at that time a paper almost exclusively devoted to the anti-slavery cause. For some time Dr. and Mrs. Howe edited this journal, and Mrs. Howe contributed much that was brilliant to its columns.

"Words for the Hour," a volume of poems printed in 1855, a year after the publication of "Passion Flowers," contains many poems which at that time failed not to produce an effect. The thunderous rumblings which foretold the storm were in the air, and in the cadenced numbers of "The Sermon of Spring," "Tremont Temple," "Slave Eloquence," "An Hour in the Senate," "Slave Suicide," and "The Senator's Return," there rings a sterner *motif* than in the stanzas of the preceding book.

These verses seem now to be but the prelude of the great poem of the "Battle-Hymn of the Republic." The soul of the patriotic woman changed colors with the progress of the nation, and when our land was stained with the blood of its defenders, and the war bugles rang through the country, her voice took up the cry and echoed back a war pæan, a "Battle-Hymn," grand enough for the march of the Republic to its greatest conquest, the victory of self.

It was in the first year of the war that Dr. and Mrs. Howe, Governor and Mrs. Andrew, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Whipple made their memorable journey to Washington. Their visit was full of a deep interest, and every moment brought with it some new experience of the terrors of war which shook the seat of government. One afternoon the whole party drove out to the camps outside of Washington to visit Colonel William Greene. During the visit their host turned to Mrs. Howe and said: "Madame, you must say something to my soldiers."

To a woman who had never made a speech in her life this request, almost like a command, was indeed startling. Three times she ran away and hid herself, but the colonel found her each time and persisted that she should speak to the soldiers. Finally she yielded to his solicitation, and made a short address to the company of men.

Some days after this Mrs. Howe and her friends were present at a review of troops, which was interrupted by a movement on the part of the enemy. Reinforcements were sent to a party of Union soldiers in the neighborhood who had been surprised and surrounded. The review was abandoned for the day, and the troops marched back to their cantonments. The carriage in which Mrs. Howe rode moved slowly, surrounded by what seemed a river of armed men. To beguile the time she began to sing the John Brown song, on hearing which the soldiers shouted; "Good for you." Mrs. Howe now spoke to her friends in the carriage of the desire which she had felt to write some words of her own which might be sung to this stirring tune, saying also that she feared she should never be able to do it. Her wish was soon fulfilled. She lay down that night full of thoughts of battle, and awoke before dawn the next morning to find the desired verses immediately present to her mind. She sprang from her bed, and in the dim gray light found a pen and paper, whereon she wrote, scarcely seeing them, the lines of the poem. Returning to her couch, she was presently asleep, but not until she had said to herself: "I like this better than anything I have ever written."

One of Mrs. Howe's most interesting literary productions is "The World's Own," a five-act drama in blank verse. This was played at Wallack's Theatre in the year 1855. The tragedy is a very powerful and terrible one, and has high literary merit. The leading *rôle* was played by Miss Mathilda Heron, then one of our most popular actresses. Mr. Edwin Sothern, at that time a member of the Wallack's company, played one of the minor parts.

"A Trip to Cuba," published in 1860, is a charming volume, embodying the experiences of a winter passed in the tropics. The outward voyage was made in company with Theodore Parker, one of Mrs. Howe's warmest friends, Mrs. Parker, and Miss Hannah Stevenson. In the narrative of the voyage Parker is spoken of as "Can Grande," and the descriptions of the great man are among the most interesting passages of the brilliant, breezy little book. The humorous account of the voyage to the beautiful island, the picture of Nassau, and the landing in Havana, bring the reader to the capital of the West Indies in as good spirits, and as eager to explore its beauties and mysteries as was "Julia Protestante" herself on the day when she first set foot on Cuban soil. The visit to the Jesuit College is vividly pictured, and the Padre Doyaguez and the younger, more interesting Padre Lluç are drawn to the life. From the former of these worthies the writer received the quaint title of "Julia Protestante," by which she speaks of herself all through the book. In the parting with Parker, whom they were never to see again, there is a prophetic melancholy running like a dark vein across a bright piece of glistening marble.

"A pleasant row brought us to the side of the steamer. It was already dusk as we ascended her steep gangway, and from that to darkness there is at this season but the interval of a breath. Dusk, too, were our thoughts at parting from Can Grande — the mighty, the vehement, the great fighter. How were we to miss his deep music here and at home! With his assistance we had made a very respectable band; now we were to be only a wandering drum and fife — the fife particularly shrill, and the drum particularly solemn.' . . . "And now came silence and tears and last embraces; we slipped down the gangway into our little craft, and looking up saw bending above us, between the slouched hat and silver beard, the eyes that we can never forget, that seemed to drop back in the darkness with the solemnity of a last farewell. We went home, and the drum hung himself

gloomily on his peg, and the little fife 'shut up' for the rest of the evening."

"Later Lyrics," a volume of poems published in the year 1866, contains some of the most beautiful of Mrs. Howe's compositions. Those which relate to the loss of her little boy, who died in the year 1863, are poems which mothers cannot read without a tribute of tears. "In My Valley" is a prophetic vision of her later years, which has been strangely fulfilled: —

"Thou shalt live for song and story
For the service of the pen,
Shalt survive till children's children
Bring thee mother joys again.

"To my fiery youth's ambition
Such a boon was scarcely dear,
Thou shalt live to be a grandame
Work and die devoid of fear.

"Now as utmost grace it steads me,
Add but this thereto, I said,
On the matron's time-worn mantle
Let the poet's wreath be laid."

Though Boston is only the city of her adoption, Mrs. Howe has become a Bostonian of the Bostonians. In the years of her early married life in this city she felt not only her removal from the familiar scenes and the friends of her youth, but also a certain formality and coldness in her surroundings which were in strong contrast to the easier hospitality of her own city.

With her peculiar magnetic charm she quickly drew about her a circle of people; and her house has always been the resort of men and women interesting for other reasons than the magnitude of their bank accounts, or the extravagance of their toilette.

The so-called "Brain Club" owes the origin of its brilliant existence to three ladies, Mrs. Apthorp, Mrs. Quincy, and

Mrs. Howe. This association was formed with an idea of bringing together the most intellectual society people, for mutual entertainment and benefit. The Club met at the house of one of its members once in ten days during the winter season, the lady who received the Club being responsible for its amusement or instruction. How often was Mrs. Howe called upon to assist in these entertainments, and how brilliant were the evenings lighted up by her fantastic humors. Charades there were which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. One of these, which Mrs. Howe can never recall without a paroxysm of laughter, included among its actors Mr. William Hunt and Mr. Hamilton Wilde, who fought a mock combat with hobby-horses. For this Club were written "Parlor Macbeth," and "Mrs. Some-Pumpkins at Court," two brilliant comic monologues which have never been printed.

At the very time when these comic fantasies were indulged in Mrs. Howe was engaged in a serious study of philosophy. These brilliant essays of wit and frolic-fancy were like the sparks which the smith strikes out from the anvil whereon lies the iron ploughshare which he is forging. To the crowd of children and idlers gathered about the door of the smithy, the shower of shining scintillations is all that is seen in the darkness of the forge. But the smith works away with ringing blows, shaping the implement which shall harrow up the soil, and make way for the seed and its fruit. He is glad of the delight which the children feel in the red golden rain of the iron, and he can laugh with them in their thoughtless merriment.

This ebullition of what she herself calls "nonsense" has always been one of the rarest and most fascinating qualities of this many-sided woman; it is one which has made her a welcome guest in gay as well as in serious society. The making of fun seems the necessary and natural relief which her nature claims after heavy and continued thoughts and productions. It is the safety-valve of an intense and energetic temperament, and the delicate wit and fine satire are not the

least among the weapons given her to combat and take captive those with whom she has been thrown in relation.

Mrs. Howe's philosophical researches led her to a more careful study of society than she had hitherto made. The results of this were embodied by her in a series of essays upon practical ethics, in writing which Mrs. Howe had in view a possible audience. In the winter of 1862 she collected this audience in the parlor of her house in Chestnut street, by commissioning ten of her personal friends to invite each the same number of their friends. These parlor lectures bore the following titles: "How *not* to Teach Ethics," "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," "Doubt and Belief," "Proteus, or the Secret of Success," "Duality of Character." In these lectures Mrs. Howe hovered on the borders of metaphysical speculation, to which she has devoted some years of labor. In this direction were conceived her essays on "Polarity," "The Fact Accomplished," on "Limitation," on Ideal Causation," and others.

Mrs. Howe was soon invited to read these essays before the general public, and in doing so became aware that she had passed somewhat out of the sphere of the average audience. While intensely enjoying this part of her work, she still felt the necessity of returning to methods of thought and expression which should bring her into more immediate sympathy with the world around her. At this period Mrs. Howe also contributed three papers to the "Christian Examiner," of which the first was entitled "The Name and Existence of God," while the others treated of "The Ideal State," and "The Ideal Church." These essays made a profound impression at the time of their publication, and were justly considered as valuable additions to theological philosophy. It is work of this order that has placed Mrs. Howe on a level with the eminent thinkers of her time. Her friendship has been sought by men like Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lieber, Hedge, Lowell, Agassiz, Sumner, and Parker, "who judged her," in the words of not the least distinguished of these, "as their peers." Her intellectual conscience is of the most sensitive order, and has never been satisfied with work

which fell short of being the best she could make it. Fowler, the phrenologist, remarked on her great love of approbation, which was, he said, "restricted by the desire only of the approbation of the best."

In the year 1867 Mrs. Howe crossed the Atlantic for the third time, in company with her husband and two of her daughters, Julia Romana, her eldest born, and Laura, the third daughter. The trip was one of great interest, and was undertaken by Dr. Howe in order to carry aid to the Greeks, the brave struggle of the little island of Crete against the unholy Turkish bondage being then at its height. The country for which half a century before he had ventured his young life, again claimed the help of all Philhellenes, and enlightened men and women. Dr. Howe, though then nearing three-score years and ten, raised a large sum of money, and with it purchased supplies, which he carried to the refugees from the heroic isle. England, France, Germany, and Italy were revisited, and a long sojourn was made in Rome, at the delightful home of Mrs. Howe's sister, Mrs. Terry. The notes of this journey were embodied in a charming book of travel, "From the Oak to the Olive," published after Mrs. Howe's return to America, in 1869.

It was at this period that the subject of this sketch first became interested in the movement with which she has since become so widely identified. The advance of her kind in all ways Mrs. Howe had always had at heart, but only at that period did she conceive the woman suffrage movement to be the foremost question of the time. Once convinced of the importance of giving the franchise to woman, she became an avowed and powerful champion of the cause. Heart, soul, and mind were devoted to furthering the movement, which acquired through her an additional dignity and importance. Nothing has been more important in America than breeding. That security which rests upon good manners, that moderation belonging to refined natures, are the bridges between the reformer and the public, which suspects the mere intellectual adventurer.

The philosophical character of Mrs. Howe's mind, and her recognition of principles, have made all that she has said in connection with the suffrage movement logical. With the enthusiasm of a late convert to the cause she has combined the results of her studious life. Of the merits of the much-vexed question this is not the occasion to speak. The writer would, however, bear testimony that even among those who are most firmly convinced that its success would not conduce to the well-being of the women, children, and men of the country, Mrs. Howe's disinterested and ardent advocacy is admired and respected.

The establishment of the New England Women's Club in the year 1869 was a new departure in the woman's movement. Mrs. Howe was one of those with whom originated the plan of the association, of which she has long been president. This club of some two hundred ladies has pleasant parlors in Park street, in the house originally built by Mr. Francis Gray, and afterwards occupied by ex-President Quincy. The rooms are always open and warmed, and the regular weekly meeting brings a large proportion of its members together to listen to a paper from some eminent person. The club is not a suffrage club, though a large proportion of its members are interested in the cause. Many of the subjects there discussed relate to the education and the general welfare of women.

As a speaker Mrs. Howe has had much experience since the year 1870. Her lectures are interesting, and touch on many topics, some of which are germane to the reform she has had so warmly at heart. Her gentle voice and powers of oratory are by no means the least of her gifts. The exquisite modulations of her tones, the perfectly chiselled enunciation of the words, make her voice carry to a great distance, and she has frequently been heard to advantage in the Boston Music Hall and Tremont Temple, and has also spoken in the Royal Albert Hall in London.

In the year 1872 Dr. and Mrs. Howe, with their youngest daughter and a party of friends, passed three of the winter

months in the island of Santo Domingo, the queen of the tropics, the garden of the world. Dr. Howe had been appointed a member of the commission sent down by President Grant to investigate the advantages of the proposed annexation of the island to this country. The report was one very favorable to the scheme, and of all the commissioners none was more enthusiastic for the annexation than Dr. Howe. The Samana Bay Company made Dr. Howe one of its directors, and President Baez received him with the greatest cordiality. The winter passed in the picturesque gray-walled town of Santo Domingo, where Columbus had so long lived, was one full of a romantic interest. The wonderful resources of the island were explored, and journeys into its interior were made on horseback. The hospitality of the inhabitants was cordially extended and greatly enjoyed by Dr. and Mrs. Howe. The great white-marble house — or palace, as it was called by the natives — where they lived was garrisoned day and night by a military guard of honor. The soldiers drew for this and all other military duty the incredibly small pay of ten cents a day. The payment was made in United States silver. The army was dressed,—very sketchily — in uniforms a large part of which bore the familiar letters U. S. The life in the great cool palace, with its open courtyard and wide marble corridors, its view of palm groves and orange orchards, was idyllic. The perfect climate, the beautiful landscape, the simple, pathetic people, longing for a civilization which we have declined to help them achieve, all made a strong impression on Mrs. Howe.

From Santo Domingo she sailed for Europe, where she remained several months. The object of this visit was the furtherance of the cause of peace by a direct appeal to the sympathies of women. In the year of the Franco-Prussian war Mrs. Howe had become much impressed with a feeling that the women of the civilized world could, by uniting their efforts, do much to destroy the prestige of military glory and to promote the settlement of international difficulties by arbitration, based on recognized principles of justice. So strongly was

Mrs. Howe moved by this view that she composed and issued a circular addressed to women of all nationalities and degrees. This brief circular was translated into several languages, and was distributed in countries as various.

Her visit to Europe in 1872 was made in pursuance of this appeal, and in the hope of assembling a Women's Peace Congress in London, the metropolis of the world. To this end Mrs. Howe remained in England some two months, where she was employed mostly in the public advocacy of the measure which she had so much at heart. The time was not, and is not yet, ripe for such a congress as Mrs. Howe sought to assemble. Her efforts, however, were recognized by many eminent persons, and her "Peace Crusade" of 1872 has always remained one of her happiest remembrances.

• A second visit to Santo Domingo was made by Dr. and Mrs. Howe in the year 1873. This time the little town of Samana, lying cradled at the foot of a range of hills, washed by the beryl-green waters of the bay, was their headquarters. In a cottage high up on the mountain-side Dr. and Mrs. Howe, with one faithful black attendant, Francé, a Dominican, passed a quiet winter. The simple folk of the village grew to love the strange lady who took such interest in their homes and children. When at last Dr. and Mrs. Howe were obliged to leave the island, and the flag of the Samana Bay Company was lowered, it was with real grief that they parted with their humble friends, who still cherish a grateful memory of the visitors who sojourned for so long among them.

On the 9th of January, in the year 1876, Dr. Samuel G. Howe died after a short illness. For several years previous to his death his health had been greatly shattered, and in the last year especially he became very dependent upon his wife. Her care of him was tender and unflinching.

In the spring of the following year Mrs. Howe made a voyage to Europe with her youngest daughter. She remained abroad for more than two years, and visited in this period England, France, Holland, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and Greece. With Greece she was

already familiar, but the delights of the Orient had until then been unexplored by her.

Genius is of a twofold order. That which springs only from the intellect is like the wonderful spectacle of the aurora borealis, which flames across the face of heaven. It will challenge the admiration of mankind. It may illuminate the spheres of the present and the future, solving their problems and revealing their secrets; but while its brilliant play transfigures sky, sea, and land, it warms no living thing. There is a quality of genius which is of the heart, and which works mainly for the comforting of humanity. Through every thought and action of him who possesses this spark of the Divine love is felt the glow of the Promethean fire.

It is a strange fact that most women of genius have possessed the genius of the intellect. Those of Eve's daughters who have claimed and found admittance to the Olympian heights of greatness have more often been admired than loved. Their feminine nature seems often to be hateful to them, and in their striving for fame and glory they lose that quality which should most endear them to their kind. Men are their competitors, and it is from them they must wrest the unwilling admission of equality. The heavier burden which is laid upon their shoulders handicaps them in the race of life, and their sex becomes a grief to them.

How different has been the spirit by which Mrs. Howe has been animated through life. How has she striven to maintain the dignity of womanhood, and to lift her sex to the high level which she has attained.

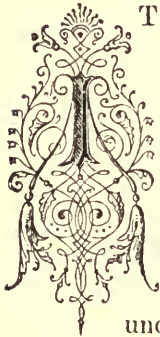
To those who have lived nearest to the deep heart, its warmth has overcome the griefs and disappointments of the world. To those who from a distance can only judge of the woman by her works, the glow of her genius is a beneficent and helpful light. As poet, philosopher, reformer, she is known by the world; to her own she is dearest as woman, friend, and mother.

CHAPTER XVI.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Clara Louise Kellogg's Birth and Parentage — Girlhood and Early Education — Her Extraordinary Musical Genius — Its Early Development — Intuitive Knowledge of Tone and Pitch — Marvellous Execution — Patient Study and Unwearied Devotion to Her Art — Beginning of Her Career — An Unusual Compliment at Rehearsal — First Trial in Opera — Her Début — Carrying the Audience Captive — Wild Enthusiasm — Triumphant Success — Verdict of the Critics — Visits Europe — Début in London — A Brilliant and Enthusiastic Audience — Acknowledged to be the Queen of Song — Return to America — Reception in New York — Triumphant Tours — Her Charity and Kindness — Personal Appearance and Characteristics.



T would be difficult to imagine a stronger contrast in any life than that existing between two nights in the life of Clara Louise Kellogg. In the one, at the very end of the Italian opera season, in the city of New York, a girl of seventeen, slight and pale, so nervous that she could hardly move her rigid lips, so frightened that she could hardly command her young voice, came before a calm and critical audience, under the shadow of a powerful Italian clique, who sat in cool judgment, oblivious of the fact that warmth of manner and generosity of applause would stimulate the singer as sunshine stimulates the budding stem, essayed to sing the part of *Gilda* in "Rigoletto," both the dramatic and the musical portions of which she had studied faithfully for nine months, and fainted under the cruel ordeal when the curtain had fallen at the end. In the other, some few years later, in London, before a house crowded from floor to ceiling with the best culture of the British empire,

with dukes and duchesses flinging her their flowers, with the heir of the throne, and other royal princes, applauding in the royal box, sure of herself and of her audience, mistress of her art and of the stage, she sang triumphantly the *rôle* of *Violetta*, was tumultuously called five times before the curtain, and half smothered in the wreaths and offerings of a superb triumph.

In the interval of these two nights, what arduous labors, what industry, what abnegation of a young girl's pleasure, what effort to overcome the timidity of a press and a public that dared not admire anything not yet gilded with a European endorsement, what patience to outgrow the influence of the intrigues of jealous foreign artists, what struggle, what determination! There was on the first night the same woman, the same genius, the same will, as on the last; but in the last all these things had come to the full flower of their beauty.

Clara Louise Kellogg was born in the year 1845, in Sumterville, South Carolina, where her parents had gone the year before, — her father, George Kellogg, at the head of a school, and her mother playing the organ of the church there. Her father was a man of original talent, a deep thinker, with great powers of perception and reason, familiar with the most intimate principles of mechanics, a student of the fine arts, a performer on the flute, remarkable for precision and richness, and an inventor, who shared the ill-fortune of most inventors, in seeing other people acquire wealth by his own unpaid labors. He was the inventor of type-distributing, chain-making, and other machines, and of improved surgical instruments; and it was he that introduced into England machinery for making hats, hooks and eyes, and a variety of other articles. Going further back, one of our *prima donna's* grandparents was a person of very uncommon mathematical attainments; and another was an excellent violinist, who, moreover, in the beginning of the cotton manufacture, superintended the erection of a valuable invention of her own in most of the large cotton mills; a parentage, it may be seen,

from which something far more than usual might be expected to result.

Mr. Kellogg, convinced that the musical ear becomes depraved when hearing music out of tune or off the true pitch, carefully kept the piano in tune and up to concert pitch during all of his daughter's childhood, which accounts, in some degree, for the unvarying nicety and spontaneity of her musical ear. Her father, in addition to his other accomplishments, was a philosophical short-hand writer, and he took care to educate his daughter in the elementary sounds which constitute the basis of every language; possibly this drilling, before the study of any foreign tongue, had to do with making her one of the most extraordinary linguists on the stage, — one who can master the lines of her part in less than three days, as well as the music. "More than thirty years ago," says a leading clergyman, "I stood side by side with George Kellogg in the Wesleyan University, from which we graduated together in 1837. It was there, in the regular exercises of the class-room, that I first detected his musical genius, which, however, appeared as a peculiar capability, rather than as anything already fully developed. Passing into the chapel for prayers, one day, he remarked that the casting of the bell was imperfect, for he observed that the sounds were not in accord. At his recitations in acoustics, or in psychology or physiology, whenever any point within the range of the science of music came up, although he was not a proficient in these things by study, he yet seemed instinctively to know all about them. He was married to a Middletown lady after his graduation, and it was commonly understood that the young couple had been attracted to each other by their common musical affinities."

Mrs. Kellogg, the mother, is herself one of the most notable women of the generation. She is possibly the one most thoroughly alive woman I have ever met. She is still young, is good, kind, and wise, and might have made a great mark on the artistic world if she had not so forgotten and absorbed herself in her daughter, that hers might be called

a case of suppressed genius. "Her brain is large, and her nervous system remarkably sensitive and susceptible," was written of the mother at the time of the daughter's *début*; "and from the first we have thought she possessed more natural dramatic power than almost any woman we ever knew. In ordinary conversation she has the faculty of imparting to her speech such emphasis, action, and expression of countenance as to give to the listener the most vivid and lasting impression of the subject in hand. And she is one of a thousand for the scope and brilliancy of her intellect, and especially for the sparkling fascination of her wit and imagination. A bright, enthusiastic woman, she seems to learn everything with grasping rapidity, bordering on intuition; yet, with these, she has a strong and logical mind." She is a woman, moreover, with an irresistible impulse in the direction of art. She plays, sings, draws, and models, — and all decidedly well, — while her painting is something merely marvellous. "We have a vivid remembrance of an illustrative incident that occurred many years ago, in which her singular success came under our own observation," writes another *raconteur*. "At a gathering of several friends, Mrs. Kellogg noticed a cameo of beautiful design and exquisite workmanship, worn by one of the ladies in the company. After a careful examination of the cameo, she quietly remarked it might be possible for her to cut one like it, if the proper implements were only at hand. Observing that her friends were incredulous, she at once determined to make the experiment, and, accordingly, borrowed the cameo. The next morning she started out in pursuit of a suitable shell and the necessary tools. The artisan of whom she purchased her materials and implements, on learning that she had never received the least instruction in the art of cameo-cutting, suggested the impossibility of success in the proposed experiment. But, still confident of her ability, she returned home, and commenced her novel and difficult task. She was fortunate in the selection of a shell of the same color; and in a few days the work was finished. Strange to say, she had duplicated

the cameo so perfectly that even a practised observer could scarcely distinguish the original from the copy."

It was from the force and quality of such natures that the genius of Clara Louise Kellogg was created, and all that was in them was bent to her formation and education. Her parents returned from the South to their home in New Hartford, Connecticut, while she was yet in her infancy, and there they lived, their daughter growing up familiar with the world of woods and waters, a child of nature, until, in her fifteenth year, they removed to New York, where, subsequently, Mr. Kellogg received a position in the custom-house, which he held for several years.

Louise received the usual education of young girls at Ashland Seminary, among the Catskills, studying there with the faithfulness that has always marked her course; modestly conscious of her gifts, and of her duty in their trusteeship. She was at home with her mother, singing at the piano, when a gentleman, — Colonel Stebbins, the brother of Emma Stebbins, the sculptor of the "Lotus-Eater," — who had occasion to visit the house, heard, on mounting the stairs, the wonderful shake of a young fresh voice on an upper note, like that of a bird in the blue sky. The result of his inquiries was that he undertook the musical education of what he considered a prodigy, because spreading the royal wings of genius at an age when the common flock preens its feathers without a thought of flight. In accepting the future thus opened to her, the child knew well what she was doing, — that she was to forego most of the pleasures and pursuits of girlhood, the companionship of young associates, the fascinations of easy social life; that she was, in short, to make an almost entire abandonment of the desires and inclinations of youth. But besides the development of her natural powers, she now had the reward of those who believed in her powers to aim for, and her fidelity and application were equal to their belief. Her first teacher was Professor Millet; he was succeeded by Signor Albites and Signor Manzochi; and there were three years under the guidance of Signor Rivarde, to whom she

owes much of the correctness of her style. At a later period Signor Muzio gave her a few lessons, and in London Signor Arditi did the same, although, with the education she acquired in America, she had already accomplished the height of her fame, and must have taken the additional lessons only through complaisance. Perhaps she owes as much to the unflinching supervision of her mother, in all her suggestions, her discipline, and her sympathetic genius, as to any other teacher. Her mother has been her constant companion, confidante, and manager, designing all her costumes, superintending her dressing, standing behind the scenes with a wrap ready to fold round her as she leaves the stage, having in many years never seen her from the front, shielding her in all her concert and stage experience before the public as carefully as a daughter could be shielded in a mother's drawing-room.

Clara Louise Kellogg's musical development seems to date from her birth. She has no knowledge of how or when she acquired the art of reading music, being unable to recall the time when she was not mistress of all the symbols of the divine art. When but nine months old, and yet in arms, she began to warble a tune that had pleased her baby fancy, and accomplishing the first part, but failing to turn it correctly, she ceased, and was not heard to attempt it again till just before the completion of the year, when she broke out in joy and sang the whole air through. At two years old certain songs would occasion her showers of happy tears; and there was other music that could not be played or sung in the house on account of the nervous paroxysms into which it threw her. It may be judged from this how keen was her musical susceptibility. Her musical ear, also, as I have said, has always been of the finest. She was not three years old when, some one touching the keys of the piano and asking their names, unseen, the little Louise cried out from an adjoining room, where, of course, the key-board was invisible to her also, "I know which one it is, mamma. It's the little white one between the two black ones," — which it was. Nothing could better demonstrate how positive is her

sense of sound. Something always to be noticed in her singing is this absolute knowledge of tone and accuracy in rendering it. Other singers may be heard to strike the note just off the true pitch, by a shade, an almost inappreciable trifle, thus sliding to the correct tone; but with Louise Kellogg it is always the pure and perfect touch at the first instant, without faltering or uncertainty, sure as the dart of a sunbeam. Her ear, her voice, and her genius are the gifts of abundant nature, but all the rest of her achievement is the result of solid work. She has accomplished nothing without persistent and untiring labor, before which others might well recoil; and her marvellous execution, in which she is not only unrivalled but unapproached by any other singer, has been acquired only by unceasing effort. After every triumph, she has said to her mother, in whom she was so sure of perfect comprehension and sympathy, "But better next time!" A notable critic has said of her, "Miss Kellogg came to her work divinely attuned. Her natural advantages were many and large. She possessed that nature which could not only carol but could conquer. She was gifted with musical apprehension which even in infancy was looked upon as something marvellous. Her ear was not merely superior to many others in its delicacy; it was absolutely unlike any other in its unerring fidelity to a positive standard of purity and pitch. It could designate and analyze all the subdivisions of the gamut before the child had learned the names of the notes. She seemed, indeed, to have been born with a positive and not a relative sense of tone; and the fortunate advantage of the purest associations and the best training during childhood developed and strengthened it. This is the basis of that subsequent purity and accuracy of execution that have been the admiration of masters and composers in two hemispheres; and it explains the somewhat remarkable statement made by one of the best musicians in America, to the effect that Miss Kellogg was the only vocalist in the country who never, under any circumstances, sang out of tune. To this gift of an ear so exquisitely sensitive that it

could detect the faintest departure from the pitch, was added a vocal function of very remarkable quality and power."

An interesting illustration of this extraordinary musical organization, with its instinctive knowledge of a positive standard of pitch, was afforded by an occurrence one night during her first visit to London, when Colonel Mapleson was bringing out "The Water-Carrier," with Madame Titiens in the title *rôle*. Two renowned musical critics sat in the front of the box with her, each with his full score of the opera, ready to note his criticisms as the work proceeded. Suddenly Miss Kellogg exclaimed: "Ah, what singular harmony! That chord was so and so," naming the different notes that composed it. "There it goes into another strange bit of harmony," she exclaimed, quite excited, and again giving the separate notes. "You are familiar with the opera," said one of the gentlemen. "Not at all," she answered; "I never read a note of it, or saw a score." He turned, and looked at her in blank amazement. "How is it possible," he exclaimed, "for you to repeat this harmony under such conditions?" "I cannot tell you how I know it, nor why I know it," she answered. But she went on, to his delight and astonishment, as he looked at the score and she listened to the music, giving page after page of the important chords, sometimes so fore-feeling the necessity to come, with her sense of nice adjustment, as to give a bar or two in advance, nearly to the end of the opera. I have never known of another person with such a phenomenal power.

When at last, in her seventeenth year, it was decided that she was to be given a trial in opera, under the management of M. Grau, she surprised even those who had believed in her the most. "Do you know," said some one to Mr. Kellogg, as the orchestra, at her rehearsal, laid down their instruments and applauded her, "that the orchestra has just paid your daughter the most unusual and extraordinary compliment?" And it is musicians, the world over, who have been and still are her most ardent appreciators. Of her *début* that night N. P. Willis wrote: "As she overcame her

agitation and regained command of her voice, she astonished her hearers with her force and execution ;" and Charlotte Cushman, who was present, and who, fully appreciating her dramatic genius, took in her the liveliest interest, declared her acting to be that of an incipient Rachel. She bore then, by the way, a strong resemblance to Rachel, chiefly in the shape of her face and her dark and deep-set eyes ; but her happy open smile and her changing color give her a luxuriance of womanly beauty to which the slim Hebrew, classic and white and lustrous as a statue, was a stranger.

In one sense this *début* of hers was entirely satisfactory ; it assured her that she was right in her aspirations, and that she was capable of success ; and the word "fail" was no more in her vocabulary than in Richelieu's. She had scorned to adopt the precaution of timid *débutantes* by singing a great part in the smaller places before attacking it in the metropolis, and had plunged boldly in to conquer or die. She sang a second time in New York, and then made her *début* in Boston, in "Linda di Chamounix." Of her effort in this *rôle*, on the night of a terrific rain storm, the New York "Commercial Advertiser," had said : "We unhesitatingly pronounce the result of her appearance in this second *rôle* to be a redoubled conviction that she is one of the first geniuses that has yet appeared on our lyric stage. Any woman who can so enter into the very life, both acted and vocal, of the mad passages in *Linda*, who can grade the infinitely delicate departings and returnings of reason with such subtle accuracy, has established her right to be considered . . . a genius adequate with patience to all the most difficult parts in the operatic field." In Boston she took her audience captive, was called twice before the curtain at the close of the second act, and was again recalled at the end of the opera and overwhelmed with flowers. All the newspapers next day were enthusiastic over her voice, her clear and crisp execution, and her magnetic power. Said the "Transcript" : "Her vocalization was fragrant with bloom and beauty. She sang the music of the first act with the natural enthusiasm of youth, and yet

with artistic skill and finish. In the duet with Brignoli there was a gush of song that carried delight and admiration to a high pitch in the audience." Meanwhile, Dwight's "Journal of Music," perhaps then the highest authority in this or any other country, said of her: "We have rarely had occasion to record a more complete and genuine success. An entire novice upon the stage, having appeared only some half dozen times in all, coming to us almost unheralded and unpuffed, indeed almost unknown, she has stepped into the position of a public favorite at a single bound. In person she is slender and graceful, with a pleasing face, intelligent and intellectual rather than beautiful, capable of the most varied expression. Her voice is a pure, sweet, high soprano, of that thin and penetrating quality that cuts the air with the keen glitter of a Damascus blade, wanting now, of course, in that volume and power which age and time will give, yet sufficient for all practical purposes; of course, furthermore, not so full in the lower register as it will be in time. She reminds us much of Adelina Patti, as to the quality of her voice, and indeed in her execution, which is finished and thoroughly artistic, savoring little of the novice, but worthy of the experience of a longer study and a maturer age. Everything attempted is done with admirable precision, neatness, and brilliancy that leave little to be desired. In the opening cavatina, *O luce di quest'anima*, she exhibited at once these qualities, giving the air in a way that brought down the house in spontaneous applause. As she proceeded, she evinced a rare dramatic talent, and an apparent familiarity with the business of the stage that was truly remarkable. The grace and simplicity of manner that mark her are, however, native and not acquired, and seem a real gift of nature. Through all the changes of the opera she showed herself always equal to the demands of the scene; so that, as an actress, we should set her down as possessed of a rare instinct, if not, indeed, of positive genius."

She had an equal success in "La Somnambula;" but the war ended the season abruptly. She was re-engaged for the

next year, and in 1863 she signed a contract for the following three years. In 1862 she assumed the part of *Violetta* in "La Traviata," and the "Albion" remarked of her appearance: "Miss Kellogg, whose dramatic aptness has been a most noticeable trait of her career so far . . . in the final scene, by clear, steady vocal flights, placed herself above almost every *Violetta* we have heard;" while another authority said: "Her song seems an outburst of the fulness of melodious life, and as if she could no more help singing than the song-sparrow which fills the leafless woods of early spring with its thrilling notes." Of her *Amina*, at this period, the "Home Journal" said: "She carries the realism which specially characterizes certain interpretations of hers to the fullest extent in the action of the part. Her sleep-walking never swerved from the strange rhythmical step of the actual somnambulist. The method of her vocalization is throughout that of the unconscious talker in sleep. Her waking scenes are deliciously sung, and in point of passionate acting inimitable."

The hold that she had now acquired upon the public was shown when, in 1863, we find the Boston "Journal," saying her "*Ah, non giunge* was an exhibition of vocalism, and of acting as well, that makes the heart of an American swell with pride." The "Post," after speaking of her finish and force, said of her *Lady Henrietta* that she "was all sunshine and music. She sang with heart, and acted with spirit, and was charming in a thousand and one nameless by-plays. Her sparkling eyes, vivacious manners, and buoyant spirits told effectively on her audience. The 'Last Rose of Summer' was sung with exquisite sweetness and grace." And again the same critic said: "As *Linda* she is magnificent; and so thought an audience that sat enraptured under the exhaustless melody of her rich, sympathetic voice." Of her *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni," the "World" of New York, said she "obtained the most artistic success of the evening, acting well and singing better; her 'Batti, Batti,' gained her a universal recall." And the Philadelphia "Press" declared: "She

carried her audience away with her. She was born and will remain a dramatic songstress. Her career in America has been most unequivocally successful. Her sway over an audience is a sceptre." I have made these quotations because they are words carrying far more authority than any opinion of my own, and because they show the drift of contemporaneous feeling. The pride and satisfaction which the people felt in her was manifested by a constant iteration of the fact that she was a purely American product, and had received none of her education, musical or histrionic, elsewhere than in America, and that she was a living refutation of all foreign impertinences in relation to us as crude and ignorant in the direction of art.

It was in 1864 that she put the crown upon her performances in the creation of the part of *Marguerite* in "Faust," which she sang twenty-eight times in one season. To create a part is the work of a great artist, and few are the prima-donnas of the day that have done so. "Faust" had never been played in this country, and in Europe only by its original interpreter, Mdme. Miolan-Carvalho. Miss Kellogg was obliged to interpret the *rôle* without the benefit of instruction or tradition. She had no model or teacher of any kind, not even the hearsay of older artists; her own genius and inspiration gave it birth. She had then sung not quite three years. There was an almost universal concern felt in the fact when it was learned that she was studying the part; the country seemed full of an affectionate personal interest in the young girl. During her study, one would say, everybody wished to do something to help her success; she received, both from people she knew and from strangers, copies of various editions of Goethe's poem, and numberless illustrations of it also by famous artists; hints and suggestions poured in upon her from the most unexpected sources; the excitement was more intense than it has ever been over any similar event; and when at last she appeared before the footlights of the Academy of Music in New York, in the presence of a most notable audience, in this most poetical of all the

parts prima-donna ever sang, her triumph was tremendous.

As much as her success had been anticipated, it remained a matter of wonderment that a girl reared in the puritanical traditions of New England, who had never been out of her own country, who had been kept from all that knowledge of the world which brushes the bloom from the young nature, had been able from her own imagination to present the ideal of so subtle a character as that of Goethe's heroine. It would not have been so surprising in a European peasant; for something of the atmosphere of old legend would reach even the peasant of those meridians. There were not two opinions about her success. "The portrait," wrote Mr. Wheeler in a leading periodical, "had the instant cogency of a homogeneous work, artistically conceived and poetically colored. The music exhibited for the first time the quality, fluency, compass, and culture of an exceptional voice. The critics who desired the sensuous melliflence of Grisi, the power of Catalani, and the execution of Persiani, in the *débutante*, were willing to acknowledge in *Gretchen* a vocal excellence distinct and even new. What Miss Kellogg's voice at this time lacked in color and breath, it made up in fineness and purity. What her impersonation wanted in organic ardor it supplied in accuracy, delicacy, and finesse. She may not have shown in *Gretchen* the force of an impulsive, mimetic nature, but she evinced the possession of a chaste, creative imagination and a subordinating intelligence. There was reason no less than sentiment; and it is worth noting that no artist who has since essayed this same part for us has so succeeded in delicately conveying what seems to be the poet's ideal. . . . With Miss Kellogg there was, throughout the performance, an exquisite reference to the supernatural character of the influences that were surrounding her. This spirituality lifted the rôle at once out of the purely objective domain of melodrama into the region of poetry, where individual facts are of less import than general truths. 'I have seen,' wrote to Berlioz, a celebrated virtuoso, who was here at the time, 'a

young girl, who is little better than an amateur, enact the part of *Marguerite* in M. Gounod's recent setting of "Faust," and I have been both surprised and charmed by the delicious skill with which she has apprehended and made obvious those subtler *nuances* of the poet which I believed were beyond the reach of lyric or mimetic art." Of this wondrous impersonation the critic of the "Tribune," an exacting one, declared that "she literally warbled the delicious music, so liquidly the notes fell from her lips. Perfect purity of intonation, light and well-articulated execution, the utmost purity of taste, and a naive, delicious, and impassioned manner, distinguished her personation of *Marguerite*. We have seen nothing more maidenly, tender, and delicately passionate than her whole bearing in her interview with *Faust*. It was a flash of pure nature, touching at once the sympathizers of the audience and calling forth murmurs of irrepressible admiration. It was a masterpiece of lyric and dramatic power." Another musical connoisseur felt obliged to say, in more charming compliment than singer ever had before, that, "The exquisite quality and purity of her voice, its sweet and gentle character, and its thrilling sympathetic power, are so aptly united to a faithful rendition of this part, that it would seem as though both the poet and the composer had written it for her in place of her having created it for them." The newspapers, over and above their own critical remarks, were besieged with more communications than they could print, respecting the excellence of the rendition, one correspondent calling it the greatest dramatic triumph since Miss Heron woke to find the city at her feet; and another sending a little *jeu d'esprit*: —

"When Kellogg sat and spun
And sang the song of Thule,
We felt the lifelike tale begun,
The key was struck so truly.

"If Goethe's soul could view,
With us, the passing glory,
He'd see the Margaret that he drew
Rise, living, from his story!"

From one end of the country to the other, wherever she appeared, the air rang with plaudits. In Boston the audiences were wild with eagerness; ladies crowding the aisles and standing through the entire opera were no infrequent sight there, and hundreds were turned away from the doors, as they had been in New York, where, at the dense matinees, throngs of ladies appeared frantic for either seats or standing-room. The modest little girl who sang Gilda to icicles three years before would never have supposed it could be herself causing such animated scenes in Irving Place, before the opera, when coachmen and policemen and an army of carriages depositing their gay loads, made outcry and confusion for an hour or more. "The interpretation of Goethe's Margaret by Miss Kellogg has caused 'Faust' to be the most attractive opera of the season, and filled the house to overflowing on each night of its representation," wrote the Boston correspondent of the "Evening Post." "But it is Margaret who holds in her slender hand the chain which, encircling the vast audience, strikes through thousands of hearts the electric spark of sympathy. The innocence, sweetness, and pathos of Margaret could only be fitly represented by one whose own nature corresponded to all those elements, and as in the first act the gentle and lovely presence passed over the stage, shrinking from the contact of the crowd, uttering only a few notes, we acknowledge 'Sure, something holy lodges in that breast.' Through all the succeeding scenes Miss Kellogg's insight into the nature of Margaret never fails. The element of holiness is always present to our thoughts, even amid her direst temptations and darkest trials, while the musical tones, tender, trustful, agonized, come to us as the true source of such emotions. . . . Miss Kellogg restored to us the meaning of the poem, that there is an innate power in innocence to put down Satan under her feet; for although Margaret dies on the floor of a dungeon, as a criminal in the eyes of the world, it needed not the visible presence of angels to assure us that the pure in heart shall see God." Mr. Longfellow, in fine, expressed the sentiment of everybody

when, in a note to Mr. Fields, which she keeps as an autograph, he said: "Her Margaret was beautiful. She reminded me of Dryden's lines:—

"So poised, so gently, she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.'"

Subsequently, and when the charms of all rival prima-donnas had been tested, the Goethe Club, at the dedication of a statue of the poet, choosing William Cullen Bryant as the orator and Bayard Taylor as the poet of the occasion, requested her assistance, saying they were emboldened to make the request by the fact that the greatest of Goethe's feminine ideals had found through her its truest and most inspired interpretation on the lyric stage.

At the close of her season in New York, this triumphant year, as Miss Kellogg came before the curtain in answer to repeated calls, M. Maretzek stepped after her, and presented her, in the name of the stockholders of the Academy, as evidence of their appreciation of her as an artist and a lady, with a ring and bracelet of superb diamonds. Such testimonials, however, the traditional treasure of prima-donnas, became a common thing as she went on. The St. Louis people gave her, when singing in "Don Giovanni," a massive gold chain and inscribed medallion, after ovations of flowers; and in New York, while singing "L'Etoile du Nord," a bunch of white roses was tossed to her, among which nestled a humming-bird holding a diamond cross in his bill. Later were offerings of still costlier jewels from the Princess of Wales and other foreign dignitaries, while bouquets and baskets and pyramids of flowers, some of them, as the newspapers delicately said next day, costing from fifty to two hundred dollars, were the events of every appearance. She had already valuable possessions in her stage paraphernalia, among them a crown of amethysts set in a fragile gold filigree, to which a romantic history is attached. In this opera, "L'Etoile du Nord," she exhibited an exquisite purity and melodiousness of voice, an irreproachable method, and a surprising brilliance and facility of execution.

It was now acknowledged that Miss Kellogg had one of the purest high soprano voices on any stage, and was a bravura singer surpassed by none living or dead; that her ear was precisely correct, and that she was ruled by no false ambitions, but by a lofty love of her art; that, in short, as it has been beautifully said of her, she was less a lyric queen than a lyric priestess; her domain the boundless one of pure music, and that she rested her claim to recognition on no personal graces or attractions, but on conscientious and complete work alone. The purity of her musical method, which never allows her to overload a measure with ornament not to the purpose, is only equalled by her fidelity to detail in action and in dress. It may be trivial, but it demonstrates this peculiarity of hers, to relate that when, on a benefit night, with a programme in which scenes from "Traviata" and "Faust" followed one another, and she was obliged to change her toilet rapidly, laying aside the gorgeous ball-ropes of *Violetta* for the peasant's dress of *Marquerite*, whose russet leather shoes had been mislaid, she was in a terror lest she should be late, and some one suggested that she should retain *Violetta's* pale-blue satin shoes, which really matched the border of *Marquerite's* dress, and were not very noticeable. "Who ever heard," she cried, "of a burgher maiden going to church in satin slippers?" Miss Kellogg's memory, moreover, was as prodigious as her work was faithful; she knew not only her own part but the whole opera, and was wont to conduct, as one might almost say, a large measure of the performance herself, prompting, suggesting, and maintaining the key,—a thing remarkable for its unselfish devotion to art itself instead of the usual devotion to personal success alone.

I remember her well at this happy period of her life. Success had not spoiled her, as it never can spoil her. She was but a trifle turned of twenty,—modest, natural, and unaffected to a degree, radiant with simple happiness, receiving admiration that was almost adoration with a sort of surprised sweetness, taking a girlish interest in the delayed affairs of youth; all alive and tingling, too, with her music, singing

to friends on the off-nights of the opera as if she were the obliging ballad-singer of any parlor, and obedient to her worshipping but far-sighted mother as a child of ten might be. It was only an example of her happiness overflowing in abundant kindness towards everybody, when one night, as she sang "Trovatore," with an abandon that was a revelation of unexpected power, returning to the prima-donna's room, she saw another singer, — one who had once reigned supreme in that room herself, whose fame had been world-wide, but from whom years had robbed her glory, — turn to go upstairs, and she sprang after the fallen queen, and insisted she should reoccupy her old quarters with herself; a trifle, to be sure, but showing the same generous spirit that has poured plenty into the lap of more than one poor singer's family, and never whispered of the act. She had just produced her second creation, the part of *Annetta* in "Crispino e la Comare," in which she displayed a rare capacity for comedy, playing most piquantly, and singing the gay music, in which is a gondola-song in the Venetian dialect, so charmingly as to be applauded to the echo. There was something exceedingly satisfactory in the sight of her innocence and joyousness, and the thought of her faithfulness to the obligations of her genius, — a genius that sparkled in the light coquetry of the *Zerlina* of "Fra Diavolo," glowed with a superb strength of flame in the passionate *Leonora*, and, as Mr. Wheeler asserted, compassed in its splendor, when she sang the *Zerlina* and the *Donna Anna* of "Don Giovanni," or the *Filina* of "Mignon," all the distance between the immortal song and joy of Mozart and the temporary pleasures of Ambroise Thomas.

It was in 1867 that she signed an engagement to sing for Mr. Mapleson in Her Majesty's Theatre, London, sailing in the "Russia." She made her *début* there as *Marguerite*; at once, by the deed, throwing down her challenge to the lyric world; for in this part she had to confront recent recollections of Patti, Lucca, Miolan-Carvalho, Nilsson, and Titiens. The house that night was crowded, brilliant, and enthusiastic; the applause was deafening; the Prince of Wales congratulated

her, and the impression she made was immense as a brilliant singer and a consummate actress. "Her voice," said the authoritative critic of the "Standard," "is a high soprano of the most brilliant and sympathetic quality, as fresh as a lark's, and invariably in tune;" and elsewhere the same critic wrote: "She possesses a voice of rare quality, silver-bright, liquid, and emotional to a degree. She sings with art, feeling, judgment, and supreme taste." The "News" asserted that her performance compared with that of any of her predecessors, and that she was an example of finished training in the best school; the "Era" assured her that she need fear no comparison; the "Review" pronounced her bravura singing in florid, ornamental passages to have a distinctness and completeness of style seldom realized, while her shake was irreproachable in closeness, evenness, and intonation; and Mr. Davidson, the severe and unapproachable critic of the "Times," declared that, coming so entirely without the conventional puff preliminary, the *début* was in the strictest sense legitimate, and she had achieved a brilliant and unqualified success; that, emotional, impassioned, and strikingly picturesque, she exhibited a high order of dramatic talent; that her voice was a true soprano—resonant, flexible no less than sympathetic and telling, boasting the precious quality of being invariably in tune, with extreme sensibility in cantabile phrases. "Then her articulation of the words, her sense of accent, her balance of phrase—alike in *tempo giusto*, and in *tempo rubato*—in the strict division of time, and in its measurement at discretion, are irreproachable; while last, not least, her pronounciation of the Italian language is so uniformly correct and musical that she might almost be taken for an Italian-born. . . . When Mlle. Kellogg sings the house is crowded; and now that Mr. Mapleson has got hold of the young and fair American, he must retain possession of her, as of Falernian wine, 'under a hundred keys.'"

In "Traviata" her success even exceeded that in "Faust," and she followed it by "Lady Henrietta" with a facile brilliancy of execution, and by "Linda," of which the "Times"

said her performance was, with few exceptions, "probably the best that has ever been witnessed on the Italian or any other stage." And Mr. Smalley sent word home, "She has filled the opera-house, carried her audience by storm, and delighted the critics. Her triumph is more decided than was that of Patti in her first appearance, and is not less complete than that of Christine Nilsson, who came over from Paris last season."

It was the Americans in England who were more rejoiced, if possible, than Miss Kellogg was herself, by this proud success. They thronged to her representations, they loaded her with flowers, they overloaded her with cordial expressions. Mrs. General Dix, Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, the wife of our Minister, and others of prominence congratulated her by letter. Many Americans, indeed, felt that although it was with them that the growth and expansion of the dramatic genius of Maria Felicia Malibran took place, and although it was they who first recognized the talents of Bosio and of Patti, nevertheless, Kellogg was the first American singer whose whole antecedents and instruction belonged to their shores, and who, born at one end of the country, educated and brought out at the other, and half idolized throughout its extent, was utterly American and theirs, and their gratified pride gave her something like an international position.

The burning of Her Majesty's Theatre brought the season to a close, but Miss Kellogg was re-engaged for the next year. She opened in "Traviata," and created a *furor*. Of her *Violetta* at Drury Lane the English critics said she robbed the part of repulsiveness, and set the *cachet* of innate refinement on all she did. Of her *Gilda* they maintained that it was not perfect merely, but a new revelation, and there was certainly no *Gilda* now to be seen so tender, so engaging, so truly pathetic. In "La Sonnambula," they asserted her mingled terror and grief to be as genuine a display of true passion as the lyric stage had seen for many a day; and of "Le Nozze di Figaro," that a more sprightly, arch, and

eminently graceful *Susanna*, distancing all competitors, as near perfection as can be conceived, was not to be found, nor had the garden-song been given with purer vocalization and truer taste. They had to thank the American prima-donna, too, they acknowledged, for the revival of a racy example of the Italian style of half a century back in the ambitious part of *Ninetta*, in "La Gazza Ladra"; and in "La Figlia del Reggimento" they found her singing beyond all praise: "Gay or sad, hopeful or depressed, the music was poured forth like a nightingale's, or as unpremeditatedly as that of Shelley's Skylark." Her *Lucia*, meanwhile, was pronounced a very perfect effort, in which "she not only surmounted every difficulty for which the composer is accountable, but introduced cadences and ornaments that only the most finished executant could attempt." Said the "Standard," in conclusion: "Mlle. Kellogg's success could not possibly be greater. She was recalled after every act, and was received each time with genuine enthusiasm. At the fall of the curtain, when she was summoned before the footlights, the stage was literally rained on with bouquets, and the scene forcibly reminded one of a night during the Jenny Lind *furor*, when the operatic excitement was at the fever height."

During these seasons she sang repeatedly in private concerts under the patronage of the royal family and members of the nobility, before the queen at Buckingham Palace, and at the great Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, where, before an audience of twenty-three thousand people, and with such singers as Titiens, Lemmens-Sherrington, Nilsson, Sainton Dolby, Carola, Sims Reeves, and Santley, her rendering of "Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre!" was pronounced one of the best and most legitimate specimens of Handelian singing of the day. "The old Handelian fire was mainly felt when Mlle. Kellogg sang the noble air from 'Joshua,'" said a writer in "Harper's Magazine," in describing the occasion. "Dear Miss Kellogg," wrote Mr. John Hay to her from Vienna, "I believe you do not read the Vienna papers, and so will not see what the 'Fremdenblatt' says of you this

fine May morning. It is so hearty, and yet so *naïve*, that I send you a literal translation: 'Miss Kellogg is the star of the opera in England. The enthusiasm for this young *artiste* is indescribable. Miss Kellogg, a most poetical apparition, eighteen years of age, is a *non plus ultra* bravura singer, and strikes the Patti with her masterly song formally dead. With her singing unites this *artiste* a so sublime play that one through the same is moved to tears. Fraulein Tietjens, who, as well, in the same opera in which Miss Kellogg appeared, collaborated, namely in Mozart's "Don Juan," was, through the splendor of the young stranger, completely eclipsed.'

During this really colossal success, Patti and Lucca were singing at Covent Garden, and Titiens and Nilsson at Drury Lane. With these latter artists Miss Kellogg alternated appearances, and in the performances of "Don Giovanni" and of the "Nozze di Figaro," she sang in conjunction with them; in the one playing *Zerlina* to Titien's *Donna Anna* and Nilsson's *Elvira*; and in the other, *Susanna* to Nilsson's *Cherubino* and Titien's *Countess*. Her *repertoire* now numbered thirty-four parts, as she sang in "Poliuto," "Rigoletto," "Somnambula," "Lucia," "Linda," "Traviata," "La Figlia del Reggimento," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "L'Etoile du Nord," "Don Giovanni" (both *Zerlina* and *Donna Anna*), "Puritani," "Marta," "Crispino," "Roberto," "Le Nozze," "La Gazza Ladra," "Il Barbière," "Faust," "Fra Diavolo," "Les Noces de Jeannette," "Trovatore," "Carnival of Venice," "Pipelée," "Don Pasquala," "Mignon," "Talisman," "Lily of Killarney," "Bohemian Girl," "Flying Dutchman," "Aida," "Huguenot," "Carmen," and "Lohengrin." Offers were made her to sing at Paris, Florence, St. Petersburg, and Madrid, but she had already signed an engagement to sing in America under the management of Mr. Strakosch, and she returned home to receive a welcome which showed her how her country-people felt she had taken off their reproach in the eyes of the world.

The Academy held an immense audience on the night of her reappearance in New York, and as she came down the

stage the falling bouquets almost hid her from view. It was several minutes before she could cease her acknowledgments, and it was beyond her power alone to clear the stage, even by armfuls, of the flowers that were sent up in pyramids, columns, baskets, and wreaths, with doves scattering tuberoses, and canaries rivalling the prima-donna. After this she made a triumphal tour through the land, — a sort of royal progress. In the next year she sang in opera with Mdme. Lucca, and in 1870 she organized a concert tour of her own.

Every movement she has made has been an upward one, even when it seemed as if there were no further for her to go. "She has gained every step by industry and study. There has been no sentimental nonsense expended on her. She has won honestly and fairly the first position, and occupies it to the acceptance of every one. No one has tried to write her up. There has been but a single effort to write her down, and it failed. What she possesses to-day she owes to herself." When, in 1870, she played *Paulina*, in "*Poliuto*," the public acclaim verified the critic's statement, that her acting throughout was "truthful and impassioned; she did not lose sight of the situation for an instant, but kept the cord tightened until the strain of irrepressible enthusiasm severed the strands, and her heart poured out in a burst of passionate song the words: '*Oh, Santa Melodia! Celeste volutta!*' So finely and truthfully was that rendered that it excited a *furore* of admiration, and it had to be repeated amid shouts of *brava* and thunders of applause. It was a supreme moment both for the artists and the public. Miss Kellogg's gestures were purely classic; they demonstrated the emotions with striking fidelity; every movement was rounded and beautiful. Her poses were classic and graceful, and in some cases as beautifully statuesque as those of Rachel. She sang the music splendidly, from the first note to the last; she threw into it all the passion it required; her phrasing and emphasis were admirable. Her finish is most elaborate; it is hardly possible to select a blemish in her intonation, articulation, or execution. It was pure, beautiful, and honest

singing, from the beginning to the end, and we were gratified to hear the repeated and irrepressible murmurs of 'brava,' 'brava,' which greeted her as point after point of refined beauty of execution and interpretation appeared in strong relief. Her voice is in superb order; it is full, melodious, and sympathetic, and rang out in passages of force with metallic power which surprised while it delighted. We must name *Pauline* as the grandest of all the successes that Miss Kellogg has yet achieved."

In the succeeding years she has never allowed herself to rest. In 1872 she enjoyed another triumphant season in London, when Campanini made his *début*, singing *Edgardo* to her *Lucia*. The "Atlantic Monthly" said of her, shortly afterward: "The pure, penetrating quality of her voice seems more beautiful, if possible, than in past seasons. As a singer, so far as purity of style and method and fine sympathetic musical expression go to make one, we should rank her even above Madame Lucca or Miss Nilsson. Her singing is, in fact, almost absolutely faultless." In the winter of 1875 she sang one hundred and twenty-five nights. In 1880 her success in Vienna, where she alone of all the troupe was allowed to sing in Italian, German being the prescribed tongue, was colossal. And meanwhile she has been at the head of an enterprise, which has been as fertile in results as anything in her life, for the introduction of English opera, which she has made familiar to the American public. "Into this enterprise," says the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, "she threw herself with all her accustomed energy, aided by a deep confidence in the musical appreciation and enthusiasm of the American people, assuming the direction of the pieces, the training of the singers, the translation of the libretti from the French or Italian, and in general the conduct of the business."

But great as Miss Kellogg is in her art, a large affection is given her for the equally great qualities of her heart. She has never been known to condemn a rival. Of Miolan-Carvalho she wrote home: "I don't think I ever heard anything

more perfectly rendered than her singing of the waltz" (in "Romeo and Juliet"). When a bouquet was once thrown, after the curtain fell, upon the stage where she was singing with Lucca, the curtain rose upon her clasping Lucca's hand with the flowers between them in the clasp. Everybody knows of her goodness to *débutantes*, of her patronage of Lisa Harris and others when she was quite young herself; of her efforts to place above want the family of young Conly, one of the singers of her company who was drowned; of her kindness to the superannuated beneficiaries of the stage. She was singing one night in Toledo, when a young woman made her way to the anteroom where M. Strakosch was, and begged him to afford her a hearing, that she might have some support in the path she had undertaken, believing that she had a voice and determined to do something with it, at present making her way by singing to her guitar in parlor concerts at one hotel after another, till she should obtain money enough to take lessons, being totally unacquainted with written music. After the concert Miss Kellogg and the company listened to her, and found a wonderfully powerful but crude voice, sustaining, even in its untrained condition, the second B flat above and the C below; and that night Miss Kellogg took her home to the hotel in the carriage, and the next day sent her to the best masters of New York for an education at her own expense.

How often has not that generous voice been heard in charities; and how often in gracious acts, as when, Charlotte Cushman playing Queen Katharine, the voice that sang to the dying woman was Louise Kellogg's, that voice like a "silver bell struck with a velvet hammer," or as it was heard at Mr. Greeley's funeral. "There was a pause for a moment before the organ was heard again, and a sweet and ringing voice broke out in that grand song of faith and tenderness and triumph, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' It was Miss Kellogg, who paid this last touching tribute to one whom she had long known as a dear personal friend. . . . He had conceived a strong regard for this estimable lady;

he spoke of her in warm terms of praise, and during his sickness, only a little while before he died, talking of remarkable women whom he had known, he mentioned especially two of whom his opinion was very high. These were Margaret Fuller and Clara Louise Kellogg. It was no mere artistic sentiment, therefore, which Miss Kellogg threw into the divine song which she poured upon the ears of that great audience. There was grief at her heart, for there were tears in her voice. When she ceased a sense of inexpressible tenderness seemed diffused over the whole house."

Miss Kellogg has never married. I will confess that I have thought a strong and tender passion, an experience of that great school of life to be found in marriage, would enrich, deepen, and fortify her genius and her art. But the only passion she has ever acknowledged is the love of her music. Her home, originally in New Hartford, was afterwards for many summers at Cold Springs, on the Hudson, on the estate of Clarehurst,—a delightful spot which she has beautified through the ample resources of the wealth she has accumulated,—lying on a mountain side opposite West Point, under the shadow of huge oaks and hickories, and where the view outside is as full of color and splendor as the house inside is of music and all the sweetness of domestic life. Latterly she has spent more time at the Clarendon Hotel in New York, which has been her home to all intents and purposes.

The career of Miss Kellogg is one that it is a pleasure to contemplate, and mention of which I leave with reluctance. It seems to me that it will be of immeasurable use in the future,—a wise and lofty and beneficent example. Greatly endowed by nature, she has yet had great difficulties to master. That she was an American has militated against her, except in temporary bursts and spasms of public feeling. She had a cabal of critics always to overcome, chiefly foreigners attached to the great newspapers, who would not believe good could come out of Nazareth, otherwise America. No newspaper was ever approached with a consideration in her behalf, and she had been more than a dozen years on the

stage before she met any of these people personally. She had, moreover, a natural manner, wanting in the repose of indifference, full of a certain nervous restlessness, that afforded these critics ground for accusing her of a vanity and conceit absolutely foreign to her being. In truth, Clara Louise Kellogg is totally without conceit. She never admits that she has done anything so well that it might not have been done better. She never goes on the stage without her heart in her mouth. Cruel words have cut her to the quick; she has needed the kindest. Encouragement has always warmed her, and more encouragement would have fired her to yet happier heights than she has reached. With all her signal success no audience has yet got the best from her, — that best which she could give if she felt herself sustained in their strong sympathy to the point of her courageous aspiration; if they would forget that she did not belong to the *terra incognita* of the foreigner, with its charms of the unknown. To-day an audience will raise the roof with thunders of applause; to-morrow, she knows, its caprice will hesitate to dare to say she is better than the best because she is one of themselves. She herself never had a caprice; she is an embodied conscience; she is amiability itself; she has carried on the stage, if not in such precise facts, yet in their spirit, the rearing of a Puritan girl whose piano, before she went to New York, was closed on Saturday night and not opened till Monday morning. Exposed to every danger, there has never in all the years while she has been in the blaze of the public eye, “in the fierce light which beats about a throne,” been a blemish on her fair fame, nor has the breath of blame blown over her. When will the influences of the universe combine about a wonderful throat again in such self-denying industry and earnestness and will, such unsullied spotlessness, such intelligence and spirit, — in short, in another Clara Louise Kellogg? Let us be thankful for her while we may; for she is an honor to her household, a delight to her friends, a glory to womankind!

CHAPTER XVII.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Mrs. Livermore's Ancestry — Stories of Her Childhood — The Little Minister — Her Marriage — Journalistic Experiences — The War of the Rebellion — Loyalty and Devotion to the Union — The Northwestern Sanitary Commission — Army Experiences — Incidents of Hospital Life — Wonderful Nerve and Ready Resources in Emergencies — A Remarkable Achievement — Mighty Work for Union Soldiers — Their Love and Reverence for Her — "Mother" to them All — Touching Story of a Soldier's Ring — A Thrilling Incident of Chicago Life — An Errand of Mercy — Terrible Death-Bed Scene — Labors after the War — Her Christian Life and Influence — Work as a Reformer — Fame as an Orator — Personal Appearance — Home Life — A Grand and Noble Woman.



HERE is still fossil poetry left in the too familiar phrase, "representative" man or woman.

Our own country, yet young and prophetic, is pre-eminently the ground of experiment. "Your land of the future," George Eliot called it, "America, is the nursery and seed-ground of new ideals, where they can expand in a better, freer air than ours."

In looking over the list of great and gracious women whose achievements are recorded in the pages of this book, it may be doubted if there is one who will be found fifty years hence more broadly to re-present the spirit of the last twenty years of American story than her whose name heads this commemorative sketch.

I am enabled to give, in the words of one near to Mrs. Livermore, a few facts about her early life, which are of so much interest as indicating the prophetic cast which strong natures often take on in childhood, that I can only wish I had threefold the space which can be spared to them.

Science teaches us nowadays that in order to save a man we must convert his grandfather; and gives us, in its own despite, the strongest proofs we possess of the value of religious character as a social factor. Nothing so illustrates the persistence of force as the continuity of spiritual fibre. We all freshly remember the religious molecules in the brain of Emerson, who was the result of eight generations of Christian ministers.

This most womanly story of a noble woman adds another to the long list of instances in which a believing stock has been preservative of intellectual vigor.

"The parents of Mrs. Livermore," I am told, "were very devout, indeed stern in their ideas of morality and religion. Her ancestry on her father's side were Welsh, on her mother's side English, — her maternal grandfather having been born at London. He was an East India sea-captain. Her father was bred a Berkshire farmer in Massachusetts." Further back in the ancestral line we find the clerical environment. "I have the blood of six generations of Welsh preachers in my veins," is the significant testimony of the woman who packs Boston Theatre on Sunday evening when she talks on Immortality.

"Mary was born in Boston. She was most rigorously trained from her earliest infancy in habits of industry and economy, in morals, and in the severe theology of the day, after the belief of the Close Communion Baptist Church; while the very best education was given her that the schools of Boston and the educational facilities of New England at that time afforded for girls. She does not remember a time when she was not vitally concerned in all matters pertaining to religion, eager for knowledge and ambitious for study, while there was no possibility of her shirking her daily allotment of work in her father's household.

"The oldest surviving child of a family of six, she always exercised a mother's care over her younger sisters. Before she was ten years old she was harassed by wakeful nights of anxiety for them, when she would arouse her parents in the

middle of the night, asking them to pray for these little sisters that they might become good women and be eternally saved in heaven. When asked if the same prayer should not be made in her own behalf, she gave this characteristic answer: "'Tisn't any matter about me; if they are saved I can bear anything.'"

Pretty stories are told us, too, of the little girl's being followed to and from school, by a procession of timid children, the weak, or sick, or poor and ill-dressed, or otherwise "unfit," who were worsted by the ridicule or insult of their rougher and tougher mates. Mary's presence was "hands off" to the biggest bully, and protection to the feeblest of her dependents. "She took the law into her own hands, and was judge, jury, and executioner to the unlucky boy who attempted any insult to her dubious procession of ragged and unkempt children."

These little tales read like a legend from the annals of chivalry; or like a prophecy from the Old Testament preceding the Gospel of a beautiful life. What wonder that a friend says of her to-day: "It is doubtful if there is another woman of the day who is more sought by forlorn and friendless women—women needing comfort, encouragement, assistance; women bankrupt in character, charged with crime, and awaiting trial; women who are called 'outcast,' and who are on the verge of suicide—than the subject of this sketch. . . . It is literally true of her that never yet in her life has she turned away either man or woman who had sought her in distress."

The favorite amusement of the little Calvinist was playing at meeting, and she who to-day holds an audience from the platform or pulpit, better perhaps than any other living woman, began to train herself for her vocation by practising (in default of other hearers) on the sticks and logs arrayed in her father's wood-shed. She writes now and then from some point in her yearly lecturing tours that she "has met some members of one of her old wood-shed audiences, but has not always been sure whether these were blockheads or



MARY A. LIVERMORE

lager-beer barrels." Her father used to say: "If you had only been a boy I would have educated you for the ministry."

We read, it is true, of one secular encroachment upon these "sad amusements," in the shape of a wax doll which did duty as a worldly diversion for a time. But a little heap of ashes was discovered one day in the back-yard, where, it was learned, the recantation of Cranmer had been enacted before admiring spectators. The archbishop met the fate of a heretic with great historical accuracy and religious fervor, but the unfortunate five-dollar French doll was missing from the scene of her brief domestication in that family.

An impressive account of the "Play of the Resurrection," one of the diversions out of which the sternly-reared child managed to wring her unyouthful pleasures, has seemed to me too interesting to be set aside. It is thus described:—

"In order to reach the play it was necessary that one of the children should be taken sick, and the usual programme follows. The doctor was summoned, the pulse and tongue were examined, medicines were prescribed and taken without any benefit; the doctor finally abandoned all hope, and amid well-counterfeited grief that sometimes became so real as to lead to violent weeping, the little patient died. Then came the preparation for burial. The eyes were closed and the lids weighted with coins, the hands folded on the breast, the body arrayed in a long night-dress, and all moved about solemnly and sadly.

"Then came the funeral, Mary officiating as the minister, with prayer and addresses. All sang a dolorous hymn to a dolorous tune, and the procession was formed, which marched slowly and tearfully through the chamber to a back square bedroom given up for a play-room. It had a large wide fireplace closed with a fire-board, and its windows were darkened by green shutters, a heart-shaped aperture in the top of each admitting the only light. The fireplace had been cleansed and painted black for the children's convenience, for the fireplace was the tomb where now the pretended dead child was buried, all the ghastly formalities of the times being faithfully

copied, and then with great grief the fire-board — the door of the tomb — was put in its place, and the funeral procession returned to the front of the house in the order in which it had come.

“All this was preliminary. Now the real play began. The green window-shutters were tightly closed, even the heart-shaped apertures for lights were shaded — the room was made as dark as possible, and then, all being ready, one of the boys at the upper stairway gave the signal, a prolonged blast on a trumpet. This was Gabriel, announcing the end of the world, and the coming resurrection. Nearer came the trumpets — louder grew the blast — and as it entered the darkened room the window-shutters were suddenly thrown back with great clatter, the fire-board was dashed down with great noise at the same moment by the occupant of the fire-place, who, arrayed in the burial garments, sprang into the middle of the room, whither now all the children sprang, with arms and eyes uplifted, all bursting out into a jubilant song of welcome, which grew louder and faster as the excitement increased, and their emotions became more vehement.

“I have heard Mrs. Livermore say that no spectacular play she has ever witnessed, has thrilled and excited her as did this ‘Play of the Resurrection’ in her childhood.”

The child’s devotion to her parents, and fear of making trouble, were almost unchildlike. We hear of her as secretly engaging slop-work, and sewing flannel shirts at night (until parentally discovered), to earn a few shillings towards her own support; and as collecting and controlling a vacation school of fifty little pupils, at twenty-five cents a week, to meet the expenses of her own education. Here shows the organizing fibre which afterwards carried the Sanitary Commission of the great Northwest upon its broad shoulders.

Her intellectual vigor early developed. At a tender age, we hear of her being shut up by her schoolmaster with nothing but a dictionary, and required to write an impromptu thesis on “Self-government,” by way of proof that her extraor-

dinary compositions had not been plagiarisms. The result acquitted her fully and finally, in the mind of that teacher. At fourteen she graduated at the Hancock School with the highest honors.

When Mary was seventeen years old, an event occurred which more than any other one affected her inner and outer life. A younger sister, greatly beloved, after a lingering illness, died. The life of this child had been one of singular purity and loveliness. In character she seems to have been one of the natural saints, or at least of the early matured for the moral results of death — one of those rare souls whom the Master "beholding," would have "loved." But according to the theology of the family, she was not "converted," and by the logic of theology she could not be saved.

The self-sacrificing sister faced this fact with an anguish nothing less than maternal. No comfort approached her despair. She bore it, as intense girls bear such things. The little sister was in hell, and she, Mary, who would have gone there in her stead as unhesitatingly as she would dispose of the bully who abused a child that trusted her at school,—she could not lift a muscle or use a heart-throb to prevent this moral outrage. So much purity — so much punishment — how much God?

She faced her problem in the solitary way that befalls strong young natures. The wise and tender word which should have "read his righteous sentence" otherwise to the desperate mourner was not spoken. No one gave her a sane gospel. No one taught her that when the conflict struck between essential Love and accidental creed the odds were not in favor of the creed. Human device had pitted itself against Divine tenderness; and there was no religious good-sense at hand to convince the tortured creature that God Almighty loved the dead child better than her father's minister. The inevitable consequences racked the strong soul and body of the growing girl. Years of agony left traces which can be seen to this day in the trembling lips and solemn

appeal of the grave eye, with which this epoch in life is alluded to. She left home the better to fight her fight in the loneliness which such moral emergencies demand, and for two years taught as governess in a desolate Virginia plantation, seeking to throw the turmoil of her nature into active and incessant work.

It was upon her return from this Southern trip that chance threw her in the way of a young Universalist preacher, to whose ears the story of her experience was carried by troubled friends. This was a case which peculiarly appealed to the sectarian zeal of the minister, and it is easy to see that the strong sweetness and sweet strength of the woman must have presented more complicated problems to the man. The subject of eternal punishment was replaced by that of eternal blessedness, and Mary Ashton Rice became the wife of Rev. Daniel P. Livermore.

The elder Dumas, I think it was, said of Michael Angelo — painter, architect, poet, and sculptor — that he had four souls. We need not climb as high as Angelo to meet a commanding versatility that can be best described by some such phrase. The greatest difficulty in dealing with a subject like that which is crowded into the limits of this sketch, lies in the variousness of this woman's claims to public interest.

Beyond question the first, if not the strongest of these, is to be found in Mrs. Livermore's magnificent war-record.

The years immediately preceding and succeeding her marriage were full — such a life could never be empty — of those tentative efforts which strong youth puts forth to find its footing. Women longer than men, (and women more helplessly than now), throw out their intellectual antennæ, groping after the "wherefore" of individualism.

Mrs. Livermore taught and wrote, — as other gifted girls teach and write, — because these were the only outlets for superfluous life then possible to the "ever-womanly." She was for some time associate editor, with her husband, of "The New Covenant," a religious paper published at Chicago. Her newspaper and magazine work was industrious, almost inces-

sant, and kept in practice that mental muscle destined later to find its true athleticism. All this balancing of the emotions by reflection disciplined the young feminine exuberance, and prepared the way for the future power; it was like the prelude which it has become usual to place before certain lectures—so much mental exercise before the real business of the day begins.

It should be remembered that during these early years of her married life, Mrs. Livermore was also occupied, like other women, in the cares of home-keeping, and in the rearing of her young family. She is the mother of three children; one of whom is no longer living.

So far as the public is concerned, Mrs. Livermore's life began with her career in the War of the Rebellion.

It was a grand history. It is twenty years since that clarion sounded which should "never call retreat," and our hearts are growing a trifle dull to the old war-stories. Half a million of the men we sent forth from North and South are in their graves; and the dead take no trouble to remind us of themselves. Those who returned to us are beginning to drop out of the ranks fast enough, and in the press of life we do not turn to see who falls. Often the erect shoulder and the direct eye, all the signs left of the soldier whom we gave with tears and welcomed with huzzas, pass us without raising so much as an association with the sacrifice which we have accepted at his hands. The widowed wives and the widowed girls with whom the war saddened the broad land, are already "entering into peace"—that of eternity, or that of time, and if neither has comforted them, who stays to ask? Thus too, with the army woman, she who did what the rest of us desired, and carried womanhood so soldierly, yet right womanly, to the very front of war—how more than easy we have found it to forget her in these prosperous years. How once we honored her, sought her, envied and loved her, leaned on her strength and hung on her words. How frivolous seemed our idle lives beside her own, how small our motives and poor our achievement; above and beyond all else how great our

debt! In looking over the record of the deeds of women in the nursing and sanitary service of the war, one is sometimes blinded by tears that come from the bottom of the heart, at chancing upon some now forgotten name, some "ex-lioness" of a once grateful public, who compressed into those four short years poetry, pathos, glory, and sacrifice enough to make the staple of any dozen whole lives such as we are living, and are not ashamed to be content with in these later days.

Few women in the long, heroic list did a better, braver, sounder work than Mary Livermore. It should be remembered that she gave her clear head, no less than her strong hands and warm heart, to the emergency. "The columns of her husband's paper," we are told, "furnished her the opportunity she desired of addressing her patriotic appeals to the country, and her vigorous pen was ever at work, both in its columns and those of other papers open to her. During the whole war, even in the busiest times, not a week passed that she did not publish *somewhere* two or three columns at the least. Letters, incidents, appeals, editorial correspondence—always something useful, interesting—head and hands were always busy, and the implement 'mightier than the sword' was never allowed to rust in the inkstand."

In an article of Mrs. Livermore's, published soon after the fall of Fort Sumter, we find this vivid reminiscence of those fateful days:—

"But no less have we been surprised and moved to admiration by the regeneration of the women of our land. A month ago we saw a large class, aspiring only to be leaders of fashion and belles of the ball-room, their deepest anxiety clustering about the fear that the gored skirts and bell-shaped hoops of the spring mode might not be becoming, and their highest happiness being found in shopping, polking, and the schottische—pretty, petted, useless, expensive butterflies, whose future husbands and children were to be pitied and prayed for. But to-day we find them lopping off superfluities, retrenching expenditures, deaf to the calls of pleasure, swept

by the incoming patriotism of the time to the loftiest heights of womanhood, willing to do, to bear, or to suffer for the beloved country. The riven fetters of caste and conventionality have dropped at their feet, and they sit together, patrician and plebeian, Catholic and Protestant, and make garments for the poorly-clad soldiery. An order came to Boston for five thousand shirts for the Massachusetts troops at the South. Every church in the city sent a delegation of needle women to 'Union Hall,' a former ball-room of Boston; the Catholic priest detailed five hundred sewing-girls to the pious work; suburban towns rang the bells to muster the seamstresses; the patrician Protestant of Beacon street ran the sewing-machines, while the plebeian Irish Catholic of Broad street basted — and the shirts were done at the rate of a thousand a day. On Thursday, Miss Dix sent an order for five hundred shirts for the hospital at Washington — on Friday they were ready."

It is with the work of the United States Sanitary Commission that Mrs. Livermore, it will be remembered, was most closely identified. Many a brave woman found her way, in the teeth of shot and shell and surgeons' opposition, to the chartered nursing service along the lines. Many a noble woman, sheltered in her own home, kept there, perhaps, to guard the children whose father she had sent to the front, served the Commission in the quiet ways without which no great undertaking can be supported — knit the stockings, made the clothes, picked the lint, rolled the bandages, packed the boxes, collected the money — those "home ways" whose name was legion, and whose memory must not die. Mrs. Livermore's work seems to have been a combination of home, commissary, and hospital service.

At the beginning of the year 1862 the Northwestern branch of the United States Sanitary Commission was organized at Chicago. It was an influential body.

Mrs. Livermore, with Mrs. A. H. Hoge, a well-known army worker, were appointed agents of the Northwestern Commission, and went to work as two such women would.

Upon them fell the yoke of organization — often that heaviest of the hard, in crises where the strain upon the sympathies can only be eased by a quick stroke and immediate response. Throughout the great Northwest Mrs. Livermore travelled, arousing, instructing, and vivifying the people by the painstaking patience which is the final sign of strength in excitement. The Sanitary Aid Societies sprang up under her departing feet like shadows; the enthusiasm, the ignorance, the ardor, and heart-break of women were ordered and utilized, and so the great Commission, with the precision of the Corliss engine, got to work.

In December of 1862 the National Commission called a council at Washington, and appealed to the Branch Commission at the North to send two ladies practically familiar with the work, as delegates to this convention. Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hooge were detailed for this errand. There was need of it, and of them.

This was the time when sanitary supplies had fallen off, and the demand for them desperately increased. "One and one," says the Oriental proverb, "make eleven." The strength of union in the Commission, as in the ranks, carried the hour over the need, and the results of this council were felt throughout the land like an accelerated pulse.

It was on this Washington trip that Mrs. Livermore visited the convalescent camp at Alexandria, known as Camp Misery. Here, from improper drainage, from actual lack of fuel, clothing, and food, our soldiers were slaughtered like slaves in an amphitheatre. But here was one woman to "keep the count." When she found that eighteen sick soldiers died at that camp in one night, from cold and starvation, the country heard of it. Her unresting pen flew to the help of the aroused Commission, and "carried the story of these wrongs all around the land."

It was early in this year that Mrs. Livermore was ordered to make a tour of the hospitals and military posts on the Mississippi river. This brought her into yet more direct contact with army sufferings. One may doubt which was

more to the purpose, among the wounded, homesick, neglected boys, her chartered power to relieve them, or her womanly presence among them. She was a fortress of strength and a fountain of comfort. She was one of the rare women who know how to make feminine sympathy tell with masculine force. Her emotions never bubbled over into froth; they swelled a current of practical and practicable relief, as inevitably as healthy breath flowed from her broad lungs, or magnetic vigor radiated from her massive frame. Mrs. Livermore always worked *largely*; small motives and small results seem as foreign to her career as small feelings. One's impression in reviewing her army record is that she served like a General. She had the broad sweep of eye, the reserve of expedient, and the instinct of command. These Mississippi tours, for instance, resulted in an organized attack upon the scurvy, which was threatening the ranks to an extent unstayed, and even unknown by the military authorities.

Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hoge, having observed the mischief while serving as agents at Washington, kept their woman's eyes well open, and were quick to detect both the premonitory and actual symptoms of the dreaded disease at Vicksburg camps and hospitals. They personally explained to General Grant the facts with which his surgeons had not acquainted him. But this was not enough. These two women did not shift the responsibility upon the shoulders of the man, but made, themselves, trips up and down the river, whose object was to arouse practical excitement upon this matter. Their appeals, their circulars, their enthusiasm, their persistence, and their personality resulted in an outburst of immediate relief. In three weeks over a thousand bushels of potatoes, onions, and other vegetables were sent to the scurvy-threatened army, and by their prompt distribution the danger was averted.

On one of these tours up the river, Mrs. Livermore discovered twenty-three sick and wounded soldiers, who had been left at a certain station, with the most insufficient care, and not a loop-hole of escape by which they could get back.

to die among their friends. Their descriptive lists were with their regiments; their regiments were in the field; no one had authority to discharge them; home, with its last comforts or its desperate chance of life, was denied; a knot of red tape tied them down.

Mrs. Livermore took in the case at a glance, and presented herself immediately at the headquarters of General Grant. Without waiting so long as to take the chair he offered her, she hastened to tell her story in a few soldierly words, briefly intimating that she had chartered power from the Sanitary Commission, and adding: —

“General, if you will give me authority to do so, *I* will agree to take those twenty-three wounded men safely home.”

The General eyed her in silence — a tremendous look.

Many and varied were the types of women who came down the river in those days on errands sometimes more enthusiastic than rationally available. Mrs. Livermore was a stranger at headquarters, and, as the officer's eye asked, “Is she lying?” the woman's eye silently replied. When the mute duel was over, the General, still without comment, called his chief-of-staff.

“This lady is Mrs. Livermore of the Sanitary Commission. She finds twenty-three wounded soldiers who cannot get home for lack of their descriptive lists. She agrees to take them herself.”

Then followed the necessary order, which empowered her for her extraordinary venture; and as quickly as will could act she was under way with her twenty-three soldiers. Their homes were scattered all over the West, but the transportation service at her command was equal to the emergency, and her pluck to anything. It had not occurred to her, however, that a power more silent and greater than the General could get her into difficulties for which he had provided no authority; and when, the first day up the river, one very sick man died, she had nothing more or less to meet than the fact that she could not get him buried.

The Sanitary Commission, to which she appealed, through its nearest agent, was compelled to reply that its power dealt with the living, not with the dead; that it had no money for burying men; that she must go to the government. But the government authorities declined with equal decision. The man was discharged. He was no longer a soldier. He was now a civilian. The nation could not bury civilians. So, back and forth in vain from one to the other, the question passed.

Meantime the soldier remained unburied, and the captain of the steamer, being Southern in his sympathies, as most of his calling were, peremptorily declared that if that man were not buried by sundown his body should be put on the levee and left there. At this, Mrs. Livermore, returning in desperation to the military authorities, besieged them by arguments from which there was no appeal. Such an outrage would be the property of the newspapers in three days. The whole land would ring with it. She presented the case in such colors that the official yielded, and agreed to give the man burial, stipulating that the surgeon in charge of the party should fill out the necessary blanks.

How tell him there was no surgeon in charge? And the fact was the last thing to be thought of—that twenty-three wounded men were in the sole care of one woman for transportation to their twenty-three several homes in the broad Northwest. The woman left the military presence without remark, herself filled out the poor fellow's blank,—regiment, company, name, cause of death, whatever items she knew,—and they were few enough,—and after a moment's desperate hesitation loyally appended to the paper, for humanity's sake and the country's, *M. A. Livermore, M.D.*,—so buried her soldier like a patriot, and quietly went on her way with her twenty-two. Verify that title, Union soldiers! *M. A. Livermore, Ma Donna*, let her be forever!

Probably the thing most closely connected with her "army name" was the great Northwestern Sanitary Fair, which occurred in Chicago in 1863.

This undertaking, in which, of course, the labors of many women must not be forgotten in the prominence of the few, is conceded to have been the inspiration of Mrs. Livermore. She suggested, urged, and carried the immense experiment through. She supplied the faith, the will, and the fire. Her co-laborers, at first timid and reluctant, fell in with her purposes, and the thing was begun and done as if failure were an impossibility and success a divine right. This fair was the first of the series of great fairs organized throughout the North for the benefit of the Commission. It netted almost one hundred thousand dollars.

A contributor to Dr. Brockett's "Women of the Civil War," who was present at a convention of the women of the Northwest, summoned to Chicago to consider the feasibility of that undertaking, gives forcible testimony to the remarkable influence of Mrs. Livermore: "A brilliant and earnest speaker, her words seemed to sway the attentive throng. Her commanding person added to the power of her words. . . . As all know, this fair, which was about three months in course of preparation, was on a mammoth scale, and was a great success; and this result was no doubt greatly owing to the presence of that quality, which, like every born leader, Mrs. Livermore evidently possesses, that of knowing how to select judiciously her subordinates and instruments."

We are able to give, in Mrs. Livermore's own words, a few clear-cut pictures from her experience as agent of the commission. This, clipped from a letter from Louisiana, in April, 1863, says:—

"As the 'Fanny Ogden' was under orders, and would be running up and down the river for two or three days on errands for General Grant, we determined to accept the invitation of the Chicago Mercantile Battery, encamped at Milliken's Bend, and try tent-life for a day or two. So we were put ashore at the landing, and in the fading twilight picked our way along the levee to the camp. What a hearty welcome was accorded us! What a chorus of cheerful, manly, familiar voices proclaimed the gladness of the battery at our

arrival! Forth from every tent and 'shebang' swarmed a little host of the boys, all bronzed to the color of the 'Atlantic Monthly' covers, to use one of their own comparisons; all extending eager hands, . . . hearty, healthy, impatient to hear from home. . . . Here they were, 'our boys' of whom we took sad and tearful leave months ago, when we gave them to God and our country at the altar of the sanctuary, when they alone were brave, calm, and hopeful. Here they were—the same boys, but outwardly how changed. Then they were *boys*, slender, fair, with boyish, immature faces; now they were men, stalwart, fuller and firmer of flesh, the fair, sweet boyish look supplanted by a strong, daring, resolute expression. . . . We told all the news, and still the hungry fellows asked for more. . . . We examined photographs of dear ones at home. . . . A plain dress-cap fell from our travelling basket; the boys instantly hailed it as a home affair; 'it seemed natural to see it, as their mothers had heaps of such female toggery lying around at home,' they would have it . . . and the cap was accordingly donned, greatly to their satisfaction. . . .

"General McClernand's army corps is encamped at Milliken's Bend, and the next day we called at his headquarters, and informed him that the 'Fanny Ogden,' laden with sanitary stores, would be at the Bend in the afternoon. He ordered immediate notice of the same to be sent to every chief surgeon of the regiment or battery, which brought them out in full force on the arrival of the boat. . . . The pleasure was exquisite when we went to the hospitals, most of them miserable affairs, intended for temporary use, and beheld the grateful emotions of the sufferers.

"Ale, eggs, lemons, codfish, condensed milk, tea, and butter were among the articles we furnished. . . . Many insisted on paying for them; they could hardly be made to understand that they were the gift of the Northwest. In ward after ward we repeated the story that the *people* had sent these supplies to the Commission, to be distributed to the sick in hospitals. . . . This evidence of kind feeling seemed

of itself to send a wave of healing through the entire wards. . . . 'And so they don't forget us down here? That's good news. We were afraid from what we heard that they were all turning secesh, and that we'd got to pint our guns 'tother way,' said one Missouri boy.

"And here let me say, that in all my intercourse with our soldiers, in camp and field and hospitals, in the East, West, and Southwest, from the commencement of the war to the present time, I have never encountered the least disrespect in word, manner, tone, or look from officer or private. Had I been what the sick men in hospitals have so generally called me,—'mother'—to them all, their manner could not have been more wholly unexceptionable. I cannot nor do I believe any woman can say the same of the surgeons. . . . Of course there are noble exceptions to this statement. . . . My observations have also forced upon me the conviction that our men in the army do not deteriorate morally as greatly as is represented. I do not believe they are worse than at home."

She testifies, also, that of the uncounted deathbeds of soldiers which she has attended, not one instance can be recalled where the dying man did not believe in immortality. Upon being asked how many such death-scenes she witnessed, she replied that it was impossible to tell. "I wrote seventeen hundred letters for soldiers in one year." Among the men to whom death and life were such tremendous facts, she invariably found the expectation of a world to come more or less clearly fixed. "There was none of this prevailing indifferentism: this 'I don't know anything about it' spirit; 'it may be one way, and it may be another; nobody can prove it, and why should I trouble myself?'"

She also says, that of them all she knew but one who was afraid to die. This was a moving story. The end was near at hand, the man uncontrollable, not with physical so much as mental agony. "I can't die," he cried. "I can't die! I have been a wicked man! A wicked, wicked man! I am afraid to die."

He flung himself from side to side of the mattress on which he lay upon the floor. He tossed his arms wildly and writhed for relief from the soul-wound that hurt so much more than the mangled body.

"He won't last half an hour," said the surgeon, "if he is not quieted. You must calm him some way."

The best was done, but the raving continued unchecked. The man demanded a minister; "he had been a church-member once," he said, "and that was the trouble with him; he must see a minister." With great difficulty a clergyman was brought, but when he got there he could do nothing with the maniac sinner, and was retreating, baffled, from the sickening scene, when Mrs. Livermore, who saw that the poor fellow was going, for want of a little nerve-control, to pass on un-comforted, and that all too soon, herself made a bold stroke.

She got upon the mattress, kneeling beside him, and taking both his arms, held them like iron in her own. Looking the dying man straight in the eyes, she sternly said: "Now *stop!* Stop this, the whole of it. You can keep quiet, and you shall. Lie still, and listen to what this man has to say to you."

"But I'm afraid I've got to die!" wailed the terrified creature, "and I have been a wicked man."

"And what if you have got to die?" rang the womanly voice which had melted over him so tenderly, now stiffened into the sternness of a rebuking mother. "Then die like a man, not like a baby! You've sent for this minister. Lie still, and hear what he has to say to you."

Like a child in her arms the man obeyed; the tortured nerves grew calm; the soul gathered itself to meet its fate and its God. The poor fellow listened gently and intelligently to the sacred words, and passed quite reconciled.

Perhaps I cannot better bring to an end the most imperfect and brief account which time allows me to give of Mrs. Livermore's war record than by relating a beautiful story (already told in the "Youth's Companion"), which spans, like a slender golden bridge, the distance between that glorious past and

this earnest present, between the sacrifices of war and the consecrations of peace.

Upon a recent lecturing tour, in Albion, Michigan, Mrs. Livermore was approached after the evening's lecture by an elderly woman, white-haired, and with a face that time had sadly graven.

"Mrs. Livermore," she began at once, "Do you remember writing a letter for John —— of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Michigan Volunteers, when he lay dying in the Overton Hospital at Memphis, during the spring of 1863, and of completing the letter to his wife and mother after he had died?"

Mrs. Livermore was forced to reply that she could not recall the case, she wrote so many such letters during the war. The gray-haired woman drew the letter with trembling hands from her pocket. It had been torn at the folds, and sewed together with fine stitches; it was greatly worn. Mrs. Livermore recognized her own hand, and silently re-read the forgotten pages. The first four were dictated by the soldier, as he lay dying — shot through the lungs. After the lips were still which gave the message to mother and wife — those precious "last words" on which the two had lived for twenty years, — the writer herself had added to the sacred letter such suggestions as her sympathy wrung from her, in consolation to the inconsolable.

"I think," said the woman, lifting her worn face to the strong one above her, "my daughter-in-law and I would have died when we heard that John was dead but for that letter. It comforted us both, and by-and-by when we heard of other women similarly afflicted, we sent them the letter to read, till it was torn into pieces. Then we sewed the pieces together, and made copies of the letter, which we sent to those of our acquaintances whom the war bereft.

"But Annie, my son's wife, never got over John's death. She kept about, and worked, and went to church, but the life had gone out of her. Eight years ago she died. One day, a little before her death, she said: —

“‘Mother, if you ever find Mrs. Livermore, or hear of her, I wish you would give her my wedding-ring, which has never been off my finger since John put it there, and will not come off till I am dead. Ask her to wear it for John’s sake and mine, and tell her this was my dying request.’

“I live eight miles from here,” added the woman, “and when I read in the paper that you were to lecture here to-night I decided to drive over, and—if you will accept it—to give you Annie’s ring.”

Too much moved to speak, Mrs. Livermore held out her hand, and the lonely woman put the ring upon her finger with a fervent and solemn benediction.

From war to peace, there may be as I say, a golden bridge; or there must be a gaping chasm, in individual, as in public story. When the thrill is over, when the stir is stilled, when emergency has given place to routine, excitement and event to calm and monotony, then a life is put upon its true mettle. Peace has her soldiers no less than war. That is strength which still finds in the leisure of daily commonplace its military rank. It were easy to suffer the collapse of the strong nerve and hot resolve, and so sink into the mere selfishness of well-earned ease. It were easier, perhaps, to become the victim of a fatal displeasure with ordinary conditions, and to find no more the glorious in the necessary; to slide off into second-rate ideals and their correlative motives, and pass one’s days in the fretful inaptitude of a nature which has wrung one supreme hour from life, and never found or never sought another.

A friend, once asked for material for Charlotte Cushman’s memoir, said: “I have no data. There is only the continuity of love.” So, in dealing with the subject of this sketch, we seem to have only the continuity of power. Any notice of Mrs. Livermore would be seriously incomplete which should not give emphasis to her value in social movement. She has pre-eminently the record of a reformer, and this is the more interesting because the exuberance of her intensely womanly nature might have easily deflected her course into quieter

choices. When the demands of the war are over, her clear eyes see the "duty nearest," in directions which still appealed to the old chivalrous instincts. Now we do not find her contented with the sewing-circle and the newspaper letter and neighborhood celebrity. It is not enough to relate past army exploits to admiring vestries, and to fold the hands over a pleasant reputation for patriotism.

What is the next crisis? Who are the most defenceless? Where is the coming battle-field? Which is the authoritative *reveillé*? What now most needs the sympathy and sense of a strong woman? Who so keenly, who so promptly as her own sad sex? Who so darkly, who so deeply as the tempted and the outcast?

One of the most touching incidents ever found in woman's work for women is related of Mrs. Livermore while she was living in Chicago.

One night while she was busy with her children, a sharp ring at the door summoned her on a strange errand. The messenger came from a house "whose ways take hold on death." A woman, an inmate of this place, lay dying, and had sent for her, desiring her presence as a spiritual adviser through the final agony.

"Go," said the husband, "*you* will be safe enough. And I will see that the police look after you. You'd better go."

Mrs. Livermore returned the simple and beautiful answer "that she was putting her children to bed, and would come as soon as this was done."

"Don't wait for that," pleaded the messenger, "or the girl may be gone. She's very low, and has set her heart on seeing you."

So, without delaying to hear the "Amen" to "Now I lay me," the mother kissed her babies, and went out from her Christian home upon her solemn errand. She was received with great respect in the house of sin. The poor girl was dying of hemorrhage of the lungs; she was far sunken away, but in mental distress that stoutly held death off. She be-

wailed her sins, she feared her future, she clung to the pure woman with desperate arms. Mrs. Livermore got upon the bed beside the girl and held her firmly.

"Who are you, and where are your friends? Can you tell me?"

"I'll never tell you! I'll never tell anybody. They don't know where I am. They've advertised for me all these years. My father and mother are respectable people. *They don't know I care*, and they never shall know. I won't disgrace them so much as to tell you."

The visitor asked if she should not send for a minister, but the girl clung to her, crying:—

"I want you, you! I want nobody but you!"

So the pathetic scene went on: "Do you want me to pray for you?" "Can't you trust in Christ to forgive your sins? God is your Father. Don't be afraid of your Father! Can't you believe that He will save you? Listen, He is glad to save you. Christ died to save *you*."

As she prayed the girl interrupted her with piteously humble cries: "Oh, Lord, hear what she says!" "Yes, God, listen to her." "Oh, God, do!" "Do, do!"—as one who dared not lift up so much as her eyes unto heaven for herself. After her death, which occurred quickly and quietly, the face wore, it was said, one of the most pathetic expressions ever seen upon the dead, "as if she were about to break into tears." It was afterwards learned that the poor creature was the daughter of a Methodist minister.

Into the work for the elevation and enfranchisement of women, and into the temperance movement for the salvation of men, Mrs. Livermore, after the war released her, turned her leisure and her force. Both of these movements have found in her one of their ablest champions, and the leaders in these causes know what singularly reliable influence they have found in her, and know how to value it as only toilers in "causes" can.

Perfectly fearless, thoroughly equipped, as strong as the hills, and as sweet as the sun, she has stood serenely in the

front of every movement against oppression, vice, and ignorance, with which she has identified herself, observing in her selection a wise reserve, which has given her influence its remarkable value. "Reform" is a hot-headed charger, dragging at its chariot-wheels a hundred eccentricities. Quiet people look on warily at the cranks and quips, the mixed motives, the disorder, the crudeness and rudeness, the ignorance and mischief which often follow the onrush of progress. The term "agitator" has crystallized the popular distrust of effort in which there is so much more gust than seems necessary to keep the weather sweet. One such sound, sane life as Mrs. Livermore's does more to create public confidence in genuine social improvement, and in the figures that stand unselfishly in its foreground, than it is possible to over-estimate. One does not find her mixed in all the "ins" and "outs." We never see her with the intellectually maudlin or the morally dubious. Some of us, debarred by circumstances from investigating the merits, not of principles (which must be our own affair), but of applications, are accustomed to depend on her judgment as we would on a magnet, in the vexatious decisions which must be made by the least who has given heart and hand to any philanthropic or social movement.

What are the merits of this association? What is the value of that step? Who compose the "ring" behind such a vote? Which is the safe, wise, delicate way to tread? Where is the *sense* of this thing? From the study, or the sick-room, or the nursery, the remote or busy woman looks off, weighing perhaps conscientiously the value of her modest name, or contribution, and hampered by her inevitable ignorance of the machinery of the world. At a few firm figures she glances with assurance. Mary Livermore is one of these guide-boards. Her name on an appeal is a synonym for its wisdom. Her appearance on the platform of a society is a guarantee of its good sense. To "follow this leader" is always safe.

Mrs. Livermore's labors as a reformer have been greatly facilitated, and of late years chiefly expressed, through her

career as a public speaker. And here we come to the tardy but magnificent development of her essential gift. Unquestionably her genius is the genius of address. She is one of the few women as yet come to the front of whom we can safely say that she is a born orator.

As is so often the case, the discovery of the niche for this statue came late in life. She was almost fifty years old when the fame of the platform found her. She has brought to it, therefore, ripe womanhood, the very harvest of experience, the repose which comes only when the past begins to tip the balance against the future. Her popularity as a public speaker is one of the marvels of lyceum annals. Tried by the Midas touch which cannot be escaped as a test of success, it will be remembered of her that during the year when lyceum lecturing as a "business" was at a height which it will never reach again, she was one of four lecturers who were most in demand, and made the largest terms with the bureaus; the other three were men of world-wide fame.

She has delivered more than eight hundred temperance addresses, nearly a hundred of these in Boston. She lectures five nights a week for five months in the year, and has done so for many years. She travels twenty-five thousand miles yearly, besides keeping vigil late into the night, often into the morning, to hold her immense correspondence afloat. This gives some idea of the steady strain upon brain and body which this woman of iron and fire sustains.

In addition to the regular fulfilment of her contract with her bureau, and the work as above described, she constantly receives, and almost as constantly accepts, invitations to speak on Sunday in the pulpits of Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Unitarian, and Universalist churches, invited usually by the ministers of these churches to "deliver her message." Often this message is a temperance address. Sometimes it is called a sermon.

Another of the demands made upon her is from schools, colleges, and literary institutions for Commencement and other educational addresses. Her summer vacation is never

free from these extra labors. Political conventions and Sunday-school conventions add their clamor to the list. "She is always at work," a friend says of her; "never flags, takes little recreation." Her summers are spent at her own home in Melrose, or in the mountains, or in Europe with her husband.

Mrs. Livermore's manner as a speaker is noticeable for its dignity. She has a deep, rich voice, of remarkable compass, capable of filling any audience-room, trained, and flexible. She begins quietly, but has a grip on the house from the first. At times she rises to impassioned fervor. There is no feminine squeak or frivolity. The register of her voice is rather low, reminding one of Mrs. Kemble, or of Charlotte Cushman, who said, "All I inherited from my grandmother was this voice. It was my capital in life."

Mrs. Livermore's personal appearance adds to her power on the platform. She is tall and large, with a fine figure and dignified carriage. She is eminently well-proportioned, and one gets a sense of power from every motion. Of her face, which is very fine, quite beyond any portrait which I have seen, it is not easy to say the right word. Regular features, and grave, gray eyes, and the warmest smile in the world stay by the memory, but chiefly this: that one has seen the most *motherly* face that the Lord ever made. As she pleads for her own sex, crying patience with its weakness, and justice for its wrongs, and compassion on its woes, her expression rises to one of inspired solemnity, then melts into a strong tenderness, which reminds one of what was said of the face of George Eliot, that she "looked as if she bore the sorrow of all the earth."

The subjects of Mrs. Livermore's lectures are: "What Shall we Do with our Daughters?" "Women of the War"; "Queen Elizabeth"; "Concerning Husbands"; "The Reason Why"; "Superfluous Women"; "Harriet Martineau"; "The Moral Heroism of the Temperance Reform"; "The Coming Man"; "Beyond the Sea"; "Our Motherland"; "The Boy of To-day."

It is doubtful if there is any other public speaker who so wins his way, or hers, to the hearts of their opponents. Many

of her audiences disagree with Mrs. Livermore's views; few can be found to disagree with Mrs. Livermore.

I remember once to have heard her on the platform of a conservative, Calvinistic girls' seminary, where I was not sure of her hearty welcome. She had lectured in the village the evening before on some topic connected with the political enfranchisement of women, and she was the wife of a Universalist clergyman. I anticipated that her reception, though courteous, might be a trifle chilly. I might have spared myself my fears. In five minutes every woman in the room listened to her like a lover, and when, at the close of her talk to the girls, she was invited by the pious principal to "lead in prayer," who was there to ask if she prayed orthodoxy? She prayed Christianity, and she took us with her to the very heart of Christ. Rarely have I heard a prayer which moved me as that one did. She swept away everything between the soul and God—herself was cancelled—she was no more an individual whose personality impinged on our consciousness; she was an appeal, an outcry from humanity to Divinity. All our mixed motives, and shallow thoughts, and frail feeling went down before the power of her religious nature and her religious life. It was impossible to hear her, and not say, "That is the voice of a consecrated soul. Take me, too; take me up thither."

"Of all the speakers who have ever been brought to our institution," said a trustee of a large charity at the north end of Boston, "Mrs. Livermore, to my mind, without exception, made the best address that has ever been made to our poor people. They never listened to any one else in the way they listened to her. She never 'talked down' to them; she always said 'we.' Most speakers say 'you' to such audiences. She never once forgot herself; it was always 'we.'"

"I would pay the price of a ticket to her lecture any time," said a lady, listening to this conversation, "to hear that woman's voice."

Time urges, the pages slip, my task is all but done, and I have as yet said nothing of the domestic life of this woman

whom the public delighteth to honor. The army commissariat, the reformer, the orator, have had their "three souls" expressed in this one rich life. What of the fourth, which is the vital one after all? What of the *woman* behind this power? What of the home behind the career? What is the story beneath the glory?

It is with a feeling of peculiar pride and thankfulness that those who would fain believe that public usefulness for a woman need not imply private uselessness, are able to point to the symmetrical and beautiful domestic history of one who for twenty years has given herself so ably to important public services. We may be permitted to step across the sacred threshold of what it is safe to pronounce one of the happiest homes in the land, so far as to say that we shall never find a fireside at which the wife and the mother is honored with more pride and devotion than at this. The very tone of the voice in which the materials of this sketch were given me, by the husband of "this great and good woman," was enough. I needed to ask no questions. The manly pride in womanly use of human power was itself worth a visit to that home to see. Be sure that she who has "mothered" half the land — that she who *can* mother half the land — is the last of all living women to put by the finer grace of the dearer life, or dull in the heart of child or husband the sacred vision of the mother and the wife.

After all is said, it is true, and we are glad it is, that the great natural gifts of the subject of this sketch have been run in that best and broadest mould which is given by the full development of a wholesome natural life.

It is good to have her power, her wisdom, her influence, and her fame. It is better to have her tenderness, her self-oblivion, her human happiness, and her home. It is best to know that she has been able to balance these qualities and quantities with a grace which has not fallen short of greatness, and that she has accomplished greatness without expunging grace.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LUCY LARCOM.

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

A Happy Name—Lucy Larcom's Childhood—First Literary Venture—Removal of the Family to Lowell—Lucy's Mill-life—The Little "Doffer"—A Glimpse of the Daily Life of a Lowell Mill Girl—The Lowell "Offering"—First Meeting with the Poet Whittier—His Lifelong Friendship—Removal to Illinois—Pioneer Life—Teaching a Real "Deestrick" School—Incidents in Her Life as Teacher—Mysterious Disappearance of one of Her Pupils—An Amusing Incident—Return to Old New England—Work as Teacher in Wheaton Seminary—Her Loyalty During the War—Editing "Our Young Folks"—Work that will Endure.

UT what is her real name?"

"That."

"*Lucy Larcom?* I always thought it was her pen-name."

"So it is; and her birth-name; and her heart-and-soul name, also. I fancy it needs not to be changed much into her heaven-name."

I suppose I have more than a score of times been the respondent in some colloquy like the above, in regard to my friend, Lucy Larcom; though I do not remember ever adding what I have added now, about heart and soul and heaven. Yet her name has always seemed to me one of those born and baptismal appellations which hold a significance and a prophecy. Her name is a reminder of herself, and herself of her name. I "s'pect," like Topsy, that they must needs have "growed" together. "Lucy,"—the light; "Larcom,"—the song-bird haunt; the combe, or valley-field of larks. For it is no great stretch of supposition, but a clear probability, that Lark-combe may have been the origin of the patronymic.

She sings; and she sings of the morning and of the light.
She is Lucy Larcom.

She was born in the pleasant old town of Beverly, on the northeastern coast of Massachusetts; and a great part of her life has been lived, and much of her work done, in that corner of the old Bay State, to which, with the strongest home love and instinct, she clings at this day. Taking the century as a year, she was born at the end of its May. She belongs to its bloom, and prime, and summer-tide; she is passing along through the glory of its harvest, and her life is rich and ripe and bright in it, and the days are yet long, and the leaf unfallen. If souls were grouped upon the planet as they are in the celestial latitudes she would belong at its equator. Growth and change may illustrate themselves in such, but there shall never be with them a locked-up winter or a polar night.

She was the next to the youngest of a family of eight sisters; and the homes about her that built up the quaint streets and laneways of the really *New-English* village,—reminding one, as it greatly does, or did then, of such villages of Old England as Miss Mitford writes her pictures of,—were full of neighbor children. In the lanes and field-places, they all played and grew merrily together; she, as she expresses it, having “run wild there under wholesome Puritanic restrictions.”

She played “Lady Queen Anne,” “Mary of Matanzas,” “Open the Gates as High as the Sky,” and all the pretty old ring and romp and forfeit games of the primitive time. She had the charmed surrounding which met and helped to shape her nature; dwelling between the hill, the river, and the sea. Up the rocky height that rose from before her father’s door, and looked toward the ocean, she used to climb in such dreams as accompany the child whose fancy and spirit-eyes are opening; she found some “enchanted flower”; she heard some secret from a bird; she caught glimpses of a glory-land in some still, shining sunset; and she shut up these things and pondered them in her heart. To balance and leaven all



LUCY LARCOM.

this, she was systematically and conscientiously nourished from the Bible and the shorter catechism; and she is glad, to-day, of both sides of her training.

She read, as children had to read in those days, and in her simple circumstances, that which she could find. She lived, alternately, and almost indifferently, in the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Scottish Chiefs"; she got hold of Milton, and tasted the sweetness of his "Paradise," and exulted in the glory of the "Heavenly Hierarchies"; she dipped and drank already at the springs of that old English literature which has always been her study and delight, and from which she has dealt so largely in her ministries of teaching to others. She always had in her the elements of receptivity and assimilative power, and of outgiving impulse and power of application, which have made her the teacher and the worker in the world that it is her life to be. She began, even at this early time, to shape, in rude, simple, childish fashion, her receptions and assimilations. She made verses, and now and then was found out in making them.

At seven years old she secretly wrote, illustrated with crude water-colors, and published, — to herself, — her first work; a manuscript volume of little stories and poems. After enjoying it perhaps as long as the dear public often enjoys what is done for it in this way, she one day solemnly consigned it, through a deep, chasmy crack in the old garret, to the piecemeal criticism of the rats and mice; and thence, in the natural order, to oblivion.

After her father's death the home at Beverly was broken up. Mrs. Larcom turned her thoughts toward Lowell, then opening its opportunities, in the wise and provident way in which that field of life and labor was opened to the women of the country who would come and work. Girls were wanted, and were flocking there for employment in the mills. Homes were wanted, also, in consequence. Good, motherly house-keepers, — not common boarding-mistresses, — were sought, and accepted only with the best credentials, by the corporation, to occupy its houses and take care of the operatives.

Lucy's mother,—mother of many girls,—was just one such. She chose the work and went.

Here,—being then, at the beginning, ten years old,—she "helped her mother," in the intervals between her hours of school, "in the household work." It began as it has kept on. In her woman-childhood she is still, in the great, beautiful world-sense a "helper in the household work."

It was after two or three years of school-going and the helping at home that she began mill-work, among the very youngest of those employed,—a little "doffer"; taking off empty bobbins and putting on full ones; this was at once the monotony and the significance of her first labors; between whiles she had her recreations with her mates,—her quiet little hidings, also, in the dreamland that always followed and encompassed her, and in whose light the objects and surroundings of her actual daily life took an apparition and meaning unguessed, perhaps, in the merely workaday world wherein others half lived at her side, with whom no veil was lifted. Here, as in her earlier childhood, she wove into words her visions, made verses, told herself stories. She must have drawn largely to herself from all that went on about her in that community of young woman-life, which even to us who only hear about and imagine it, carries such a charm of interest and wealth of suggestion to the thought. There is something in the community-idea which takes a kind of heavenly hold,—and I think it was meant to do so,—of all minds not separated and debased into some poor, covetous self-seeking. The very fact in our history of this Lowell life, as it then was, tells its story of the changed and changing age in which we find ourselves to-day, taken further and further off from such possibility. Where now do we find the capitalist, planning his railroad which is to open up new country, or his company corporation which is to develop a new resource or apply a new invention,—sitting down, as did Francis Lowell and Nathan Appleton, to weigh and consider first the question of what it will all be to the *humanity* concerned and brought together, or any way affected by the

work? But this is not the place to follow out that suggestion into discussion of all the great problem of investment and interest,—financially, politically, and socially. It just crops up by the way, as we are reminded that that life of the Lowell mill-girl can hardly ever be lived over again, until in some new moral as well as mechanical phase of our history we come, out of our present rush and fever of miracle and money-making, to far-off fresh and better beginnings.

Lucy Larcom, growing into girlhood, was now, however, in this phase and opportunity.

Companionship. In one way or another, that is what fills our human need. We filter it into friendships; we sift it down into inmost communions, as we live and make our natural selections; but nevertheless, the magnetism of the multitude remains, a power and a delight to human-loving spirits. *A great many together* of like pursuits, condition,—a kingdom under one rule,—from children at school, up through all social formations,—all organizations, scientific, artistic, benevolent, enterprising, religious,—to the gathering into the great kingdom at last of the multitude that no man can number,—we find ourselves made, not for solitude but for association. It is not good for anybody to be alone.

Doubtless, then, there was a charm in that living, in the house in the "red-brick block, with a green door and green window-blinds; the third in a row of four brick blocks, each the exact counterpart of the other." In the family order, where the daughters and the mill-girls who joined and made up the household kept their hours and their pleasant habits under home rules together; the breakfasts by lamp-light, the morning labor in the mills, the noon-spell, the leisure evenings, when books and work were brought forth, and there was the cheerful gathering round the long tables; when they "made and mended, wrote and studied"; when they told each other bits of their earlier histories before their histories had thus run alongside; when the mountains and the forests and the sea brought their flavors and their harmonies together in the talk of the different homes and up-bringsings,

and so a whole world was rounded out, to the shaping of which each experience and nature lent material and touch.

Then the sweet helpfulnesses and charities among themselves, — the double work done by the well ones that a feeble one might rest; the mutual spur and lift of mental endeavor; the Sunday repose and church-going, and Sunday freshness of attire, in which each enjoyed, while she contributed her own to the happy holy-day aspect of the time: —

“ The churchward crowd
That filled brick-paven streets and sandy roads
With pleasant color. Maidens robed in white,
With gypsy hats blue-ribboned; maidens gay
In silk attire; and maidens quaker-prim,
With gingham gowns, straw bonnets, and smooth hair,—
Girl Baptists, Universalists, Methodists,
Girl Unitarians, and Orthodox, —
Sought each their separate temple, while a few
Entered the green enclosure of Saint Ann’s,
Still left an oasis of vine-wreathed stones
Amid the city’s dust.”

The way in which Miss Larcom herself tells us the story of all this, proves how she lived into it, and found together in it the things she does most joyfully find life in,— both poetry and work.

“While yet a child,” she says, “I used to consider it special good fortune that my home was at Lowell. There was a frank friendliness and sincerity in the social atmosphere that wrought upon me unconsciously, and made the place pleasant to live in. People moved about their every-day duties with purpose and zest, and were genuinely interested in one another; while in the towns on the seaboard it sometimes was as if every man’s house was his castle in almost a feudal sense, where the family shut themselves in, on the defensive against intruders.” Still, she never lost her love and allegiance for the sea beside which she was born. Frequent visits kept up the charm, and held the links un-

broken; and we have in her written utterances the wealth of manifold gathering and experience; both the "Idyl of Work" in the city of looms and spindles, and the "Wild Roses of Cape Ann," full of picture and perfume and legend that could only have been seen and breathed and learned where the forests lean down to listen to the ocean, and the waters send up their song and strength and keen, sweet baptism to the hills and trees.

Out of this Lowell living came first the contributions that helped to give charm and purpose to the pages of the "Offering," of which, in its manuscript beginning, as the "Diving Bell,"—a little periodical of original papers by a literary club of girls,—her sister was the editor; later, and in retrospect, she gave us her "Idyl of Work," in the very title of which she has set what I have hinted before, and which cannot help being touched every now and then in considering what she has been and lived,—the very key-chord of her nature,—in-seeing and out-doing.

And what are these but the "faith and work" of religion? To this two-part, primary chord fall in and harmonize all beautiful relation and utterance. Manhood or womanhood is completed within them. Loving and giving; friendship and service; motherhood and ministry;—when we have those watchwords we discern and tell the story of such character and influence as this. One does not like to venture too much into personality while sketching a living person; but the outline would be the merest outline if something of the real and motive being were not presented. Here and there in her own lines it indicates itself: one feels that notwithstanding her youth when actually one of those Lowell girls, so that the literal living-out of the character could scarcely have been then and there,—and notwithstanding the fact, indeed, that she really meant to set forth the image she had in her mind of her own elder sister,—she unconsciously gives herself forth also, and inevitably, perhaps, through family likeness, in some touches of her portrayal of "Esther" in the "Idyl."

“If I had but a home
To give her mothering in!”

says this Esther of a pining, sorrowful companion. And the answer is,—

“But, Esther, dear,
To us your heart is mother, shelter, home;
Let her, too, find it so.”

“Not always to be here among the looms,—
Scarcely a girl she knew expected that;
Means to one end their labor was,—to put
Gold nest-eggs in the bank, or to redeem
A mortgaged homestead, or to pay the way
Through classic years at some academy;
More commonly to lay a dowry by
For future housekeeping.

But Esther’s thought
Was none of these; unshaped and vague it lay,—
A hope to spend herself for worthy ends.”

“A Ruth who never of a Boaz dreamed.
Whatever work came, whoso crossed her path,
Lonely as this pale stranger, wheresoe’er
She saw herself a need, there should be home,
Business, and family.”

There is a something,—a muchness, rather,—to those who know her even a little, of *motherliness* in the impression conveyed by her whole presence.

“A single woman with a mother’s heart
Such as too many a child cries after.”

One feels taken kindly home; soothed, sympathized with; there is repose and reliance,—a sense of reality and abidingness all through. It is the grandeur and sweetness of woman-nature.

“Woman can climb no higher than womanhood,
Whatever be her title.”

“I think thee is more restful than many people,” said her dear friend Elizabeth to her, one day, as she leaned beside

her. This motherliness finds expression in the direct way toward little children; witness her "Childhood Songs,"—the tenderness, the entering in of them to children's little ways and delights and imaginations.

"Through the gladness of little children
Are the frostiest lives kept warm,"—

She sings concerning "Prince Hal," her baby nephew. What then of the summer souls that never knew a frost-touch; whom nothing can chill except to a sweet dew-point of feeling or pity? It came out in her real care and love for her nieces and nephews,—the children of her dearly-loved sister, of her life with whom we shall hear presently; it comes out in her friendships; it shows even in her way of speaking of her own childhood; for the deep mother-feeling,—the very spirit-yearning of the Lord,—mothers the soul itself that knows it; and in some dim, small likeness learns the meaning,—disputed over in dogma, and only revealed to the nature that has in itself both parenthood and childhood,—of the mystery of the Father and the Son.

It comes out in her love and kinship for the flowers, of which and for which she interprets so continually with a heart-wisdom. They are identical to her with human sweetnesses; they come to her with messages from "over the blank wall of death:"

"Sweet-brier, her soul in thy breath!"

The roses, the daisies, the water-lily, the golden-rod, ferns, —the very "Flower of Grass,"—

"That only stirs
To soothe the air, and nothing doth require
But to forget itself in doing good,"—

every one of them is a friend, an angel to her. And when she brings the flowers and the children together,—when she makes fragrant, delicate rhymes that seem to have grown and been gathered in the fields, about "Pussy Clover," "Red-Top and Timothy," "Red Sandwort," "A Lily's Word," or

gathers them all into loving, magic numbers as they come, "hastening up across the fields," the —

"Wayside fairies clad in gowns of gossamer,"—

we feel as if we had been children again ourselves, and out a-summering for weeks of pleasant weather; and could come back bringing handfuls of beauty with us, and heartfuls of happy courage to remember that —

"Just to live is joy enough
Though where roads are dull and rough."

But we have gone off,—with her, indeed,—into the fields, leaving her, as to the chronicle, among the spindles in Lowell.

It was at one of the meetings of the literary circle, established among the mill-girls, that Miss Larcom first met the poet Whittier, who was then in Lowell editing a Free-Soil journal. He became her friend; showing his real interest in her at once by criticising her share in the written contributions of the evening. She was then very young; but it was the beginning of an interest and gratitude that have continued mutually in an established friendship from that time to the present. Afterward, when she had come to know and dearly love the poet's sister, the three were much together in such intercourse as is rarely enjoyed. In happy sojourn at Salisbury Beach, near the respective homes at Amesbury and Beverly, in visits at Amesbury, in counsel and work together, out of which in recent time have grown the beautiful compilations of "Child-life," and "Songs of Three Centuries," these lives,—strong, high, helpful and responsive,—have run near together and contributed the one to the other. It is the pride and thankfulness of Lucy Larcom's life to have so known and been indebted to Whittier.

One after another, sisters married out of the home, until only two remained; and at about twenty years of age Lucy accompanied one of these married sisters, Emeline, who had been to her that dear friend, half-mother, half-mate,—always

understanding, sympathizing, counselling,—that only a sweet, strong elder sister can be, to the then wild prairies of Illinois. Here she was to share in the efforts, the deprivations, the braveries, the new pleasures and contentments also, of a clergyman's household in the pioneer time and country. It seemed as if her life were dividing itself into separate epochs of experience, as departments of life-study; teaching her first this side and then that of the world and things, and of human movement in them, that she might come, through all, "compact and built together," to the wise, full-rounded womanhood that should have learned itself and apprehended its vocation.

A truly pioneer life was theirs,—almost a nomadic one,—as they changed many times from place to place, as ways and calls opened and summoned onward. It was not much to go from one rough, hastily-built, temporary sort of house to another; scarcely more than to strike tents and encamp again among possibly more encouraging surroundings; and once on the great prairies it was like being upon the sea; the same undifferenced vastness, the same easily sliding horizon, the same instinct, doubtless, to push on until one could really make land somewhere and go ashore. At any rate, this impulse or the impelling of circumstances, made a sort of Arab of the early settler of those days; and our little household followed the usual fate and fortune.

Out here, somewhere,—I cannot give latitude and longitude,—Miss Larcom taught school, in a vacated log building, to a two-mile neighborhood. In, upon such length of radius-lines,—one of which she herself tracked daily,—came her scholars, big and little, from all the small colonies round about. It was in the corner of a big township, taking in pupils from, I think, three counties; and she taught under the auspices of a district committee, before whom, previous to induction to office, the candidate was obliged to hold up right hand and *swear* to acquaintance, sufficient to instruct from, with writing, spelling, arithmetic, and geography. The emolument accruing to the situation was the noble sum

of forty dollars for three months; and once, when the time for payment arrived, and her brother-in-law visited the committee-man, whose duty it was to make it, his reminder was met with the rather startled remark, as if the subject had never presented itself in so strong a light before: "Forty dollars! Well, that's a lot o' money to pay a young woman for three months' teachin'! She oughter know consider'ble!" When the official was reassured by a statement of what Miss Larcom's antecedents in study and achievement had been, he could only — still more surprised, apparently — reiterate with slight transposition: "Well, that's a good deal for her to ha' done!" But I believe he did not complete the inversion of ideas by adding — "she ought to be *paid* consider'ble!" He only, as under vague, half-protest still, counted slowly over the money.

The two-mile pilgrimage to this temple of learning lay across the unfenced waste, roamed over by great herds of cattle; wild creatures whom one would suppose it a daily heroism to meet; but neither teacher nor children seem to have had much thought of fear, or ever to have met with any accident or hairbreadth 'scape. The beasts had too free range, and their life and habits were too uncrossed by human interference and provocation, to be malignant. There was something of the same untamed incomprehension of limit or fetter in the pupils of the prairie themselves. One little fellow, upon the opening of the school, on the first day of his attendance, asked her with delightful freshness and confidence, as he found himself placed on a bench in a row of silent scholars: "Is school commenced, Miss Lucy?" On being answered "yes," he remarked, with the same simplicity: "Well, then, I hope it'll quit commencing pretty soon, before it gets very long!"

Another scholar, a girl, was once put in slight disgrace for some disobedience. "You may go and stand in the chimney," said Miss Larcom.

The chimney was a great, central structure of the log-house, with a debouchure spacious enough for a common-sized fam-

ily dinner-table to be laid therein. Whether the family could also sit round it, I will not peril my veracity by venturing to assert. The child obeyed; but presently—had disappeared! She was no longer in the room, and the great fireplace was vacant. She had simply, and quite naturally, ascended *through* the chimney, and was availing herself of the freedom of all out-doors.

During some other of their sojournings, her school-work was done in various lovely, secluded forest-nooks, where she had restful anchorage from the all-abroad, perpetual sea-sameness of the prairie. It must have been like creeping in a dream into a corner of New England again.

But oh! the hills,—and oh! the sea! How she missed her one "home-corner of Massachusetts," which she loves so fervently as her very own world!

It was in one of these places that she found herself in the neighborhood of an excellent young ladies' school. Exchanging, as she says, the position of teacher for that of scholar, she spent three years at Monticello Female Seminary, following the full course of study, and the last two years taking charge of the preparatory department of that institution. In this, again, we see in circumstance,—or indeed in the wise acceptance and utilizing of circumstance,—a parable and touch of character. Alternately, and always on the two sides as the right and left of her being, the teacher and the taught; eager, grateful, modest to receive; purposeful, generous, strict and faithful to give account in giving forth again of all; the attitudes and movements of large, true-balanced, dedicated life.

But she "could not make up her mind to be a Western woman." Her heart was among the hills and by the sea. She longed for the rocks of New England, and for the friendships founded upon the rocks of strength and steadfastness which she knew were there for her to go home to. So she went back to Beverly, where, for a year or two, she taught a class of young ladies; then accepted a position as teacher in Wheaton Female Seminary, at Norton, Mass.; remaining

there for six years, conducting classes in rhetoric, English literature, and composition; sometimes adding history, mental and moral science, or her own dearly favorite pursuit of botany. Always, one can see, learning and leading in things that touched most directly human thought and experience, or drew lesson and analogy from the word written in lovely created things. Poetry, in its large sense, as the key and relation in which all life and truth are set, was the element and sphere in which her nature ranged and wrought.

Miss Larcom's health began, after this length of time, to suffer from such a constant strain of teaching-work. Nothing is more exhausting than the earnest labor of imparting thought. They who most truly and livingly teach most certainly use up their own vitality. She found she must relinquish the regular employment, and did so; although from time to time, incidentally, she has been prevailed upon to instruct in lectures upon literature, or to take classes in kindred studies in young ladies' schools in Boston.

The war called forth all Miss Larcom's intense and generous humanities, and, as a thing of course, inspired her writings. How the Massachusetts woman, in her pride and loyalty, and yet with the heartache of the time, sings of the momentous springtide when, close upon the snows, and before a green leaf opens on a tree,—

“To her ancient colors true,
Blooms the old town of Boston in red and white and blue!”

And in “Re-enlisted,” makes the mother who “smiled to see him going,” cry up through a sob that one can almost hear swell in the verse:—

“And I and Massachusetts share the honor of his birth;
The grand old State, to me the best in all the peopled earth!
I cannot hold a musket, but I have a son who can;
And I'm proud for freedom's sake to be the mother of a man!”

With what indignation she flings out her utterance in the “Sinking of the Merrimack,”—the ship that had stained the

"fair Northern name," so peculiarly dear to her always, that the sound of the word is as if her own name were called :—

"Gone down in the flood, and gone out in the flame!

Then sink them together, — the ship and the name!"

And her "Loyal Woman's No";—it is like a scathe of swift lightning rushing down from the "great peaks" of her higher nature upon the creeping valley-creature!

Her first poem in the "Atlantic" was "The Rose Enthroned." Previously to this,—as far back as during her early residence in Illinois,—some poems were published with the name, and some slight sketch of the writer, in Griswold's "Female Poets of America"; and at about the same time verses of hers were printed in "Sartain's Magazine." During 1852-53, she wrote frequently for the "National Era," of which Mr. Whittier was corresponding editor. Later, the "Independent" and the "Boston Congregationalist," and the various modern magazines, received and published her contributions.

"Hannah Binding Shoes" appeared first in the New York "Crayon." Perhaps no single poem of hers has been better known or more heartily admired. She herself has said,—I believe it was "between you and me," but there has always been, immemorially, a third party admitted to that formula of confidence,—that she "never thought '*Hannah*' much of a poem." Probably because it was one of those simple realities that sing themselves, and so sing immortally.

But the "Rose Enthroned" is, it seems to me, her greatest inspiration. It is a parable-epic of creation; twenty-one four-line stanzas, of which each group of seven is,—doubtless from some inherent necessity of the truth, and quite unconsciously to the writer,—like a six-days æon and a Sabbath; the sum of them making the week and Sabbath of ages, in whose progress the great chaos has seethed, formed, and blossomed: the Planet has travailed and brought forth —the Rose!

“ And ever nobler lives, and deaths more grand,
 For nourishment of that which is to come :
 While, mid the ruins of the work she planned
 Sits Nature, blind and dumb.”

That was the first rest !

“ And every dawn a shade more clear, the skies
 A flush as from the heart of heaven disclose
 Through earth and sea and air a message flies
 Prophetic of the Rose.”

And that is the breath of the second pause. Until

“ At last a morning comes, . . .

when —

“ In golden silence, breathless, all things stand ;
 What answer waits this questioning repose ?
 A sudden gush of light and odors bland,
 And lo,— the Rose! the Rose!”

“ What fiery fields of chaos must be won,
 What battling Titans rear themselves a tomb,
 What births and resurrections greet the sun
 Before the Rose can bloom !

“ And of some wonder-blossom yet we dream
 Whereof the time that is enfolds the seed ;
 Some flower of light, to which the Rose shall seem
 A fair and fragile weed.”

The verse leaves us in the waiting world-time of to-day.

To have written such a poem as this alone is to have been a poet. No wonder,—the “Atlantic” then being published with a “no-name” table of contents,—that it should have been attributed to Emerson.

And this is the little mill-girl of Lowell who doffed the bobbins ! Truly, the “Rose Enthroned” hath some touch of a life-story.

When “Our Young Folks” magazine was started, Miss Larcom became one of its assistant editors, and had for some time the hard, preliminary, winnowing work to do. She sifted the great mass of in-pouring MSS., selected such as were

worthy of second thought, and handed them up to the second thinkers. Subsequently, she had nearly all the responsible charge, and became, indeed, for some time the leading editor. The year or two during which she occupied that charming office-room overlooking the Common, and up-looking to Park-street steeple, are memorable for pleasantness, not only to herself, but to those who found her there, bright and reposeful, ready and responsive, in the midst of her busy, and one would think often confusing occupation. "But that," as she says, "was almost fifteen years ago."

Seven years followed of quiet, independent living, at housekeeping for herself at Beverly Farms; when she, as needs must, went on with her living and thinking; and these "not to herself alone," though her housekeeping was.

Some one has said that "Miss Larcom may be called the poet of friendship"; and so she may; but it ought to be added that her friendship takes all the possible forms. I have spoken of her "motherhness"; her singlehood and yet full womanhood; and I may dare to do so, for she tells of it herself; she cannot help but write "My Children":—

"Too many for one house, you see,
And so I have to let them be
In care of other mothers.

My darlings! by my mother heart
I have found, I shall find them.
Though some from me are worlds apart,
And thinking of them, tears will start
Into my eyes, and blind them."

Even her Christmas is "Woman's Christmas,"—her song the rejoicing of the mother-heart.

"By the close bond of womanhood,
By the prophetic mother-heart,
Forever visioning unshaped good,
Mary, in Him we claim our part.

“What wère our poor lives worth, if thence
 Flowered forth no world-perfuming good,
 No love-growth of Omnipotence?
 The childless share thy motherhood.

“Breathe, weary women everywhere.
 The freshness of this heavenly morn;
 The blessing that He is, we share,
 For unto us this Child is born!”

And fitly follows her aspiration in her “Woman’s Easter” :—

“O Sun! on our souls first arisen,
 Give us light for the spirits that grope!
 Make us loving and steadfast and loyal
 To bear up humanity’s hope!
 O Friend! who forsakest us never,
 Breathe through us Thy errands forever!”

The secret is, *ministry*. The very work of the Spirit. The “taking of mine, and showing it unto them.” Somehow, she always found a way to do this, even from her earliest instincts. There was something touchingly comical in a fashion she had when a child of alternately helping her mother, —the wearied and worried mother of eight, and a widow, — in little household services, and then, when she could find nothing else, sitting and reciting or singing in the mother’s hearing, — quite as if it only happened so, — scraps of hymns; especially and often the verses of “Come, ye disconsolate.” She had large resources to draw upon, for she had learned hymns by the hundred, as occupation in sermon-time, in her first attendances at church, when sermons were, pardonably, wearisome. Maybe she had first learned to apply the —

“Come, ye disconsolate,
 Where’er ye languish,”

to her own inward sustaining during these sacrificial hours.

In this spirit of ministry she gathered together the lovely compilation of “Breathings of a Better Life,” which has visited many a troubled and desolate heart with comfort, and

lifted up and strengthened many a seeker and striver with its words from "up higher."

The mountains and the rivers are *her* ministers; the brook is "Friend Brook" to her. They are all friends for what they can give her to bring away to other friends.

"River, O river! that singest all night,

 The words of thy song let me know:—
 'I come, and I go.'

"River, O river! thy message is clear.
 Chant on, for I hear.
 What the mountains give me
 Bear I forth to the sea.
 Life only is thine to bestow.
 I come, and I go.

"River, O river! thy secret of power
 I win from this hour;
 Thy rhythm of delight
 Is my song in the night:
 I am glad with thy gladness; for, lo!
 I come, and I go."

"Roadside Poems," and "Hillside and Seaside," are compilations from readings of nature, such as a reader for herself could find and choose among works of her kindred. "Child-life," "Child-life in Prose," "Songs of Three Centuries," are the sheaves bound up from fields of ripe and beautiful literature, for which she gleaned in company with Mr. Whittier, and which he edited. These are the work of recent years; her latest, and original writing, has been the volume, "Wild Roses of Cape Ann;" in which—

"The sea is wedded to the sky,—"

the hills and the river-channels and the tides lean, and move to, and meet each other with their benedictions,—the fragrances of rose and pine, and the salt strength of the sea-breath mingle to one delicious atmosphere:—

“The sounds and scents that float by us
 They cannot tell whither they go;
 Yet however it fails of its errand,
 Love makes the world sweeter, I know.

“I know that love never is wasted,
 Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer;
 And the thought that goes forth as a blessing
 Must live as a joy in the air.”

Later than any book, come to us from here and there the things she has wrought out singly, and been dropping,—seed into the furrows,—seemingly where it might chance. One of the very last is a joy-song of fellowship;—in toil,—she is in love with toil, and sings it as a lover sings his mistress,—in every busy industry that men and women make, and hasten to day by day;—in—

“All the sweetness and all the mirth
 That stir in the bosom of kindly earth;”

the births and growths and givings of the live world; flowers, birds, children, friends; in—

“Love and loveliness every where.”

“I am glad,” she cries, at the close of every stanza,—

“I am glad that I live in the world with you!”

Yes, she calls even into the beyond, to the “spirits dear who have vanished from sight,” in the “many mansions whose home is one,” where “the doors are open, and light shines through,”—

“I am glad that I live in the world with you!”

I cannot close this sketch of her better than in her own refrain:—

“Thank God for the work he lets us do!
 I am glad that I live in the world with you!”

CHAPTER XIX.

MARIA MITCHELL.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

Miss Mitchell's Nantucket Home — Her Ancestors — "Poor but Happy" — Her Early Life — Her Father's Love for Astronomy — How She Obtained Her Education — Unwearied Devotion to Her Studies — A Great Event in Her Life — Discovers a Telescopic Comet — Claiming the Prize Offered by the King of Denmark — Difficulty in Obtaining it — Edward Everett's Efforts in Her Behalf — Final Recognition of Her Claim — Receives the Gold Medal from the Danish King — Her Fame Abroad — Visiting the Old World — Entertained and Honored by Distinguished Scientists — Her Own Account of Some of Them — Amusing Experiences — Interesting Incidents — Her Life and Daily Work.



MARIA MITCHELL, the subject of the present memoir, was born in Nantucket on the first day of August, 1818, and was the third in a family of ten children. The parents were William Mitchell and Lydia Coleman Mitchell. She was related, on the mother's side, to Benjamin Franklin, whose grandmother was also an ancestress of hers. Her paternal grandfather was the youngest son of a man reputed rich in his time, who, however, expended a great part of his fortune in the education and establishment of his elder children. From him this younger son inherited some thirty thousand dollars.

In the next generation, this sum was subdivided among a number of heirs, and was further diminished by the war of 1812, so that the inheritance of Maria's father was scarcely more than one thousand dollars, which covered the cost of the house in which he lived, and in which his family was reared.

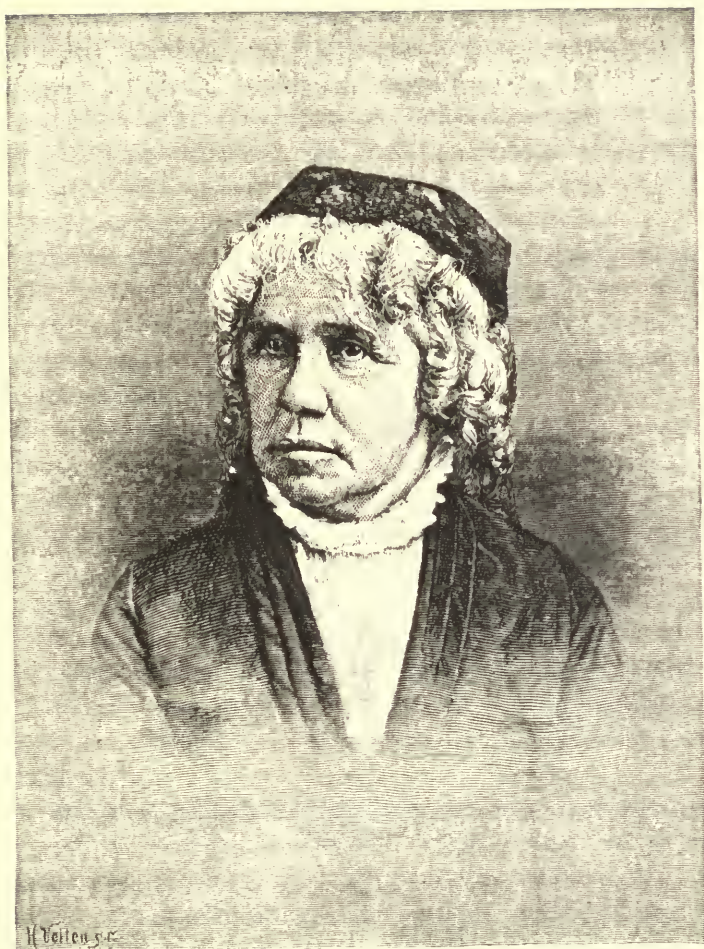
From an autobiographical sketch, written by Mr. Mitchell late in life, and never published, it appears that he was bred in easy circumstances which allowed him to enjoy the best educational opportunities afforded by the neighborhood in that day. These were not great. He relates that the incompetency and unkindness of his teachers were such as to give him a distaste for books, while his father's description of natural phenomena filled him with enthusiasm. He says in this connection :—

“I have never forgotten his calling me to the door in my eighth year, and showing me the planet Saturn. My age at this period I calculated many years afterwards from the position of the planet. But the claim, if I have any, to learning, rests on my own exertion, late in my teens.”

Here was surely a born astronomer, destined to pursue his native science through endless difficulties and discouragements. At the age of fifteen he learned the trade of a cooper, which soon proved too severe for his bodily strength. He presently became a teacher, and at the age of eighteen principal of a school. In the exercise of this profession he was happy and successful, but failing health obliged him to seek a more active occupation, which he found in assisting his father in the oil and soap business, in which his old trade of coopering became useful.

The war of 1812 now intervened, and greatly reduced the fortunes of the family. Mr. Mitchell married in 1813, and commenced wedded life on a small farm, owned by his father, “poor but happy.” He “went fishing from the village, and worked between tides, raising corn and potatoes on land which, by the encroachment of the sea, no longer exists.” He taught school in the winter for a stipend of two dollars per week.

In this penury his eldest child was born; but a week later arrived a ship laden with whale oil, which his father was commissioned to convert into soap. This revival of business changed the aspect of affairs, and for seven years thereafter he lived in comfort, working in partnership with his father.



MARIA MITCHELL.

The latter retiring from business in 1822, Mr. Mitchell again became a teacher, commencing with a school of his own, and presently becoming the teacher of the first public grammar-school established at Nantucket. He established later a school of his own, but afterwards became secretary of an insurance company, and finally cashier of the Pacific Bank. Of all these diverse occupations that of pedagogy was the most congenial to him. He was an adherent to "Friends' principles," and a birthright member of the society, to which his ancestors for several generations had belonged.

Maria, at an early age, became a pupil in the public school taught by her father in Nantucket. At schools of this character, throughout New England, girls and boys were taught in classes together, following the same studies and the same recitations.

Miss Mitchell remembers her mother as a very laborious woman. The salary of a school-teacher in those days was but a slender resource for the support of a large family, and could only be made to suffice for it by the greatest care and economy. The labors of the housewife were assisted by one domestic only, and this was usually a girl in her teens, with small knowledge and experience. In order to add to his means, Mr. Mitchell built a small observatory upon a part of his land, and was enabled to earn one hundred dollars per annum by astronomical work done for the United States Coast Survey.

In this thrifty household Maria's task was what she calls, "an endless washing of dishes," which, weary as it may sometimes have been, she preferred to needlework. The drudgery necessarily entailed by narrow circumstances was however relieved and rendered endurable by the atmosphere of thought and intelligence which gave its tone to the house. Concerning this, Miss Mitchell says:—

"We always had books, and were bookish people. There was a public library in Nantucket before I was born. It was not a free library, but we always paid the subscription of one dollar per annum, and always read and studied from it. I

remember among its books Hannah More's works and Rollins' Ancient History. I remember, too, that Charles Folger, the present Secretary of the Treasury, and I had both read this latter work through before we were ten years old, though neither of us spoke of it to the other until a later period."

As Mr. Mitchell's family increased the discrepancy between its needs and his resources made itself more sensibly felt, and in the year 1837 he became cashier of the Pacific Bank, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum. His children naturally regarded this change as a rise in life, but he himself thought otherwise. He still retained his employment under the Coast Survey, and this connection brought to his house such persons as the elder Agassiz, Benjamin Pierce, Prof. Bache, and others, whose society was much appreciated by the members of the household, and especially by Maria, who, at the age of seventeen, began to assist her father in his observatory work.

Mr. Mitchell, who bore at a later day the title of Honorable, is spoken of in a letter of Edward Everett's as "a skilful astronomer, a member of the Executive Council of Massachusetts, and a most respectable person."

In 1820 Mr. Mitchell was elected a member of the Massachusetts convention for the revision of the Constitution on the occasion of the separation of the State of Maine. The first President Adams, Daniel Webster, Judge Story, Josiah Quincy, and James Savage were all members of this convention. Despite the eloquence shown by more than one of them, Mr. Mitchell found their much speaking very burdensome, and confesses that it gave him a strong distaste for public life. Many years later he was elected and re-elected as one of Governor Briggs' Council, and was for a number of years one of the overseers of Harvard College. He was also elected for one term to the Massachusetts senate.

More congenial were to Mr. Mitchell the scientific pursuits which he managed, with wonderful perseverance, to combine with the labors of a life which, he says "was always, pecun-

ially, a struggle." He started in life with "an innate love of astronomical inquiries," and, through a natural aptitude for studies of this kind, was able so to acquire and apply knowledge as to gain for himself an honorable position among the astronomers of his time. He contributed a number of papers to "Silliman's Journal," and delivered a very acceptable course of lectures on astronomy, at the invitation of the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of which at that time Daniel Webster was president, and Nathaniel Frothingham secretary. He received the degree of Master of Arts from Harvard College and from Brown University, and was early elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Maria Mitchell quitted the public school of Nantucket at the age of sixteen. She enjoyed after this one year of tuition at a private school kept by Mr. Pierce, commonly known as Father Pierce, in the same place.

The daughters of the family were at this time expected to contribute what they could earn to the expenses of the household. An elder sister of Maria's became a teacher, at a salary of three hundred dollars per annum. Maria herself would have been glad to do as much as this for herself and the others. She felt, however, the absolute need of some years of further study, and, in order to command these, accepted the post of librarian of the Nantucket Athenæum. Her salary here was sixty dollars for the first year, seventy-five dollars for the second, and for each of the eighteen years that followed, one hundred dollars. Out of this small stipend she was able to lay by something for future emergencies.

It was during this period of twenty years that Maria Mitchell, easily performing her duties as librarian, found time to prosecute the solid scientific studies which have given her a recognized and honored place among the scientists of her time.

The writer of this biography lately asked Miss Mitchell what especial circumstances had led her to the study of astronomy. The reply was substantially the following:—

"It was, in the first place, a love of mathematics, seconded by my sympathy with my father's love for astronomical observation. But the spirit of the place had also much to do with the early bent of my mind in this direction. In Nantucket people quite generally are in the habit of observing the heavens, and a sextant will be found in almost every house. The landscape is flat and somewhat monotonous, and the field of the heavens has greater attractions there than in places which offer more variety of view. In the days in which I lived there the men of the community were mostly engaged in sea-traffic of some sort, and "when my ship comes in" was a literal, not a symbolical expression."

A sister of Miss Mitchell remembers her as "an exceedingly shy young girl, not fond of society, but very fond of books and study, and quite apt at writing little occasional pieces, generally in verse." We learn from the same source that Mr. Mitchell never recognized any distinction of sex in the education of his children. Maria had therefore the same education with her brothers, and was especially taught navigation. Her sister bears testimony to her persistence in study, and also to the faithfulness with which she performed her part of the work of the household, not in the shape of cake and custard-making, but of solid work. She often studied with her knitting in her hands, and her father to the day of his death wore stockings, one yard in length, of her knitting.

In the Nantucket Athenæum we are glad to hear that:—

"She controlled in a large measure the reading of the young people. She advised them what to read, and had a way of losing improper books, if there were any. They usually turned up at the time of the annual examination of the library, but she never knowingly allowed a boy to have a hurtful book."

As years passed on, Miss Mitchell began to be spoken of as a woman of uncommon merit and attainment. The writer of this sketch remembers to have heard of her as an astronomer of recognized position as early as the year 1846. She was living at Nantucket at this time, and had probably no

anticipation of the publicity about to be given to her modest and quiet labors. Fame came to her in the shape of a telescopic comet, which she discovered on the 1st of October, 1847, and described as in a position "nearly vertical, above Polaris about five degrees." Her father announced the fact to William C. Bond, at that time director of the observatory at Cambridge.

It happened that the King of Denmark, sixteen years before this time, had decreed the foundation of a gold medal of the value of twenty ducats, to be awarded to the first discoverer of a telescopic comet. The conditions of this award, intended to prevent imposture, were such as to increase considerably the difficulty of obtaining it. The first of these conditions was that the announcement of the discovery should be made by the first post which should leave the locality thereafter.

Mr. Edward Everett, at this time President of Harvard College, had had some correspondence on the subject of telescopic comets with Prof. Schumacher, of the Royal Observatory at Altona. In this way he had learned the fact of the medal-foundation.

Hearing of Miss Mitchell's discovery some weeks after Mr. Mitchell's communication of it to Mr. Bond, of the Cambridge University, he learned also that no steps had been taken by her or her friends to secure for her the medal to which he was quite sure that she was entitled. The correspondence undertaken by Mr. Everett in behalf of his distinguished countrywoman is preserved in a small pamphlet which was printed, but not published, in the year 1857. In an introductory statement, he says:—

"Having learned, some weeks after Miss Mitchell's discovery, that no communication had been made on her behalf to the trustees of the medal, and aware that the regulations in this respect were enforced with strictness, I was apprehensive that it might be too late to supply the omission. Still, however, as the spirit of the regulations had been complied with by Mr. Mitchell's letter to Mr. Bond, it seemed

worth while at least to make the attempt to procure the medal for his daughter. Although the attempt might be unsuccessful, it would at any rate cause the priority of her discovery to be more authentically established than it might otherwise have been."

The printed correspondence opens with the letter in which Mr. Mitchell announced his daughter's discovery to his friend, William C. Bond. He asks whether any one else has seen it, and remarks that: "Maria supposes it may be an old story." This letter bears the date of October 3, 1847, and thus shows us the infrequency of mails from the Cape at that time. Mr. Everett's first letter to Mr. Mitchell is dated January 10, 1848, and is as follows:—

Mr. Edward Everett to Mr. William Mitchell.

"DEAR SIR,— I take the liberty to inquire of you whether any steps have been taken by you, on behalf of your daughter, by way of claiming the medal of the King of Denmark, for the first discovery of a telescopic comet." Here follows a statement of the regulations regarding the announcement of the discovery, after which Mr. Everett says: "In consequence of non-compliance with these regulations, Mr. George Bond has on one occasion lost the medal. I trust this may not be the case with Miss Mitchell."

Mr. Mitchell, replying to Mr. Everett, says:—

"No steps were taken by my daughter in claim of the medal of the Danish King. I urged very strongly that it (the discovery) should be published immediately, but she resisted it as strongly. She remarked to me, 'If it is a new comet, our friends, the Bonds, have seen it. It may be an old one so far as relates to the discovery, and one which we have not followed.' She consented, however, that I should write to William C. Bond, which I did by the first mail that left the island after the discovery. This letter did not reach my friend till the 6th or 7th, having been somewhat delayed here, and also in the post-office at Cambridge. The stipulations of his Majesty have, therefore, not been complied with,

and the peculiar circumstances of the case, her sex, and isolated position, may not be sufficient to justify a suspension of the rules. Nevertheless, it would gratify me that the generous monarch should know that there is a love of science even in this, to him, remote corner of the earth."

Mr. Everett now wrote to Prof. Schumacher, and to parties in England, urging Miss Mitchell's claim to the Danish medal. The discovery of the comet was soon established, and it was thenceforth known by the name of "Miss Mitchell's comet." Her delay in applying for the medal threw some difficulty in the way of her obtaining it. It was finally decided, however, that the spirit of the regulations had been complied with by Mr. Mitchell's letter to Mr. Bond. Thanks to Mr. Everett's perseverance, and to the energetic efforts of the American Minister at the Court of Denmark, the award was at last made, and the medal obtained.

In the year 1857 Miss Mitchell had occasion to visit England, and also to make an extensive tour upon the Continent of Europe. Through the kindness of a member of her family, the writer has had access to a number of letters, in which her various experiences are narrated for the benefit of her family. After some stay in London, which she did not reach until after "the season," she made various excursions, one of which carried her to Stratford-upon-Avon, where she became the guest of the well-known Flower family. She here learned the sad condition of Miss Bacon, the originator of the theory which ascribes to Lord Bacon the authorship of Shakspeare's plays. Miss Mitchell visited her distressed countrywoman, who was at this time suffering both from pecuniary embarrassment, and from a partial derangement of her faculties. Miss Mitchell was able in some degree to assist this unfortunate lady, who died soon after this time.

Miss Mitchell's scientific reputation had preceded her in England, and easily opened the way for her to much pleasant intercourse with persons of distinction. Several of her letters describe a visit to Cambridge, whither she went with

Mrs. Airy, wife of the Astronomer-royal. Here, she received much attention from Dr. Whewell, at that time Master of Trinity, and well known in the literary and scientific world by his History of the Inductive Sciences.

Miss Mitchell had a room at the Bull Hotel, but was really the guest of Dr. Whewell, at whose house she took luncheon and dinner on the three days of her stay in Cambridge. She describes this gentleman as "a magnificent looking man, courteous but condescending in his manner." "He is about fifty-five years old. His hair is perfectly white and curls a little. He is large (of stature), has good blue eyes, and would be handsome if his mouth were good. The expression of the mouth is not good-tempered."

At a dinner-party of twenty persons, on the day of her arrival, Miss Mitchell was the honored guest. Of Dr. Whewell's conversation at dinner, she says:—

"Like all Englishmen (twenty-six years ago) he was very severe upon American writers. He said that Emerson did not write English and copied Carlyle. I thought his severity reached really to discourtesy, as I was an American, and I think he perceived it when he asked me if I knew Emerson, and I replied that I did, and that I valued my acquaintance with him. I got a little chance to retort by telling him that we had outgrown Mrs. Hemans in America, and now read Mrs. Browning more. He laughed at this, and said Mrs. Browning was so coarse that he couldn't tolerate it, and that he was amused to hear that any people had got above Mrs. Hemans. Washington Irving is the only (American) writer whom Englishmen tolerate, and a lady on the other side of Dr. Whewell said to me: "Do you call Irving an American?" I said, "I suppose he must be so called, as he was born in America." "Yes, but his father was born in Scotland."

Whewell said to Miss Mitchell that he knew how to pronounce the word "Niagara" from the rhyme:—

"You must see Niagara
For that is a staggerer."

His first remark to her, she says, was : " We will, as you Americans say, go the whole hog." At parting, she asked whether he would, some day, visit America. He replied, " Yes, if you behave yourselves and keep quiet."

Among other distinguished persons seen during this visit to Cambridge, Miss Mitchell mentions Profs. Sedgwick, Challis, and Adams. She requested the gentleman last named to show her the spot on which he made his computations for Neptune, and he was evidently well pleased to do so.

A visit to Sir John and Lady Herschel at Collingwood was much enjoyed by Miss Mitchell. She reached this place at dusk, and thus describes the reception given her : —

"There was just the light of the coal fire, and as I stood before it Sir John bustled in—an old man, much bent, with perfectly white hair standing out in every direction. He reached both hands to me, and said : ' We had no letter, and did not expect you, but you are always welcome at this house.'"

Miss Mitchell had omitted to acquaint her friends by letter with the precise time at which she might be expected to arrive. Her stay with them was full of interest. She had great pleasure in looking over Sir William Herschel's manuscripts and those of his sister Caroline. She found Sir John not only a ready and able talker, but also a good listener, the best she had met with in England. As a parting gift, he bestowed upon her a specimen of his aunt's writing, having already given her one of his own calculations. Such presents do the learned exchange !

One of Miss Mitchell's letters from London describes an evening party, called in those days a rout, at the house of Prof. and Mrs. Baden Powell. Here she met Roget of the *Thesaurus*, and Arnott, the well-known author of "*Arnott's Elements of Physics*." She describes him as not much over sixty years in age, short, stout, and vigorous, with white hair. She says : —

"He asked me if I wore as many stockings when I was observing as the Herschels did. Sir William, he said, put on twelve pair, and Caroline fourteen."

She had hoped to meet Mr. Babbage at this party, and had asked several times whether he was in the room, to which question the reply was: "Not yet." She took leave of her hosts at eleven o'clock, and tells us that just as she "stepped upon the threshold of the drawing-room to go out a broad old man stepped upon it to come in. The servant announced, 'Mr. Babbage.' Of course, that glimpse was all I shall ever have."

After these days, Miss Mitchell made a sojourn of some weeks in Paris, where she desired to attend scientific lectures, and to become acquainted with French savants. In order to extend her familiarity with the French language, she resided for a time as parlor-boarder in a boarding-school. Sir George Airy had written to the astronomer Leverrier, to announce her coming, and Lady Lyell had also given her an introduction to a valued friend, Mrs. Power, a sister of Sir Francis Horner. Of Leverrier Miss Mitchell says: "His English was worse than my French." She also made acquaintance in Paris with the sister of the celebrated Arago, and with other members of that family; "whose connecting links," she says, "are astronomers thrust out of employment." The ladies of the Weston family (sisters of Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman) were at this time residing in Paris. From them Miss Mitchell received many friendly attentions, and among other useful bits of information, this one, that the Emperor Napoleon III. was not "good society." The lower classes of French people, as seen in Paris, appeared to her very superior to those of the same order in England.

In the course of this winter Miss Mitchell found her way to Rome, in company with the Hawthorne family. Her impressions of the Eternal City are preserved in numerous letters to members of her own family. The interest of the ruins and historical monuments was to her very great, and she seems to have studied carefully the treasures of the Vatican. It is interesting to think of her in that holy of holies which contains four of the greatest pictures in the world. Among these she was especially impressed with the

beauty of Raffaele's "Transfiguration." Miss Mitchell did not escape the fascination of studio visiting. The sculptor Mozier was an especial friend of hers, and her letters have much to say concerning his works. She knew also Akers and Bartholomew, and the painter Rothermel. She saw the Hawthornes frequently, and promises her father many anecdotes of Hawthorne himself, who at this period must have been gathering many of the facts and fancies which took shape in his "Marble Faun."

Miss Bremer was in Rome at this time, and Miss Mitchell describes her as, "a little woman in black, but not so plain. Her face is a little red, but her complexion is fair, and her expression very pleasing. She chatted away a good deal, asked me about astronomy, and how I came to study it. I told her that father put me to it, and she said that she was just writing a story on the affection of father and daughter. She told me that I had good eyes."

From Rome Miss Mitchell travelled to Florence, and thence to Venice. In the former city she had several interviews with Mrs. Somerville, whose personal appearance is described by her in a letter to her father:—

"She is small, very—has a small but broad head—looks about sixty, but is really seventy-seven years of age. She has blue eyes—does not look much unlike Miss Bremer, but has well-cut features."

Miss Mitchell's first visit to this distinguished woman was rendered unsatisfactory by the volubility of an acquaintance who volunteered to accompany her. A second visit was more successful. This time Miss Mitchell took the precaution to go alone, and thus enjoyed a long talk, of which she speaks as follows in the letter already cited:—

"Mrs. Somerville talks with all the readiness and clearness of a man, but with no other masculine characteristic. She is very gentle and womanly. She spoke of Maury, Bond, and Pierce. She says that a new edition of "The Physical Sciences" will be out soon, and that she will give me a copy. She spoke almost severely of Dr. Whewell's book: and in

the highest terms of Herschel. She is chatty and sociable, without the least pretence, or the least coldness."

From the same correspondence we will quote an account of a third and last conversation between these two eminent votaries of science :—

"I paid a last visit to Mrs. Somerville before I left Florence. She gave me two books, and the promise of two more, and some six autographs. On the occasion of the first visit I told her of thy having sent her thy article on comet's tails, and in the course of the last she voluntarily asked me, if it was possible, to send her a copy of it. She also desired me, if I could, to send her a photographed star. She had never heard of its being done, and saw at once the importance of such a step. She talks with a strong Scotch accent, and said to me : "Ye have done yeself great credit," and so on.

From Venice Miss Mitchell journeyed northward to Vienna, and thence to Berlin. Here she saw the celebrated astronomer, Encke, whom she describes as, "Sixty-seven years old—the ugliest man that I ever saw—shorter than I am, and careless of dress." Encke waited upon Miss Mitchell, and, among other attentions, took her to see the presents made by the cities of Germany to the Princess Royal, on her marriage :—

"The presents were in two rooms, ticketed and numbered, and a catalogue of them sold. All the manufacturing companies availed themselves of the opportunity to advertise their commodities, I suppose, as she had presents of all kinds. What she will do with sixty albums I can't see, but I can understand the use of two clothes-lines, because she can lend one to her mother, who must have a large Monday's wash."

Miss Mitchell had brought with her an introduction to Alexander von Humboldt. He responded to this at once by an invitation to call at an appointed hour on the following day. Miss Mitchell wrote a most interesting account of this interview to her father. We are allowed to give the following extracts from the letter :—

"The servant showed me into a handsome study, and I had just time enough to notice that it had a great many worsted-worked cushions and a handsome sofa when Humboldt came in. He was a smaller, trigger-looking man than I had expected. He made a low bow, and thanked me for calling — then shook hands — then asked me to sit on the sofa. He took a chair near me and began to talk. I remained just half-an-hour, as long as I thought I had any right to remain. He talked every minute as fast as he could speak on all manner of subjects and all varieties of people. He spoke of Kansas, India, China, Observatories — of Bache, Maury, Gould, Ticknor, Buchanan, Jefferson, Hamilton, Brünow, Peters, Encke, Airy, Leverrier, Mrs. Somerville, and a host of others. He talked incessantly, but with no incoherence. He said that we had retrograded morally since he was in America — that we had strong men in the time of Jefferson. In speaking of astronomers he said: "Gould quarrelled with Herschel, but Gould was wrong. Maury has been very useful, but, for the director of an astronomical observatory, he has published some astonishing things in his "Geography of the Sea."

In reference to this interview, Miss Mitchell has recently said: —

"Humboldt knew more of America than I did. It was just at the time of the Albany Observatory quarrel, and he told me where the prominent officers had gone when they scattered."

It is pleasant for us that we can have a glimpse of Humboldt's personal appearance through Miss Mitchell's eyes: —

"He is handsome — his hair is thin and very white — his eyes very blue. He has no teeth, and so his articulation is indistinct, but his English was perfect. He wore black clothes, a dark blue silk waistcoat, a white neck-cloth. He is a little deaf, and so is Mrs. Somerville. He asked me what instruments I had, and what I was doing, and when I told him that I was interested in the variable stars, he said I must go to Bonn, and see Agelander. I told him that I

wanted to go home, he said that Bonn was on my way to London. When I came out he followed me, and insisted that I should go to see Agelander."

From this interesting tour, involving so varied a view of the European world, and so gratifying a recognition on the part of its most eminent scientists, Miss Mitchell returned in the month of June, 1858, to resume her simple and retired life on the island of Nantucket. Here her studies and services were continued on their old footing. In the spring of 1860, her mother, Lydia Coleman Mitchell, died, after some three years of failing strength, which followed a life of uncommon activity and exemption from physical suffering.

In the brief autobiography written by Mr. Mitchell, and already quoted from, we find the following description of the beloved wife and mother :

"As she was only known to thee as early as middle life, I may be permitted to speak of her person in youth. Her form was perfect in its proportions, rather tall and slender, and early, as in later life, she was very upright. Her step was always short, and her motions quick. Her face was not what would be called handsome. Her features were well-formed, but her skin was slightly freckled. Her eyes were her commanding feature. It was in these that the great qualities of her mind and heart could be read. Her dress was always according to the manner of Friends, she having been for some time an overseer in the society, and clerk of its meetings. White dresses were evidently her prevailing taste while young, and in these she often appeared as elegant in person as beautiful in form. She was an intense reader in her youth. For the use of the books in two circulating libraries she served each as librarian until she had read every volume. The substance of her reading through the day was related to her associates in the evening, myself (in the years of courtship) being frequently of the number. The cares of her family took the place of her books in later years, but after her children reached maturity her reading was resumed."

Clearly on the island of Nantucket, in those days, it did not appear that the cultivation of intellectual gifts resulted in incapacitating a woman for the bearing and rearing of a large family.

In 1861 Mr. Mitchell retired from business, and left the island, as he says: "without an unpaid debt outside of my family." This removal was to Lynn, which he chose as a residence partly because his daughter Maria wished to be near Boston, and partly because the community had in it a Quaker element, which promised him congenial worship and sympathy.

From the small salary already mentioned by us Miss Mitchell had been able to lay up money enough to make at this time the purchase of a small house in Lynn, valued at sixteen hundred and fifty dollars. In this house she now resided for some years with her father, to whom had been granted a pension of three hundred dollars per annum. Maria was now able to earn five hundred dollars yearly by computations. The pair lived comfortably on their own resources, "only" says Miss Mitchell, "we were obliged to keep a girl, for I, having to support myself by computing, could not do housework."

After a residence of five years in Lynn, Miss Mitchell was appointed professor of astronomy in Vassar College, Poughkeepsie. She was at first reluctant, on her father's account, to accept this position. The care of his declining years rested upon her, as the only daughter who remained unmarried. Her father was now seventy years of age. She could not leave him, and feared to take him with her lest the change should prove prejudicial to him. Mr. Mitchell was, on the contrary, very anxious that his daughter should assume the duties of the office which was now pressed upon her acceptance. She did so, and had every reason to be satisfied with the result.

Mr. Mitchell survived this change of residence about four years. In his autobiography he bears testimony both to the intelligence of the Vassar pupils and to the uniform respect

with which they treated him. He says: "Among the teachers and pupils I have made acquaintances that a prince might covet."

Miss Mitchell found at Vassar an observatory already built. This quaint establishment faces the southern point of the college building, and forms, with its dome, a pretty feature in the view of Vassar. It has three stories, the first even with the ground, and the second attainable by a high flight of stone steps. The ground floor is occupied by a class-room, in which lessons are given, and a bedroom, occupied by one or two of Miss Mitchell's pupils. On the second floor is Miss Mitchell's sitting-room, a neat and tasteful apartment, well furnished with books and pictures, and containing a large astronomical clock, and a much-valued bust of Mrs. Somerville, the gift of Frances Power Cobbe. Above this is the observatory proper, with its large telescope.

In the summer of 1869 Miss Mitchell joined the throng of astronomical and other observers who were drawn to Burlington, Iowa, by its position as a central point of the total eclipse of the sun predicted to take place on the morning of August 7. Several pupils from Vassar accompanied her. In an article contributed by her to "Hours at Home," she gives a graphic description both of the journey and the event.

The party from Vassar had brought their own instruments with them. To adjust these for the occasion required both labor and ingenuity. The scientific observation of an eclipse is no holiday task, as we may gather from a few passages quoted here and there from Miss Mitchell's paper:—

"In preparing for an observation of time the astronomer ascertains to a tenth of a second the condition of his chronometer, not only how fast or how slow it is, but how much that fastness or slowness varies from hour to hour. He notes exactly the second and part of a second when the expected event should arrive, and a short time before that he places himself at the telescope. The assistant counts aloud the half-second beats of the chronometer; and the observer, with

the eye upon the point to be watched, and the ear intent on the assistant's voice, awaits the event.

"At length all was ready. The observers were at the telescopes; the regular count of the half-seconds began — there were some seconds of breathless suspense, and then the inky blackness appeared on the burning limb of the sun. All honor to my assistant, whose uniform count on and on, with unwavering voice, steadied my nerves. We watched the movement of the moon's black disk across the less black spots on the sun's disk. As the moon moved on the crescent soon became a narrower and narrower golden curve of light, and as it seemed to break up into brilliant lines and points, we knew that the total phase was only a few seconds off.

"The Mississippi assumed a leaden hue. A sickly green spread over the landscape. Venus shone brightly on one side of the sun, Mercury on the other, Arcturus was gleaming overhead, Saturn was rising in the east. The neighboring cattle began to low, the birds uttered a painful cry; fireflies twinkled in the foliage, and when the last ray of light was extinguished a wave of sound came up from the village below, the mingling of the subdued voices of the multitude.

"Instantly the corona burst forth, a glory indeed! it encircled the sun with a soft light, and sent off streamers for millions of miles into space. And now it was quick work! To see what could be seen, to make notes, and to mark time, all in less than three minutes, knowing all the time that narrow limitation."

In 1873 Miss Mitchell again visited Europe, this time, she says, for relaxation, which she seems to have found in visiting various educational institutions, and especially in inspecting the Imperial Observatory at Pultowa. Here she was the guest of the Astronomer Struve. Her impressions of Russia afterwards took shape in a lecture on St. Petersburg, to which the writer has not had access. She is permitted, however, to quote from some manuscript notes which Miss Mitchell has preserved: —

"The observatory was founded by (Emperor) Nicholas in 1838. It takes a despotic government to encourage science, and Nicholas granted three hundred thousand pounds." The income of the establishment at the time of her visit was only twenty-five thousand dollars, which seemed to her niggardly "after so magnificent a beginning." It is interesting to learn from these notes that the large telescope used at this observatory is of the same manufacture and size as that used at the observatory in Cambridge, Mass. This telescope was, she found, devoted to the observation of double stars and periodical comets. A special drill was at this time in progress with a view to the intended observation of the transit of Venus in December, 1874, when a number of instruments, and even the small buildings containing them, were to be transported to the coast of Asia, where the observation could most perfectly be made.

Miss Mitchell was glad to find in Mme. Struve a strenuous advocate of the higher education of women. Despite the claims and clamors of a baby, the intelligent mother found much time to converse with her guest upon this theme, so interesting to both ladies. "Mme. Struve says that a great many women (in Russia) are studying medicine, but very few study any other science. The reason is that other science does not pay. Neither did medicine pay to women until it was studied by them as a science. Ways open up when they are steadily sought."

In the autumn of the year 1874 Miss Mitchell was elected president of the Association for the Advancement of Women, succeeding in this office Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the first president of the association, then entering upon the third year of its existence. In this capacity Miss Mitchell presided over two of the annual congresses of the association, of which the first was held in Syracuse, N. Y., and the second in Philadelphia, in October of the Centenary of American Independence.

Miss Mitchell's presidency proved a very fortunate one. Contrary to her own anticipations she showed much execu-

tive efficiency in dealing with the perplexed business of the congress, which was at this time overburdened by the number of papers presented, and the insufficiency of the time allotted for their consideration. She had felt at the outset much distrust of her own capacity as a presiding officer. Her natural shyness and lifelong habits of retirement and study seemed to her an unfit preparation for a service of so public a character, requiring such readiness and variety of resource. The result was quite otherwise, and in accordance with the Scripture saying that "Wisdom is justified of all her children."

Miss Mitchell's figure and face were in themselves impressive, the one tall and erect, the other characterized by thought and observation. Her fine hair, already touched with silver, seemed a crown of dignity, while her penetrating, yet kindly eyes, expressed at once determination and benevolence. Her ruling was always careful, her influence pacific and harmonizing. Her adherence to principles made her always direct and uncompromising, while no personal ambition or prejudice darkened or distorted her relations with her fellows. Her name had lent persuasion to the invitation by which the association had originally been called together. Her presence and influence greatly aided and furthered all that was solid and good in the undertaking. Her retirement from the office at the end of her second term of service was greatly regretted by the whole body.

One feature introduced by Miss Mitchell into the opening meeting of the congress was the substitution of a silent prayer, after the manner of Friends, for the vocal prayer which had introduced the proceedings on former occasions. This change was much approved, and the silent prayer has been retained in subsequent years.

Miss Mitchell has never been willing to take upon herself again the duties of president. As chairman of the committee on science, she continues to give very efficient aid to the association, and no congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women passes without receiving a substantial

proof of this interest in a paper from her pen, or from that of one of her pupils.

Besides the article on the eclipse of 1869, already cited, Miss Mitchell has contributed, at intervals, to "Silliman's Journal," and to the "American Journal of Arts and Sciences." From the latter have been reprinted "Notes on the Satellites of Saturn," and from the former, a series of observations of the satellites of Jupiter, extending from the winter of 1870-71 to June 19, 1877.

Miss Mitchell has now occupied the chair of professor of astronomy at Vassar College for seventeen years. During this period the Vassar Observatory has acquired for itself a recognized place in the annals of scientific study. Many able teachers of mathematics have been trained within its walls.

In response to a question lately asked her about the results of her professional labors, Miss Mitchell said: "The pupils of Vassar are of great promise. They have been a wonderful cheer to me." She had not previously known much of young girls as students, and was surprised to find in them so much of latent power.

To the same questioner Miss Mitchell has kindly given the following outline of a working-day at Vassar:—

"Morning. I receive two classes.

"Afternoon. I prepare for the next day, and copy observations.

"Evening. I observe for two hours if the weather is fine. My assistant watches the sun-spots daily.

"Night? Formerly, I worked a good deal at night, but of late, I plan my observing for the evenings, making observations on Saturn at present (February, 1883) and on some other planet when that is in a good position in the evening."

Miss Mitchell is now in the sixty-fifth year of her age. In her mature life she has only once suffered from severe illness, and in this case her indisposition was attributed to malaria. Her devotion to scientific pursuits has therefore been seconded by vigorous bodily health, which as yet shows no symptom of decline. Her carriage is still erect and stately,

and her dark eyes retain their penetrating but kindly glance. She does not adhere to the denomination of Friends, either in her form of dress or of worship. Nevertheless, a certain simplicity of taste and directness of speech are marks (valuable ones, we think) of her early training in a Quaker church and household.

In her college life Miss Mitchell has been a valued friend to pupils, teachers, and president. Although averse to frivolity, she sympathizes in all the reasonable pleasures of the young people, and has herself a freshness of feeling and enjoyment of life which can only accompany a wise use both of time and of power. That she may long continue in her honored position must be the earnest wish of all who, knowing her worth, have at heart the interests of science and the higher education of women.

CHAPTER XX.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

BY MARY CLEMMER.

A Rare Example of Womanhood—Ancestry of Lucretia Mott—The Women of Nantucket—Celebrating the Fourth of July—A Nantucket Tea-party—Lucretia Mott's Marriage—A Marvellously Mated Pair—A Perfect Wedded Life of Fifty-seven Years—Power as a Preacher—Abhorrence of Slavery—How the Colored People Revered Her Name—Surrounded by a Mob—Claiming and Receiving Protection from a Russian—Dauntless Bravery—Reception in England—Mrs. Mott's Domestic Life—Devotion to Her Children—Her Thrift, Industry, and Economy—Her Home a Refuge for Runaway Slaves—The Meeting-place of Reformers—Last Years of Her Life—A Great Philanthropist, Great Preacher, and Perfect Woman.



NY attendant upon the Woman's Suffrage meetings of the United States to the year 1880, among the many remarkable women on the platform, might have seen one who, in her combined attributes of person, mind, and spirit, was the most remarkable of all; and this woman was Lucretia Mott. In this place the most remarkable thing about her was the atmosphere created around her by her unique and exalted personality.

Born of the spirit, it was felt by the indifferent and the antagonistic, even when it could not be analyzed. If one was armed with opposing views, mailed in the mind that was in St. Paul concerning women, it was easy enough to antagonize the brilliant *esprit* of Mrs. Stanton, the aggressive wit of Susan B. Anthony, the free thought of Ernestine L. Rose; but Morgan Dix or St. Paul himself would instinctively have been mollified, if not persuaded, by that winning, womanly figure, so essentially feminine in its aspect, with

its Quaker garb and meekly-folded kerchief; by the dark, appealing eyes and gentle mouth, whose benignant sweetness robbed dominant chin and lofty brow of all aggressive harshness.

Wherever she was she brought with her an atmosphere of good-will which won everybody. Since her death, a gentleman who was never a lover of Woman's Suffrage Conventions, said: "I never felt the slightest antagonism to anything she said, no matter how much I differed from her." Who could feel any antagonism to such a lovely mother as that, "whatever she might see fit to believe?"

She was an illustrious example of the potency of personality in its finest and rarest development. Not her opinions but she herself was the force that swayed mankind. Through the alembic of such a nature beliefs and deeds alike rose to the highest altitude of character, and through it, and from it, fell in perpetual benediction upon her day and generation.

I present her to her compatriots, not merely as a philanthropist or a reformer, but in every attribute of character and of action as one of the rarest examples of womanhood America has yet produced. A woman so exalted herself that all other women may adore and follow her, not for one time, but for all time. Nothing could have been more fitting to her character and her future than that Lucretia Mott should have been born on the island of Nantucket, — where she first saw this world's light January 3, 1793. She came from the oldest stock that peopled this memorable island; on her father's side from James Coffin and Thomas Macy, who from Martha's Vineyard and Salisbury, Massachusetts, came to Nantucket in 1659, when it claimed as its inhabitants three thousand Indians. Thomas Macy fled from the government of Massachusetts Bay, that wished to punish him for being a Quaker, by branding him with iron, scourging him at the pillory, and cropping his ears. He preferred the Indians and Nantucket.

The Quaker poet of the island sings of him: —

“Far round the bleak and stormy Cape
The vent'rous Macy passed,
And on Nantucket's naked isle,
Drew up his boat at last.”

The Coffin family also claimed among its numbers Sir Isaac Coffin, who was an admiral in the British Navy. He was the son of a Boston Tory, and, with the Nantucket Coffins, was descended from an ancient North Devonshire English family. Sir Isaac left Boston for England in 1773, where after various vicissitudes he was made a baronet in 1804, and full admiral in 1814. As late as 1826 he visited the island of Nantucket, and endowed with a fund of twenty-five hundred pounds sterling the Coffin School which flourishes there to-day. The father of Lucretia Coffin—Thomas Coffin—came from a sturdy race of sea-captains, and, like hundreds of others of these island captains, pursued the whale in distant seas, while his wife and little daughters kept the house, kept the shop, and made periodical commercial voyages to Boston, engaged in the traffic of oil and candles for provisions and goods of merchandise. We need not wonder that the woman who as a child began life in this wise was as careful and thrifty at eighty years of age as she was at thirteen.

From her mother Lucretia Mott was descended from Peter Folger, who was another of the original proprietors of Nantucket. He was a remarkable man, the father of the mother of Benjamin Franklin. His name is still found on deeds transmitting land from the natives, it flourishes in family relics and in family titles, and is honorably borne by the present Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, Hon. Charles J. Folger. Inheriting the positive mental and physical characteristics of a positive race, trained under the distinctive conditions of development which are sure to stamp individuality upon any character which receives their forceful impressions, Lucretia Coffin grew to her twelfth year on this island of the sea. A tiny span were these years in her long and illustrious life, yet it was long enough to allow the young girl's growth in all the sturdy elements,



LUCRETIA MOTT.

and all the great principles of broad thinking and high living which distinguished her afterwards. In these few brief years she came to a perfect consciousness of her love of knowledge, her love of truth, her love of justice, her love of the oppressed, of the toiling, for all who had need of her, and to a perfect acquaintance with all the practical duties of life. Mrs. Mott writes of these early years in her diary: "I always loved the good in childhood and desired to do right. In those early years I was actively useful to my mother, who, in the absence of my father on his long voyages, was engaged in the mercantile business, often going to Boston to purchase goods in exchange for oil and candles, the staple of the island.

"The exercise of women's talents in this line, as well as the general care which devolved on them in the absence of their husbands, tended to develop and strengthen them mentally and physically."

This continent could scarcely present another spot whose conditions of atmosphere, of intelligence, of self-reliance, of thrift, would all tend to so unique a training, to so distinctive a life for its women as does Nantucket. It is a foregone fact that it produces men and women of great intelligence, but outside of that it is equally true that every Nantucketer is marked by a quality of mind and habit of thought essentially his or her own. In contact with the world this may merge into a larger cosmopolitan life till it seems to be lost — till some fortunate touch of time or place recalls the old memories, and for the moment the Nantucketer is as perfectly himself again as if he had never left his native island.

But a few years since the writer of these lines chanced to be at Nantucket on the Fourth of July. The historic day was celebrated in the Fair Grounds about a mile from the town, and it was celebrated solely by the women of Nantucket. Not only did they move thither in their open carts, — laden with hampers of deliciously-cooked food, with viands enough to supply a small regiment; but beside these consolations for the stomach, which they dispensed later with a liberal

hand, they bore the Constitution of the United States and various orations studiously thought and written out, which, in addition to extemporaneous addresses, they delivered to the crowd on the sward with fervent unction and no halting eloquence. They mounted the platform of their large, shaded pavilion, and with the ruddy moors stretching away to the south shore, and the monotone of the waves breaking on San Coty Head, their voices rose and spread far away into the purple space, in words of enthusiasm for truth, for temperance, for freedom, for country. Do you wonder that Lucretia Mott, born of such a race, nurtured in such an atmosphere, even at eighteen years of age was an incipient preacher, an inspired seer?

A few days later your friend was invited to a tea-party, invited out of human good-will, for she sat a stranger to every person at the table, — and every person but herself was a native of the island of Nantucket. After delicious strawberries, biscuit, cake, and tea had been dispensed, the hostess, not stirring from her seat at the head of the table, said to her guests still gathered around it, "Now the literary exercises of the Tea will begin." Indeed she began them herself by repeating two quotations of poetry, adding, "Friend Anne, can thee tell me where I found *that*?" Strange to say friend Anne could not tell, from so remote and difficult a source had it been extracted. But friend Hannah knew all about it, and its antique author also. This was the beginning of a pastime covering a wide range of research and of cultivation. It was a tilt of memory, a race of wits, an æsthetic garnishing of the mind and the hour that left no room for gossip about neighbors or servants.

I recall the incident as I read in a brief record of Lucretia Mott, made at the time of her death, that when she weighed less than eighty pounds and had lived more than eighty years, her daily pastime was to sit reciting to herself the poetry which she had learned generations before in old Nantucket. In the cool of the evening, she would sit repeating in tones of liquid sweetness whole pages of "Cowper's

Task," "Young's Night Thoughts," and of Milton when his lofty strains did not jar upon her wider and clearer sense of justice. Through her long life her sermons and addresses were garnished with the fine and eloquent citations from standard authors which she began to commit to memory, according to universal habit, in her girlish days at Nantucket. Susan B. Anthony tells us that when she had passed her eighty-seventh year she spent an entire evening until after eleven o'clock reading aloud to her household Arnold's exquisite poem "The Light of Asia."

Those who recall that deep and tender voice may thrill in memory at its moving sweetness, while to the strong, great souls gathered about her this woman of more than eighty-seven years read the parting words of the Lord Siddârtha to his wife and love, Yasôdhara, as he left her to go forth to save the world:—

"Comfort thee, dear! he said, if comfort lives
 In changeless love; for though thy dreams may be
 Shadows of things to come, and though the gods
 Are shaken in their seats, and though the world
 Stands nigh to know some way of help,
 Yet whatsoever fall to thee and me,
 Be sure I loved and love Yasôdhara."

"I will depart," he spake, "the hour is come!
 . . . I lay aside these realms
 Which wait the gleaming of my naked sword;
 My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels
 From victory to victory, till earth
 Wears the red record of my name. I choose
 To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,
 Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes
 My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates:
 Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,
 Fed with no meats save what the charitable
 Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp
 Than the dim cave lends or the jungle bosh.
 This will I do because the woful cry
 Of life and all flesh living cometh up

Into my ears, and all my soul is full
 Of pity for the sickness of this world ;
 Which I will heal if healing may be found
 By uttermost renouncing and strong strife."

"This will I do who have a realm to lose
 Because I love my realm, because my heart
 Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,
 Known and unknown, these that are mine and those,
 Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
 Saved by this sacrifice I offer now."

It is like seeing Lucretia Mott anew to recall her reading these lines, so completely do they repeat in essence the spirit that was in her and that moved her through her whole existence in her relations to the human race.

In 1708 a woman, — Mary Starbuck, called "the Great Merchant," — a woman of deep spiritual convictions as well as executive thrift, proved not only her executive ability to engage in the commerce of the world, but was in her own personality potent enough to win over the entire population of Nantucket to the faith of the Friends — or, in other words, converted the entire colony to Quakerism.

The momentum of this woman penetrates to-day the mind, the manners, the very atmosphere of Nantucket. In no other place in America is its womanhood so distinct, original and independent, both in thought and action, as on the island of Nantucket.

Thus Lucretia Mott in the singular sweetness of her nature, in the equally singular force of her character, the freedom of her thought, was but the natural sequence of the conditions in which she was born and nurtured. Her heredity, her training, the very atmosphere of her island home made her what she was. Neither sex nor opposition, contumely nor persecution, ever lessened one iota the distinctive quality of her convictions, the breadth of her comprehension, nor the beneficence of her work as a human being.

When thirteen years of age Lucretia Coffin and an elder sister were sent to "The Nine Partners," a Friends' boarding-

school, in Dutchess County, New York. There she remained two years without a vacation. At fifteen, she became an assistant teacher in the school, and at the end of the second year became teacher with the opportunity to offer to a young sister the means of education. Another teacher at "The Nine Partners" was young James Mott, the son of an old Quaker family from Long Island. The two, the young man and the maid, true counterparts in temperament and in spirit, in obedience to Nature's primal law, in the beauty of their youth, loved and wedded.

Lucretia Coffin was in her eighteenth year, and James Mott had just passed his twentieth, when they entered into the closest compact of life-long lovers, which with them lasted more than fifty-seven years.

In speaking of this marvellously mated pair, Robert Collyer says: "If James and Lucretia had gone around the world in search of a mate, I think they would have made the choice that heaven made for them. They had lived together more than forty years when I first knew them. I thought then, as I think now, that it was the most perfect wedded life to be found on earth. They were both of a most beautiful presence. He, large, fair, with kindly blue eyes and regular features. She, slight, with dark eyes and hair. Both of the sunniest spirit; both free to take their own way, as such fine souls always are, yet their lives were so perfectly one that neither of them led or followed the other, so far as one could observe, by the breadth of a line. He could speak well in a slow, wise way, when the spirit moved him, and the words were all the choicer because they were so few. But his greatness — for he was a great man — lay still in that fine, silent manhood, which would break into fluent speech while you sat with him by the bright wood fire in winter, while the good wife went on with her knitting, putting it swiftly down a score of times in an hour to pound a vagrant spark which had snapped on the carpet, or as we sat under the trees in the summer twilight. Then James Mott would open his heart to those he loved, and touch you with wonder at the beauty of

his thoughts; or tell you stories of the city where, when a young man, he lived; or of the choice humor of ancient Quakers, who went through the world esteeming laughter vain, and yet set the whole world laughing at their own quaint ways and curious fancies."

But the wonderful unison of spirit and action which made the married life of James and Lucretia Mott one long harmony, complete in every part, was not the mere accident of congenial temperaments coming together in one house, or of two happy tempers acting together under one name, but beyond everything it was the result of their oneness of moral purpose, their oneness in devotion to what they believed to be right, their oneness of sympathy with the oppressed and wronged everywhere.

Later in life, when attending the marriage of friends, it was the custom of Lucretia Mott after the ceremony to speak a few words of counsel to the bridal pair. On one such occasion she told the young couple that she owed the happiness of her own married life to the fact that her husband and herself were one in the deep interest they felt in the sacred cause of wronged humanity.

She said to a friend: "James and I have loved each other more than ever since we worked together for a great cause."

Benignantly beautiful in age, her beauty in youth was an inspiration and delight to all who beheld it. Her figure was slight and petite. Her features delicate and regular. Her eyes, widely set and full, were of that limpid-gray that deepens and darkens into black when moved by the excitement of sympathy, or the animation of conversation. Beside her husband, who was tall and muscular, she looked a sprite in her simple dove-colored dress, with the white muslin kerchief crossed upon her breast, and the quaint little Quaker cap framing the noble and beautiful face.

John G. Whittier, who met her first when she was forty years of age, says of her: "I first met her in the convention of 1833, which formed the American Anti-Slavery Society. A woman then comparatively young, singularly beautiful in

feature and expression, dressed in the plain but not inelegant garb of a Friend, she sat among us, quietly listening, occasionally giving in a few well-chosen words, her thought on some point under discussion."

On their marriage James and Lucretia Mott joined her family in Philadelphia, James entering business with his father-in-law, Thomas Coffin. The partnership was of short duration, for Thomas Coffin died suddenly, leaving his widow in straitened circumstances with five children to support. Of this season of trial Lucretia writes: "The fluctuations of the commercial world, owing to the 'Embargo,' and the war of 1812, the death of my father and the support of five children devolving on my mother, surrounded us with difficulties. We resorted to various modes of obtaining a comfortable living — at one time engaged in the dry-goods business, and then resumed the charge of a school, and for another year I was engaged in teaching." She adds: "These trials in early life were not without their good effect in disciplining the mind and leading it to set a just estimate on worldly pleasures."

Later, James Mott entered the cotton trade, but in the heyday of financial success relinquished it from conscientious motives. As his wife had resolved in her devotion to the enslaved "to abstain from all slave-grown products," so James Mott relinquished a remunerative business because its profits were possible only by slave labor. He finally engaged in the wool business, and through that won the competency that gave leisure, travel, books and cultivation to the later years of this intellectual and devoted pair.

After living a life of concentrated devotion to father and mother, brothers and sisters, husband and children, till she had lived twenty-five years, she touched unaware the keynote of her special power, of her everlasting fame. Of that crisis in her life she says: —

"At twenty-five years of age, surrounded with a family and many cares, I felt called to a more public life of devotion to duty, and engaged in the ministry in the Society of Friends,

receiving every encouragement from those in authority until the separation amongst us in 1827, when my convictions led me to adhere to those who believed in the sufficiency of light within, resting on truth for authority rather than authority for truth.

“ I searched the Scriptures daily, often finding a construction of the text wholly different from that which had been pressed on our acceptance. The highest evidence of a sound faith being the practical life of the Christian, I have felt a far greater interest in the moral movements of the age than in any theological discussion. . . . My sympathy was early enlisted for the poor slaves. The ministry of Elias Hicks and others on the subject of the unrequited labor of slaves, and their example in refusing the products of slave labor, all had their effect in awakening a strong feeling in their behalf.

“ The unequal condition of women in society also early impressed my mind. Learning while at school that the charge for the education of girls was the same as for boys, and that when they became teachers women received but half as much as men for their services, the injustice of this was so apparent that I early resolved to claim for my sex all that an impartial Creator had bestowed. . . . The temperance reform early engaged my attention, and for more than twenty-five years I have practised total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. . . . The cause of peace has had a share of my efforts. . . . The oppression of the working-classes by existing monopolies and the lowness of wages often engaged my attention. I have held many meetings with them, and heard their appeals with compassion and a great desire for a radical change in the system which makes the rich richer and the poor poorer. . . . But the millions of downtrodden classes, being the greatest sufferers, the most oppressed class, I felt bound to plead their cause in season and out of season. . . . This duty was impressed upon me at the time I consecrated myself to that gospel which anoints to preach deliverance to the captive, ‘to set at liberty them that are bruised.’ ”

Thus we read in her own simple words the confession of her faith and the statement of her "call" as a preacher of the gospel. For perfectly as she performed the humblest duty of a woman's life, — exalted as she was as a fragile woman, her claim upon the remembrance of posterity is that of a great-brained, great-hearted philanthropist, a consecrated, self-forgetting preacher of the truth.

She belonged to that rarest, highest order of human being whose real potency lies in sheer personality — in a personality, penetrating, pervading, all-inspired, and consecrated. Lucretia Mott was in herself a perfect illustration of what pure spiritual force may be and do in a single personality. As an embodiment of spiritual force she was the supreme American woman of her century.

The key to her power and to her place as a public preacher in the ministry of the Friends is found in her primal declaration: "My convictions led me to adhere to the sufficiency of the light within us, resting on truth as authority, not on authority as truth." This declaration of her faith set her at once beyond the pale of man's authority or theology, as expressed in the canons of the Universal Church. It left her unreached by the *dictum* of St. Paul, as interpreted by his brethren. Not that she ignored St. Paul, or believed that she disobeyed him; but reading his eloquent declarations by the illumination of her own God-seeking spirit, she stopped to inquire of no man what she should or should not do. If she did not desire the praise of men, neither did she fear their censure, nor heed with spiritual awe their dogmas. Not that she was puffed up in her own conceit, but because she sought but two things, mental freedom, spiritual sight, that through these she might consecrate all that was hers to the service of humanity and of God. "How," she cried, "can I follow the light of God without a free, fearless, single-minded use of the powers He gives me?" How she should use these powers she inquired of no man. The history of all past ages forbade her to do so. Again she declared: "Proving all things, trying all things, and holding fast only to

that which is good, is the great religious duty of this age. . . . I desire to escape the narrow walls of a particular church, and to live under the open sky, in the broad light, looking far and wide, seeing with my own eyes, hearing with my own ears, and following truth *meekly* but *resolutely*, however arduous or solitary may be the path in which she leads. . . . I thank God that I live at a time and under circumstances which make it my duty to lay open my whole mind with freedom and sincerity." At a later day we may thank God that searching the Scriptures daily, — daily seeking only to know the truth and to do her duty, she sought concerning them the command of the inward witness instead of the mandates of men, martinets of theology, who, in the name of St. Paul, would have stifled at birth the spontaneous eloquence and consecrated utterances of this gentle prophetess of the Friends. When she was "called" to speak, at eighteen years of age, at the funeral of a friend, she obeyed the command without pausing to argue her right to that obedience. But more than thirty years afterwards, in a National Convention held in Philadelphia, she defended the position which so quietly yet so firmly she took in her early youth. After a clergyman had arisen in the open convention quoting numerous passages from the Scriptures to prove that "no lesson is more plainly and frequently taught in the Bible than woman's subjection," and Mrs. Tracy Cutter had replied in these words: "It is a pity that those who would recommend the Bible as the revealed will of the all-wise benevolent Creator, should uniformly quote it on the side of tyranny and oppression," Mrs. Mott arose and said: "It is not Christianity but priestcraft that has subjected woman as we find her. . . . "Instead of taking the truths of the Bible in corroboration of the right, the practice has been to turn over its pages to find example and authority for the wrong — for the existing abuses of society. . . . Even admitting that Paul did mean preach when he used that term, he did not say that the recommendation of that time was to be applicable to the churches of all after-time. . . . We should find, comparing

text with text, that a very different construction might be put upon them. . . . In the same epistle to the same church, Paul gave express directions how women shall prophesy, which he defines to be preaching, 'speaking to men' 'for exhortation and comfort.' He recognized them in prophesying and praying. The word translated servant is applied to a man in one part of the Scriptures, and in another it is translated 'minister.' Now that same word you will find might be applied to Phœbe, a deaconess. . . . In this same epistle the word prophesying should be preaching — preaching godliness." . . . "On the occasion of the first miracle which it is said Christ wrought, a woman went before him and said, 'Whatsoever he biddeth you do, that do.' The woman of Samaria said, 'Come and see the man who told me all the things that ever I did.' . . . The language of the Bible is beautiful in its repetition — 'Upon my servants and my handmaidens I will pour out my spirit and they shall prophesy.'"

As early as 1848, in the convention held at Rochester, Lucretia Mott arose and said, "Many of the opposers of Woman's Rights who bid us obey the bachelor St. Paul themselves reject his counsel. He advises them not to marry, but even a clergyman will marry twice or thrice. In general answer I will quote, 'One is your Master, even Christ.'"

These words of Lucretia Mott are given at length, not as argument to prove her right to preach, but to prove the spirit in which she preached.

True in spirit and in fact as these utterances defining her attitude as a public teacher are, they do not and cannot annul the great fact of nature which makes the duties of priesthood incompatible with the functions of ordinary womanhood. But equally true and equally potent is the fact that from the beginning of time exceptional women have at intervals appeared in the human race, as if to prove the primal unity of its creation in the likeness of God, women who by governing conditions and special individual gifts have been called forth from the common lot to fill an uncommon place and to do an uncommon work. All the way down the centuries ecclesiastical

men have protested and tyrannized and told women that they were nothing if they were not inferior and subordinate. St. Paul's words have been wrested from their corollaries by arbitrary men to command the subjection and silence of women. Yet the uplifted woman-seer has never ceased to see the heavenly vision; the woman-oracle has never been dumb. The prophetess has always existed as well as the prophet; her sublime strain penetrates all the ages. More than six hundred years before Homer was born, Miriam joined her lofty chorus to the glad song of Moses. "And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out with her with timbrels and dances." The women of Israel were gathered together not in the house, for they "went out," and Miriam the prophetess went before, not a trembling woman, but a rapturous leader of the exultant women who followed her. "Sing ye to the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously!" she cried; and, strange to tell, there was no Knox Little, nor Morgan Dix standing in the road to command silence and order all these inferior beings back into the house, lest the very happiness of their voices bring reproach on Israel.

The second woman elevated by the Almighty to public dignity and supreme authority was Deborah. "And Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth, she judged Israel at that time." How lofty the femininity, how profound the tenderness of her declaration: "The inhabitants of the villages ceased, they ceased in Israel until that I, Deborah, arose, that I arose a mother in Israel!"

She was prophetess, she was judge, she was the leader of the tribes, but of no one of these functions of authority did she boast. "I, Deborah, arose a MOTHER IN ISRAEL," she declared. In her soul the primal womanly function compassed and covered all other authority. Great in the motherhood of wisdom, she judged Israel for forty years. What significance we find in the last words recorded of her: "And the land had REST for forty years." It requires no tension of the imagination to think of Lucretia Mott as a

ruler and mother in Israel for forty years. We go back to these women whose greatness reaches us from the morning twilight of time. We pause over the meagre records of inspired and consecrated women who stand august and holy in every age, how often sanctified by suffering, exalted by martyrdom, and while we gaze we marvel that even to-day so many consecrated men delight to give ecclesiastically the narrowest instead of the broadest, the most humiliating instead of the most ennobling interpretation of woman's place and woman's work in the Christian Church.

Clergymen delight to declare often and eloquently the immeasurable debt owed by women to the Christian Church. Woman owes everything to the life and words of the Lord Jesus Christ, who, in all his earthly life and ministry, never uttered a word that could wound the sensitive heart of a woman; who never did a deed to depress or humiliate her in the scale of being; who never lectured her from the basis of sex; who never told her she was inferior because she was a woman, but who always addressed her as a human being. Yes, woman owes everything to Jesus Christ, but how little she owes to his masculine interpreters! Christianity as interpreted by men owes to women a debt it can never pay. How much more has she done for Christianity than Christianity, as promulgated by men, has ever done for her!

Suppose a part of the breath and the words now expended by clergymen in reiterating St. Paul's injunction of silence, and in preaching woman's inferiority, biblical subjection, and man's everlasting supremacy, were sometimes used as well in recalling the name of Miriam, the exalted place of Deborah, the self-abnegation of Priscilla, who, Paul says, "For my life laid down her own neck;" of Persis who labored much in the Lord; of "the elect lady" of St. John; of the four prophetesses of Cesaræa? If the minds of men who are church-members and ministers turned with half the celerity to these honored names and lives that they do to the perpetual assertion of their own supremacy and authority, they

would gain unawares a co-operation of women in the service of the church of which now they do not even dream.

Such now is the mental activity, the intellectual and spiritual aspiration of universal womanhood, that no cause, not even that of religion, no organization, not even that of the church, is, or can be, helped by men constantly reminding woman of her degradation through Eve and her consequent subjection and inferiority to man. The sooner ministers accept this fact, and act from it, the better it will be for the Christian Church and the entire human race. Live and let live—most of all in the Gospel, wherein all are declared to be one in Christ—should be the primal and ever-present desire of every Christian heart and mind.

Thus lived and preached Lucretia Mott. She was one in that small but illustrious line of heaven-ordained women ministers which holds in exalted memory the names of Susanna Wesley, of Mary Fletcher, Dinah Evans, Rachel Southcote, Elizabeth Fry, Margaret Von Cott, and Sarah Smiley.

Robert Collyer, who knew her well, said of her, "It was not possible that a woman like Lucretia Mott should keep silent in the churches, because that great brain was created to think, and the noble heart to beat through, making and moulding speech, and those fine dark eyes to see what the prophets see.

"And had she not been reared among those who have always held the woman to be a minister of God as truly as the man? . . . An old friend in Lancaster County told me once of his first hearing her in the early days when she was almost unknown. . . . He had had a dreary time with the Friends that day, but at last a woman stood up he had not seen before, whose presence touched him with strange, new expectations. She looked, he said, as if she had no great hold on life, and began to speak in low tones, with just a touch of hesitation as of one who is feeling after her thought, and there was a tremor as if she felt the burden of the Spirit. But she found her way out of all this, and then

he began to hold his breath. He had not heard such speaking in all his life. It was so born of all conviction, so surely out of the inner heart of the truth, and so radiant with the inward light for which he had been waiting, that he went home feeling as he supposed they must have felt in the old time who thought that they had heard an angel."

Robert Collyer goes on to say, "I once heard such an out-pouring. It was at a wood-meeting up among the hills. She was well on in years then, but the old fire still burned clear, and God's breath touched her out of heaven and she prophesied. . . . For two hours she held the multitude spell-bound, waiting on her words. . . . I have said she prophesied. No other term would answer to her speech. Her eyes had seen the glory of the coming of the Lord and she testified of that she had seen; and this was all the more wonderful to me, because it was the habit of her mind in her later years to reason from premise to conclusion. . . . But she had seen a vision sitting there in the August splendor, with the voice whispering of God's presence in the trees, and the vision had sent the heart high above the brain.

"I think I should not quite have known my friend but for that wood-meeting, as we should not quite have known Christ but for the Sermon on the Mount."

An illustration of her power as a preacher despite all prejudice is given in an incident which occurred after the World's Convention. Returning from Europe in a merchant-vessel, on the voyage Mrs. Mott was moved to hold a religious meeting among the great number of Irish emigrants in the steerage. But they objected. They would not hear a woman preach, for women priests were not allowed in the church. But the spirit that was pressing on "the woman preacher" was not to be prevented from delivering its message. She asked that the emigrants might be asked to come together to consider with her whether they would have a meeting. That seemed fair and just, so they came. She explained to them how different her idea of a meeting was from a church service to which they were accustomed; that she had no

thought of saying anything derogatory to that service, nor of the priests who ministered to them; that her heart had been drawn to them in sympathy as they were leaving their old home for the new one in America; and that she had wanted to address them as to their habits and aims in their everyday life in such a way as to help them in the land of strangers to which they were going. And then asking them if they would listen (and they were already listening, because her gracious words and voice had so entranced them that they could not help it) she said she would give an outline of what she wanted to say at the meeting. So she was drawn on by the silent sympathy she had secured until the whole of the Spirit's message was delivered — and only the keenest-witted of her Catholic hearers waked up to the fact as they were going out that they had listened to the preaching of the woman priest after all.

William Adams, a Friend, of Philadelphia, at his death, in 1858, left a diary in which are recorded many of his impressions of Lucretia Mott's ministry as he had sat under it at the Cherry and Race Street Meeting back to 1841.

Under date of third month, 1841, he writes: "At meeting this morning there were several speakers, Lucretia Mott as usual in her plain, close, searching style."

"Eleventh month. — Evening meeting was much crowded. I should say more than two thousand persons assembled to hear Lucretia Mott deliver one of her most thrilling discourses previous to her leaving the city on a religious visit.

"First month, 1842. — Lucretia Mott arose, and in her usual felicitous manner, explained many texts of Scripture relative to the atonement in a spiritual sense, too often considered outwardly.

"Second month. — Lucretia Mott arose with the text: 'To do good and to communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.'"

"Sixth month. — Lucretia Mott was favored to preach the Gospel to the heathen in an edifying manner. I am willing to bear witness to the savor of her testimony on my spirit,

believing that she is commissioned to preach the Gospel as it is in Jesus.

"Second month, 1845. — That precious handmaid of the Lord, Lucretia Mott. Great has been her exercise and devotion in the cause of the slave; may her reward be sure. Thou precious lamb, thou hast known what it is to be in perils through false brethren, and to be persecuted for righteousness' sake, and thine is the kingdom of heaven. Let me bear testimony to thy edifying discourses, and be permitted to say that I believe thou art not far from the kingdom. Let this record stand to enduring generations. Amen."

One year later he wrote: "Third month, 1846. — Lucretia Mott occupied most of the meeting with an edifying discourse before eleven hundred people. Lucretia, thou beloved handmaid of the Lord! Great is thy faith, and great are thy persecutions."

The first of the persecutions mentioned by her devout friend in his diary were those that came from her following Elias Hicks in the division of the Society of Friends. This father of reform before the year 1825 preached against slavery in its chosen strongholds, Maryland and Virginia. At that early day he stood unflinchingly for women's rights, declaring that under the law there were prophetesses as well as prophets, and the effusion of the spirit in the latter days as prophesied by Joel, was to be equally on sons and daughters, servants and handmaids. To believe otherwise is irrational and inconsistent with the divine attributes, and would charge the Almighty with partiality and injustice to one-half of his rational creation."

This one declaration is a sufficient explanation for Lucretia Mott's turning from the elder society to follow the fortunes and the faith of the later and larger teacher. The Orthodox Friends mourned the loss of two young preachers, the greater in promise and power being Lucretia Mott. Young as she was, she was already brave enough to go forth from the camp with reproach. Many years after, when he stood in a like strait, she told her friend Robert Collyer all that she suf-

ferred at that time. Referring to that confidence he says: "I have to remember with what a tender pathos she opened her heart to me when it seemed almost like death to leave my old mother-church, — of the trouble it was to her, when she had to do this in the days of Elias Hicks, — when she had to part with old friends for the truth, and have the meeting-house closed to her in which she had loved to meet them, when she suffered reproach that she might be true to her own soul. And she told me how then James Mott stepped to the front, fighting her battles, shielding her as it were behind his heart. There were times before and after, she said, when he would question what she said or did, but not in those sad days. Then his whole anxiety was to help bear her burden and fight her battle."

According to her own testimony, in early youth Lucretia Mott's soul was moved by the cruel injustice of negro slavery as well as by the depressing inequality she saw meted out to women — in education, remuneration, and social condition. But the utterly unrequited labor of slaves made the first and deepest demand on her conscience, on her speech, on her untiring efforts for their uplifting. With all their enforced ignorance, shut out as they were from books, from the reading of public journals, and from all intelligent knowledge of public affairs, the negro race as if by instinct learned the names of their real friends, and at an early day many negro children were named by their parents for Lucretia Mott. Nor did the calling of the name end low down in the human scale, for after visiting her in America, Lord and Lady Amberley named their first child, born on their return to England, Lucretia Mott Amberley.

The second persecution that fell upon her was because of her consistent and entire devotion to the cause of the slave. Not only did she plead in their behalf with learning, eloquence, and the deepest spiritual unction, but every act of her life consistent with her speech made her moral force felt throughout the land wherever she went or was known. For many years she would not ride in a public conveyance that would

not admit colored people, — nor would she eat or use anything that was the product of slave labor. Everywhere, amid howling, stone-throwing mobs, she stood unmoved, as gentle and unflinching amid pelting eggs and brickbats as when she sat knitting by her own pleasant fireside. Those who knew her in those early years tell what she never told herself, what a force she was in those old battles. How quiet she was in the uproar, — “how with her woman’s wit she would always say the wisest word and hit on the nicest thing to do.” One evening they were being driven out of a public hall by a mob. It was a time of the utmost peril.

“Take this friend’s arm,” she said to another woman, “he will protect thee from the mob.”

“But who will protect thee, Lucretia?” anxiously inquired her friend.

“This gentleman,” she answered, gently touching the arm of one of the mob. “He will see me safe through.”

A rough, red-shirted ruffian he was to outward sight, as he was no doubt in all his outer fibre, yet somewhere deep down in the core of his being was the kernel of true knighthood which makes every man by unspoiled nature every woman’s defender. At any rate the “ruffian” gave Lucretia Mott his arm, and led her forth from his frenzied comrades to safety and home.

The leading abolitionists for more than one generation were deemed raving fanatics, and it is true doubtless that many of them possessed more zeal than knowledge. Yet the remarkable fact remains that the two bravest leaders of all, the two oftenest exposed to indignity and danger, William Lloyd Garrison and Lucretia Mott, were never, amid the wildest tumult, with violent death just before them, moved from their serenity or their gentleness.

In such hours as these she wrote to her friend Garrison: “My mind has been especially turned toward those who are standing in the forefront of the battle; and my prayer has gone up for their preservation, not the preservation of their lives, but the preservation of their minds in humility and.

patience, faith, hope, and charity. . . . If persecution is the means which God has ordained for the accomplishment of this great end, emancipation, then in dependence upon Him for strength to bear it, I feel as if I could say, Let it come; for it is my deepest conviction that this is a cause worth dying for."

The greatest natures are always greater than their creeds. Lucretia Mott proved herself to be greater than hers, greater than her sect, when, in open disobedience to its command not to co-operate with "the world's people," she joined them so far as to form with them in 1833 the original Anti-Slavery Society of the United States, and to suggest and amend their second declaration concerning the eternal rights of all men. At that time the era of prejudice and of mobs was at high tide. But a few months before William Lloyd Garrison had been dragged through the streets of Boston at the peril of his life. Three days later Lucretia Mott addressed a meeting of anti-slavery women while brickbats were crashing through the windows; and the next day, while the building was again surrounded by rioters, she exhorted the members of the convention to be steadfast and solemn in the prosecution of the business for which they were assembled.

Of the formation of this society Mrs. Mott writes in her personal notes: "In 1833 the Philadelphia Female Anti-slavery Society was formed, and being actively associated in the efforts for the slaves' redemption, I have travelled thousands of miles in this country, holding meetings in some of the slave States, have been in the midst of mobs and violence, and have shared abundantly in the odium attached to the name of an uncompromising modern abolitionist, as well as partaken richly of the sweet tokens of peace attendant on those who would 'undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free.'"

In 1838, July 11, his seventieth birthday, John Quincy Adams wrote in his diary of the evening before, spent at the house of James and Lucretia Mott: "I had a free conversation with them till between ten and eleven o'clock upon

slavery, the abolition of slavery, and other topics. . . . Lucretia Mott, the mistress of the house, wife of James Mott, is sensible and lively, and an abolitionist of the most intrepid school." The day following this interview the first midnight assault was made on Bailey's anti-slavery press in Cincinnati.

In 1837 Lovejoy was murdered in Alton, and in 1838 Pennsylvania Hall, dedicated to free discussion, was burned the fourth day after its opening with the co-operation of the city authorities of Philadelphia. It was on the day before that Lucretia Mott addressed an audience of women, with stones and brickbats pouring through the windows. Men were excluded from these meetings on the ground of delicacy and the fitness of things. And it did not take Lucretia Mott long to express the "hope that such false notions of delicacy and propriety would not long obtain in this enlightened country."

In 1840 the question of women speaking before promiscuous assemblies became "the sensitive bone" of contention in the organization of abolitionists. Their unity on the subject of slavery did not evolve a like unity on the *dictum* of St. Paul, and the fact of women "speaking in meeting." The irreconcilable question divided the society in two bodies. And the old organization, as the first abolitionists called themselves, appointed "our beloved friends, William L. Garrison, N. P. Rogers, C. L. Kennard, and Lucretia Mott delegates to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, held in London in June, 1840, with Thomas Clarkson as president."

It never occurred to the single mind of the gentle Friend who then had been preaching the gospel of justice and love for more than thirty years, who was always thinking of the truth, never of herself, that she would be denied the privilege of sitting with her fellow delegates, not from any unfitness of character or lack of mental power, but solely because she was a woman. She was denied for this cause alone. In the history of human progression there could scarcely be more interesting reading than her own account of the reception of the women delegates at this convention. In her notes she

writes: "In 1840 a World's Anti-Slavery Convention was called in London. Women from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were delegates to that convention. I was one of the number, but on our arrival in England our credentials were not accepted because we were women. . . . This brought the woman question more into view, and an increase of interest on the subject has been the result. In this work, too, I have been engaged, heart and hand, as my labors, travels, and public discourses evince. The misrepresentation, ridicule, and abuse heaped upon this as well as other reforms do not in the least deter me from my duty. To those whose name is cast out as evil for the truth's sake, it is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment."

We must look far to find a human declaration more disinterested, larger, or nobler than this.

Born a Friend, educated from babyhood in a Friends' meeting, where woman's equality was unquestioned, freedom of speech was as natural to her as the air she breathed. Where women differently trained would have assumed to speak in public places, Lucretia Mott spake as the bird sings, and thus carrying her freedom of being, thinking, and speaking everywhere, with no consciousness of it as something she had taken up, whose possession might be questioned, she never assumed anything or aroused any personal antagonism even in those who differed from her. Her very gentleness and freedom from self-consciousness half-veiled and softened her great ethical force and unconquerable courage. That which would have been audacity in others was delightful unconsciousness in herself; thus all her life without knowing it she was the incarnation in herself of woman's cause at its best.

Though denied her place as a delegate in the World's Convention, she had a pleasant seat given her as a lady in the gallery — which at that date was much for English enlightenment to give, — and more than it gives to-day to women in the gallery of the House of Parliament. While sitting in this seat "after half the world had been voted out," Elizabeth

Cady Stanton, then a vivacious and beautiful bride, writes : " Said I, ' Suppose in spite of the vote of excommunication the spirit should move you to speak, what would the chairman do, and which would you obey, the spirit or the convention ? ' She promptly replied : ' Where the spirit of God is, there is liberty. ' "

Though the English reformers of 1840 could tolerate no innovation so aggressive as a woman delegate, nevertheless they were sufficiently gentlemen to treat her politely, and she was invited to breakfast with people of high rank. Unconventionally enough, as every English man and woman knew, at the breakfast-table she found the opportunity denied her at the convention, and without parley, she arose and addressed the brilliant assembly. Sitting at that table were those who voted against her admission as a delegate.

Amazement filled every feature at her daring — but by a very natural process to the British mind — when they saw dukes and duchesses listening with profound attention, and sometimes bowing their heads in assent — even the British reformer found it easy to listen also. Through genuine *esprit de corps*, perhaps the peer knew her best, so proving the assertion of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

" I don't wonder Lady Byron liked her," said Emerson. " She belongs to the aristocracy."

Notwithstanding the brethren prevented her speaking in meeting, two very tangible and important results followed Lucretia Mott's presence in the World's Anti-Slavery Convention. The first was the introduction it afforded to a younger woman, to whom Lucretia Mott at once became an inspiration and an oracle. Elizabeth Cady Stanton has done more than any other one woman, with her clear reasoning and fine eloquence, to move the minds of thoughtful law-givers, and to change unjust laws to just ones in behalf of women in legislatures. At the time of this World's Convention, which she visited with her young husband, she stood eagerly questioning on the border-land of her unknown, undreamed-of future. Instinctively she sat down at the feet of

a priestess who had so long inhaled hallowed air that she gave it back in every breath in exalted prophecy and promise for womanhood. Mrs. Stanton says: "I had always regarded a Quaker-woman as one does a Sister of Charity — a being above ordinary mortals, ready to be translated at any moment. I had never spoken to one before nor been near enough to touch the hem of a garment. Mrs. Mott was to me an entire new revelation of womanhood. I sought every opportunity to be at her side, and continually plied her with questions, and I shall never cease to be grateful for the patience and seeming pleasure with which she fed my hungering soul. . . . I found in this new friend a woman emancipated from all faith in man-creeds, from all fear of his denunciations. Nothing was too sacred for her to question, as to its rightfulness in principle and practice. It seemed to me like meeting some being from a larger planet, to find a woman who dared to question the opinion of popes, kings, synods, parliaments, with the same freedom that she would criticise an editorial in the London 'Times.' . . . When I first heard from the lips of Lucretia Mott that I had the same right to think for myself that Luther, Calvin, and John Knox had, I felt at once a new-born sense of dignity and freedom; it was like suddenly coming into the rays of the noonday sun after wandering with a rushlight in the caves of the earth. . . .

"There are often periods in the lives of earnest, imaginative beings when some new book or acquaintance comes to them like an added sun in the heavens, chasing every shadow away. Thus came Lucretia Mott to me at a period in my young days when all life's problems seemed inextricably tangled. When, like Noah's dove on the waters, my soul found no solid resting-place in the whole world of thought. . . . Before meeting Mrs. Mott I had heard a few men of liberal opinions discuss various political, social, and religious theories, but with my first doubt of my father's absolute wisdom came a distrust of all men's opinions on the character and sphere of women. . . . Hence I often longed to meet

some woman who had sufficient confidence in herself to frame and hold an opinion in the face of opposition — a woman who understood the deep significance of life, to whom I could talk freely ; my longings were answered at last.”

The second result of the meeting in London of Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton was the call for the first Woman's Rights Convention held in Seneca Falls, New York, July 19 and 20, 1848. After Lucretia Mott, Sarah Pugh, Abby Kimble, Elizabeth Neal, Mary Grew, — all Friends from Philadelphia — and Abby Southwick and Emily Winslow of Boston, had travelled three thousand miles to take their seats as delegates in the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, only to be refused them. Lucretia Mott and her newly-found lover, Elizabeth Stanton, walked arm-in-arm down Great Queen street, discussing with their musical voices the great indignity that to their minds that day had been cast on womanhood. They then and there resolved on their return to America to hold a Woman's Rights Convention. They kept their word. And from that gathering of earnest, brave, but inexperienced women, who made written additions to the Declaration of Independence to meet their own special demands, wrongs, and needs, — more than forty years ago, have evolved by a natural law the great, splendidly-organized, wisely-regulated yearly conventions of women of to-day, — projected and directed by a force of women whose zeal and devotion in their work can only be measured and equalled by the experience which directs and the wisdom that comprehends human life in all its bearings, human nature in all its needs, and, beyond all, the unity of humanity in its essence and in its aspirations.

So much space has been given to the public life and work of Lucretia Mott one might naturally suppose that there could be but little inclination, time, or strength left to her for purely personal domestic life. Yet the potent fact remains, that the sweetness and fulness of her life as a woman cannot be measured or told in words, though the placid narrative of its gentle deeds would of itself fill a large volume. While her

children were young and needed her, her life was devoted to them. How she served them so faithfully, and yet had some time left for mental improvement, she has told in her own words. She says, "My life in the domestic sphere has passed much as that of other wives and mothers in this country. I have had six children. Not accustomed to resigning them to the care of a nurse, I was much confined during their infancy and childhood. Being fond of reading I omitted much unnecessary stitching and ornamental work in the sewing for my family, so that I might have more time for this indulgence and the improvement of my mind. . . . The 'Ladies' Department' in the periodicals of the day had no attraction for me."

The thrift and economy she learned so early in the frugal home in Nantucket never left her. In youth cramping circumstances compelled her to economize for her own, but when she lived on to all the opportunities of affluence she economized no less that she might give of her abundance to others. Like another great American woman, her friend, Lydia Maria Child, she pinched herself even in letter-paper that she might have a little more for charity. A friend tells of a letter received from her two and a half inches wide by two and a quarter inches long, written on both sides, containing one hundred and forty-one words treating of seven distinct subjects. She apologized for her paper, and enclosed five dollars for a benevolent object. She was never weary of sewing tiny rags together to be woven into carpets, never weary of knitting — never, even in extreme age, of walking from house to house, dealing out with her own hands food and clothing to the poor. One of her own family tells of the great cloak and heavy saddle-bags stuffed with good things which encircled her small person as she sallied forth on these daily errands of mercy. Shortly before her death, when she could no longer leave her bed, hearing the voice of her son-in-law in the hall below, she called his name and he went up to her room. He found her sitting up in bed environed by a wooden frame set with shelves and full of pies and delicacies.

"Surely thou hast enough to eat!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied, with the quiet humor so characteristic of her; "but it will not last till to-morrow;" the under truth being that all these good things had been made at her order and placed on the shelves surrounding her, that she might deal them out with her own hands to the poor as her Christmas offering to their comfort.

While she believed that she had a duty to religion, to her country, and to humanity, she lived and died a perfect house-keeper, attending personally to every detail from garret to cellar, as if attending to them was the whole duty of her existence, yet attending them always with that clear vision and calm wisdom, that grasp of detail, yet command of the whole which left no chance for fretfulness or fussiness. Mrs. Stanton says of her: "When seated around her board, no two and two side-talk in monotone was ever permissible; she insisted that the good things said should be enjoyed by all. At the close of the meal, while the conversation went briskly on, with a neat little tray and snowy towel, she washed up the silver and china as she uttered some of her happiest thoughts. James Mott at the head of the table maintained the dignity of his position, ever ready to throw in a qualifying word when these fiery reformers became too intense."

This home, that for many years was the ark of refuge to runaway slaves, was also a rallying court to many of the distinguished of the earth. It was long the chosen meeting-place of such reformers as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Gerrit Smith, Ann Preston, Mary Grew, Matilda Joslyn Gage, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton; and in it its gentle mistress entertained Frederica Bremer, Harriet Martineau, Lord Morpeth, Lord and Lady Amberley, Fanny Kemble, John Quincy Adams, and others equally prominent in the world of society, thought, and letters.

No characteristic in her was more marked than her freedom from all personal littleness. Her superiority to mere sect, and her keen recognition of, and dauntless love of truth

wherever she found it was nowhere more apparent than in her devotion to the writings of men claimed as leaders of thought by opposite sects of Christians. Her whole life a profound daily student of the Scriptures, her two favorite writers among divines were William Ellery Channing and Dean Stanley. She loved Channing in her youth, but in extreme age she had room in her heart and mind for Dean Stanley, who appealed no less forcibly to the "inward witness" in her spiritual life. One little book of his, entitled "Hopes of Theology," taking its name from three sermons delivered by the Dean of Westminster before the University of St. Andrew, she kept beside her till her dying day, offering it for a glance to the visitors that came to her bedside. In every sect are always found a few rare souls, discerning spirits who, beyond the letter, perceive and read by pure spiritual sight. They are the men and women who in themselves are more potent than any dogma, larger than any creed, and two such were both Arthur Penrhyn Stanley and Lucretia Mott.

But ever looking toward that which is heavenly, when she had lived more than eighty years upon the earth, she held unabated all her old keen interest in art, in literature, as well as in religion and the progress of the human race and the State. Mrs. Belva Lockwood of Washington says that just before her death she heard her discuss the merits of a painting then on exhibition in Philadelphia, with all the interest and more than the intelligence of youth, and, as has been already said, her pastime in those twilight hours of waning life was not only to repeat the poetry of buried generations, but to read with thrilling effect the poems of later days, like Arnold's "Light of Asia."

With the abolition of slavery and the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, the first great public life-work of Lucretia Mott ended, yet her interest in the colored race, in the welfare and uplifting of women, in the furtherance of every good cause for humanity, only ceased for this world with her last breath. One of the last subjects she discussed was the

policy and personality of President Hayes, speaking of both with approval, and deprecating every effort made by others to keep alive old sectional animosity.

Twelve years after the death of her beloved husband, Lucretia Mott died, not of disease, but because her work was done, her human life lived out. She passed away without pain, in peace amid her children, November 11, 1880. As she left the earth the land was flooded with her praise, public journals of every shade of opinion vying with each other to pay tributes of honor to the good American woman, great in womanhood.

A nature so many-sided, a humanity so deeply veined, an intelligence so universal and varied cannot be sounded or measured by mere words. Her life, though vanished from human sight, still shines on, — a planet whose unfailling light streams down the centuries, while it reaches upward to other distant worlds.

Many women have equalled and even surpassed Lucretia Mott in the development of special faculties, but rarely indeed has a woman lived who has embodied in herself, in perfect harmony to an equal degree, so many high intellectual and moral qualities perfectly balanced. Her charity was as great as her courage, and neither could be surpassed. Her gentleness equalled her will, and neither ever failed. Her humor was as real as her seriousness, and neither in their place were wanting. Her passion for truth never outran her forgiveness of error. Her dauntless bravery, which never quailed before danger, was matched only by her modesty, which never assumed anything. Standing amid polemical men in public places, where another woman might have looked bold and out of place, she seemed always their better angel, in whom they recognized and adored the incarnation of that ideal woman of whom all men dream. Diminutive in figure, she yet had the look of command. She had the brow and the eyes which rule through sheer force of intellect and potency of soul; but no less she had the playfulness, the tenderness, the childlikeness which no one fears, but all men love.

Those who had long heard of her as an agitator when they beheld her were always astonished alike at the gentleness of her nature and of her manners.

Always listening for the Divine Voice, she never shrank from uttering its commands without fear and without a thought of herself. Believing in the unity of the human race, in its equality of essence, she asked no favors as a woman for herself or others. Planting herself upon her human rights, she simply demanded the removal of all hinderances to the elevation of woman in the scale of being. From more than fifty years of perfect marriage without bitterness — but full of happiness — and the calm sense of absolute justice, she claimed equal rights before the law for husband and wife, father and mother and child.

Her discourses and sermons were frequently printed. She published a sermon to medical students and a discourse on "Women," delivered in Philadelphia in 1849; but her claim upon the remembrance of her countrymen is not that of a great writer, but that of a great philanthropist, of a great preacher, of a perfect woman. In her personality and in her work she is a complete illustration of the profound fact, that a woman as well as a man may do an exceptional work, fulfil an exceptional mission, without abating one jot the symmetry of her nature and life in its special functions or proportions. There is no more remarkable phase of the many-phased anomaly of man and woman's mingled marriage and warfare than the world-wide distrust manifested by man in every age, of the stability of the laws of nature as inherent in woman, which he believes without a doubt to be immutable in himself.

Who ever hears the slightest hint of the danger of a man getting out of his "sphere?" No matter what he does himself, he is sure of his sex. But he has filled the ages with a watch-dog gaze and an eternal shout, lest by some inscrutable quicksand of mental endeavor woman suddenly finds herself "unsexed." The laws which govern the human creature, created in the image of God, he seems to believe to be im-

mutable in their application to but one-half of the human race, that himself. Lucretia Mott is one of the perfect re-futations of this fatal error which God at intervals sends upon the earth. She did everything which, as a woman, according to the code of mere conventionality, she ought not to have done,—yet hers was, and ever remained, the greatest womanhood of all.

We go back to deeds of valor, of prowess, of high emprise, to executive force, to conquering ability, to find that the deeds which live and glow in the dust of the centuries are those great in love of human nature, great in consecration to humanity.

In summing up the excellences of Lucretia Mott, men do not forget to name her thrift, her industry, her economy. Yet she is not exalted in memory now because she sewed bits of carpet together with an endless patience, nor because she wrote letters on tag ends of waste-paper, or made with her own hands her own pies and puddings — she might have done all these things well without one great thought beyond their mechanical perfection — nor was it because she dared to question the opinions of popes and potentates, of synods and parliaments; nor because she declared the equality in nature of man and woman. She is revered of all men to-day because with a perfect love she loved all human nature.

Her carved image is worthy to stand with the greatest of our great who have died. Yet she has carved no statues. She has painted no great picture of history. She has not sung songs of immortality like Milton, nor written books of raving eloquence, like Carlyle. But in her own exquisite, exalted personality, she is greater than Carlyle, abiding on heights of self-conquest, on heights of unselfish devotion, that he never dreamed of, much less attained. In her power to transmute high principles into the sweetest and highest living of daily life, she was greater than Milton; for in her own individual self she was the perfect incarnation of the highest principles she ever expounded, — of the finest aspirations she ever breathed, — of the tenderest emotions she ever felt.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A Charming Woman — Mrs. Moulton's Parentage — Influences that Surrounded Her Childhood — Rigid New England Training — Girlhood and School Days — First Literary Efforts — Publication of Her First Book — Letters to the New York "Tribune" — First Visit to Europe — Impressions of the Old World — Paris — Rome — Pictures of Italian Life — Venice — Cordial Reception in London — Honors Shown by Distinguished People — Flattering Attention — Delightful Experiences — How Her Book of Poems was Received in London — High Praise from Eminent Critics — A Famous Traveller — Personal Appearance — Her Grace and Charm of Manner — A Gifted and Popular Woman.

"The lingering charm of a dream that has fled,
The rose's breath when the rose is dead,
The echo that lives when the tune is done,
The sunset glories that follow the sun,
Everything tender and everything fair,
That was, and is not, and yet is there," —



NE thinks of them all, to quote her own words, in remembering Louise Chandler Moulton after the spell of her presence is gone. Sherwood Bonner, in speaking of her once, declared that she belongs to that class of women who seem born to charm; for charm, she says, is a sweet and comprehensive word, meaning to bewitch, not to madden; to delight, not to intoxicate; to satisfy, not to tantalize; to please the soul like the smell of a rose, the song of a brook, the sight of waving fields. "In her writing, in her person, in her manner, in her voice, in her dress, there is the gracious and indefinable charm that would lend attraction to a mediocre talent and a plain face; and which, when joined to a clear, fine intellect, a lovely mobile

face, and the exquisite manner of one who has breathed always the atmosphere of the gently nurtured, results in a woman worthy to be numbered among the fair ones of a poet's dream."

Louise Moulton is, perhaps, the most personally popular among the literary women of our country; she pleases so entirely that I doubt if there is a person in the world who has any but a warm and admiring feeling towards her. She began this career of conquest early; for she was not nineteen when Mr. Phillips, of the old Boston firm of Phillips and Sampson, maintained that she was fitter to be President of these United States than any man he knew. I have often wondered since how, already, he could so well have known and understood her,—for Louise Moulton, aside from her literary powers, is an extraordinarily clever woman, capable of organizing and of carrying out, and one to whom the management of anything requiring, with energetic action, thought, tact, and delicacy to a fine degree, might well be intrusted.

Louise was born on the 10th of April, 1835, in the town of Pomfret, Connecticut. Her mother was Louise Clark, her father, Lucius L. Chandler. On both sides she came of good old English stock. One of her ancestors owned all of Pomfret in the early days when it was a much larger place in extent than at present. In her father's family there was always a good deal of ability; his grandmother Cleveland is said to have been a remarkable woman, and one of Louise's earliest remembrances is hearing her read passages from the Greek philosophers, long before the little listener could understand them. Through this lady Louise is connected with the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, of literary reputation, and distantly with the poet and critic, Edmund C. Stedman, who himself regards this Cleveland descent as an inheritance of intellectual power. Of her father she has spoken to me as the most tender, uncomplaining, great-hearted man she has ever known; and of her mother, as a gentle, gracious woman, a noted beauty in her youth, but singularly free from the vanity and selfishness of most noted beauties. Her feeling

for her mother is, however, better expressed by these lately published lines than by any words that I could add : —

“How shall I, here, her placid picture paint
 With touch that shall be delicate, yet sure?—
 Soft hair above a brow so high and pure,
 Years have not soiled it with an earthly taint,
 Needing no aureole to prove her saint —
 Firm mind that no temptation could allure,
 Soul strong to do, heart stronger to endure,
 And sweet, calm lips that utter no complaint.
 So have I seen her in *my* darkest days,
 And when her own most sacred ties were riven,
 Walk tranquilly in self-denying ways,
 Asking for strength, and sure it would be given,
 Filling her life with lowly prayer, high praise —
 So shall I see her if we meet in heaven.”

Her mother, however, is still living in the quiet country town where her long life has been passed, and her daughter's successes have been a joy to her declining years. Both of her parents were rigid Calvinists, with the imaginative side of their natures somewhat undeveloped, and this child of theirs, living in her ideal world, may have been puzzling in many respects to them. But they idolized her, and indulged her in every way that did not go counter to their ideas of the immutable right and wrong. They held it ruinous to read romances, to dance, or to play any game of chance, such as draughts or backgammon. But although there is something pathetic in the thought of a childhood so strictly reared, I doubt not the little maid found her own pleasures in her own way, a way that did not impair the sunniness of her nature. The religious sentiments of her parents, nevertheless, exercised a great power over her, with at times an awful foreboding of doom and despair. She would wake when a little thing, in the depth of the night, cold with horror, saying to herself, “Why, if I'm not among the elect I *can't* be saved, no matter *how* hard I try,” and would steal along on her little bare feet to be taken into her mother's bed, with a vague



LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

sense that if in the far future she must be lost she would, at any rate, have love and comfort now, and caressing arms to shelter her from the shapeless terrors that mocked her solitude. But she felt differently in the sunlight; then she was full of a strong vitality, and exulted in running in the teeth of a high wind and thinking that she was so much alive surely nothing ever could kill her; and then she would try and persuade herself that no one really did die, but that certain people, whose lot it was, took themselves thus out of sight from time to time, and allowed it to be given out in order to frighten children into being good. Yet, in spite of the novel reasoning, and perhaps largely in consequence of those early impressions, she has all her life held in keener dread than ordinary what has seemed to her the unutterable mystery and speechless solitariness of death.

Of course, being an only child, and brought up on such principles, she was thrown a good deal upon her own resources for amusement. She could not have been more than eight years old when a good part of her play all summer long consisted in carrying in her head something she called a Spanish drama, although she then knew little of Spain beyond some high-sounding Spanish names that took her ear with their music, as they did Browning's lover in the garden, and which she gave to her characters. Every day, as soon as she was through with lessons and tasks, and could get by herself, these characters thronged round her, and she watched their performance; it did not seem to her that she created them, but rather that she summoned them and they came; sometimes, indeed, their behavior astonished her, and for one of them, a young girl who persisted in dying, she really grieved. All her lonely plays were tinged with the colors imagination gave, and she lived far more in the world of fancy than of fact;—she used to listen for hours at a great keyhole in an outside door, a keyhole through which the wind blew with wailing, fantastic sounds which sometimes represented to her thought far-off bugle-notes, and sometimes the long cries of despairing souls.

Louise was early sent to school, one teacher following another, till at length good fortune threw her in charge of the Rev. Roswell Park, at that time rector of the Episcopal church in Pomfret, and also the head of a school called Christ Church Hall. It was a school for boys as well as girls; and one of her schoolmates here, for a season, was the brilliant, erratic, and audacious artist, James MacNeil Whistler. She has pictures now that he drew for her in those days when she was so industrious and happy under Dr. Park's tuition, when they studied their Latin and German together.

She was but fifteen when she began to publish the trifles which for eight years she had delighted to write. It would be difficult to say what it was that inclined her to a literary life; she had no literary friends, and no suggestion of the sort in any quarter. It was like that springing of a plant in a soil that never knew it before, from a seed brought by some bird of heaven, as seeds of waving palms are carried to bare coral reefs, and if it was the union of anything in the two lives of her ancestry that produced it, as many colors go to the making of white, it was all so unaware and unconscious that the child felt her movements must be secret as if she were committing a crime when she sent off her first verses to a daily paper published in Norwich, Connecticut. It was on her way from school one day that she happened to take the paper from the office; and, when she opened it, there were the lines. What ecstasy! Only her fellow-writers, remembering their first publication, can fully sympathize with her, and they only will understand how it seemed to her, as she walked home on air, a more wonderful and glorious event than any event has ever seemed since. Three years later, Messrs. Phillips, Sampson and Company, of Boston, published for her "This, That, and the Other," a collection of stories and poems which had appeared in various magazines and newspapers, and which took the public fancy at once to the extent of fifteen thousand copies. She was a little shocked to see the huge posters headed, "Read this book and see what a girl of

eighteen can do," but the graciousness of all the newspaper notices made such happiness for the young girl in her still life as she would never know again, such happiness as a rose growing in a dull, dim room might have if suddenly transplanted into June sunshine and a whole heavenful of dews and gentle airs. Among these reviews was one of length in a Winsted paper, edited by Edmund C. Stedman, then just graduated from Yale, and it began a friendship that has only grown with years, and is counted by her among the memorable prizes and pleasures of her life. Among other literary friends that she then made was Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman; and her appreciative letters, kept now in a little yellowing, precious parcel, helped and cheered in the most needful period.

Directly after the publication of this first book, its young author went for a final school-year to Mrs. Willard's seminary at Troy; and she seems there to have combined studying and writing, and love-making to a rather remarkable degree, as in the August of 1854, six weeks after leaving the school, she became the wife of Mr. William Moulton, a gentleman who edited and published a weekly paper in Boston, to which she had for some time been a contributor.

In the autumn of the same year the Messrs. Appleton and Company, of New York, published for her a novel entitled "Juno Clifford," which she took a fancy to print anonymously as a test of her power. It had quite a success, but would doubtless have done much more with the use of her name. The next year she began writing for "Harper's Magazine;" and three years later, in 1859, the Messrs. Harper issued a collection of the stories in a volume under the title of "My Third Book."

She was now in her twenty-fifth year, fully launched upon the literary high-seas, contributing to "Harper's," to the "Atlantic," the "Galaxy," and "Scribner's," as they came into existence, and to the "Young Folks," the "Youth's Companion," and other periodicals for children. Her life seemed a very fortunate one. She had a charming home in

Boston, where she met and entertained the most pleasant people; her housekeeping duties were fulfilled to a nicety, and no domestic detail neglected for all her industrious literary undertakings. A daughter had been born to her, Florence, the golden-haired little beauty to whom "Bedtime Stories" were dedicated in some most tender and touching verses, and, somewhat later, a son whose little life was only numbered by days.

In 1870 she began writing letters from Boston to the New York "Tribune," signed by her initials, continuing them for six years, at the expiration of which time she first went abroad. She sometimes sent four letters a week, giving items of interest to bookish people, reviewing books in advance of their publication, and telling to the curious the affairs of the Radical Club, then in its palmy days, when Emerson frequented it, and John Weiss, David Wasson, Colonel Higginson, Dr. Hedge, and a host of other brilliant and inspiring people. These letters showed the hand of the accomplished letter-writer; without degenerating into gossip, they now and then broke into enthusiasms controlled by a perfect taste that took the reader along with them; their fine judgment and keen discrimination made them eagerly sought for; where she might need to condemn she was simply silent. A satirical, stinging, or malicious sentence was never written by Louise Moulton, although her sense of justice would make it difficult for her to praise where praise was undeserved. "And now let me tell you of beautiful Louise Moulton," wrote some one who had never seen her, in a letter given in the notice from which I have already quoted: "Years since when she first wrote her literary letters to the 'Tribune,' when I was shut into myself in a great sorrow, I came to know her through those columns, then to admire her, and finally to feel for her that reverence which we cherish towards loftier minds that lead us to higher mental culture. I feel that those letters have done more towards shaping and refining my taste for the literature of our age than anything else of the kind that I have ever seen. She is so chaste, so

refined, so choice!" Certainly no three epithets in the language would better define Louise than those.

She only gave up what she had found such pleasant work in order to gratify her life-long yearning to visit the lands of song and story beyond the seas; and on the 22d of January, 1876, she set forth on a stormy winter sea, Rome being her goal and Sherwood Bonner her companion. She had published, meanwhile, a collection of children's tales, called "Bedtime Stories," followed in the next year by another, "More Bedtime Stories," and eventually supplemented in 1880 and 1883 by "New Bedtime Stories" and "Firelight Stories." A sweet and wholesome atmosphere is that of these little books, and they seem to me to constitute a sort of permanent memorial to the quiet instructions the writer received from her own mother. They proclaim the gift of pure story-telling from the first page; the young girls in them are maidenly, the young lads are noble, the thread of the narrative is alluring. Older children will lingeringly turn the pages of the story of the "Little Mother"; and not that alone, for every story catches the interest at the outset and holds it, and a fine naturalness and power of pathos wrings the unwilling tears from every reader. The same power is used on a larger scale in her collection of tales for the older generation, called "Some Women's Hearts," also published in 1874. These stories are so simply and sweetly told that the reader does not at first recognize them as the works of art which they are, beguiled along until he finds himself in the midst of careful study on pages where there are few strokes not meant to tell, and with a complete characterization and a clear and vivid style which neither hurries nor excites the reader, but lets him feel something of the calm personality of the writer. Without any extravagance, they are full of close observation and analysis, of the love of nature, and of picturesque fact and effect. There is a sustained strength about the longest story of the book, "Fleeing From Fate," a courage and a repressed energy, that promise well for a novel of the three-volume length should she ever undertake it. A novel in verse, such as Mr. Sted-

man has often urged her to write, would be, better than other work, suited to her powers, which would have a scope there that they have not in any mere *genre* work. There are others of her stories more than sufficient for a fresh volume, but she has not yet made the collection; and she has certainly printed poems enough for another book to mate with "Swallow-Flights."

Her first voyage to England was a long delight, although it was winter, and they only escaped a huge, black, following sea. Then tarrying in London only long enough to read the immemorial names on the street-corners, to realize with a thrill that she was in Pall Mall, in Westminster Abbey, on London Bridge, to see the queen open parliament, she made straightway for her shopping in Paris, where the streets were an unending pleasure. "As for jewels, if anywhere in the world there are jewels to surpass those you see in certain shop-windows in Paris," she says, "it must be that they are in kings' houses. Fancy exquisite tea-roses, the size of life, composed altogether of diamonds, so brilliant that they mock your adjectives with their shining satire. Fancy blue forget-me-nots made of sapphires; and violets which look as if they would smell of Parma, but are fashioned from amethysts! Such exquisite devices, such fascinating combinations of precious stones I had never dreamed of until I came to Paris. The effect they produce on you is curious. You begin by wanting every glittering gewgaw that you see. You feel as if your happiness depended upon this brooch or that medallion. But after a few days you see another brooch, another medallion so much more beautiful that you are sure you would not have been contented with your first choice. You transfer your affections again and again, until you finally become accustomed and contented to regard the display of ornaments like that of furniture and pictures, as beautiful things to be looked at and enjoyed, but with which you have no personal concern. When you have thus ceased to wish for things, you begin thoroughly to delight in the streets of Paris."

But Paris over, came Rome, and twelve weeks of raptures and ruins, of churches and galleries, old palaces and almond-trees in flower, the light upon the Alban hills, the kindly gracious Roman society, all like a dream from which might come awaking. Certainly no one was ever made to feel the ancient spell, or to enjoy its beauty more than this sensitive, sympathetic, and impressible spirit. Stiff Protestant as she is, she was touched to tears by the benignant old pope's blessing; and she abandoned herself to the carnival, as much a child for the time as the noblest Roman of them all. "Hitherto the pretty Princess Margarita, — since that time become Queen of Italy, — has kept to her balcony, from which, be sure, she has sent forth no missiles less pleasing than flowers and bon-bons, and an occasional white dove," she writes; "but on the last afternoon she drives up and down the Corso with the rest. Her carriage and horses are superb, her stalwart footmen are glorious in red and gold; but no one heeds the splendor of her equipage, for the soft radiance of her own pallid beauty draws all eyes. She is exquisitely attired, but you scarcely remember what she wears, you are so much more impressed by what she is, — a fair and gentle lady, smiling sweetly as she bows in response to the shouts of welcome that greet her approach, the rain of fragrant posies that fills her carriage full. She bows and smiles, bows and smiles, with an unvarying graciousness, to the lofty and the lowly; but is there not — or is it only my fancy? — a lurking sadness in the soft dark eyes, even while the bright young lips are smiling? Perhaps it is but the natural expression of her poetical temperament, for the princess loves passionately verse and art and music; but one who has seen her husband, Prince Umberto, — a man fierce-looking, and somewhat sensual, and altogether of the earth earthy, like his father, King Victor, — must needs wonder whether there can be anything of spiritual kinship between this man and his rare, pale princess. Behind comes an equipage which the Queen of the Fairies must have lent for the occasion — the tiniest of pony phaetons, drawn by four little

black ponies. On these ponies ride little postilions, gorgeous in red and gold, like the stalwart servitors of the princess, and two small footmen sit behind in the rumble. In the phaeton itself are the prettiest pair in the Corso. This boy, with his handsome haughty face, is the little Prince of Naples, the son of Prince Umberto and the Princess Margarita. He has inherited his mother's beauty, and the haughty self-possession which belongs to the bold, brave house of Savoy. He will be every inch a king some day. His costume of green and gold satin, with frills of costly lace, was magnificent enough for a young emperor. Beside him was the daughter of a noble house, a little marchesina, who was like the vision of a dream. She had the dazzling paleness of a blonde Italian. Her eyes were intensely blue, and bright as stars, and her soft yellow hair floated about her like a cloud of spun gold. Her costume was of white satin, heavy with gold embroidery. The princess herself had scarcely attracted so much attention as this dainty little pair. They were almost buried in flowers, and they kissed their hands in return, and bowed with a real childish joyousness which was a pretty sight to see."

And after Rome came Venice, and the old palaces, where, in one of them, "everything was of the past except the flowers, which everywhere ran riot. Marble vases, rifled from tombs, were full of glowing crimson roses. Bright-hued blossoms filled the windows, vines trailed over the walls, fragrance as of a thousand gardens flooded the rooms." Then the Tyrol, where, at Innspruck, the unutterable loveliness struck her dumb: "I was comforted afresh by the wonderful glory of this long-enduring world wherein we brief human creatures flutter like butterflies for a transient day, and are gone." And after this, for contrast, the London season!

It was a gay season for the young American. She was in the same house with Kate Field, who knew her London well, and was ready to be guide and philosopher, as she long had been friend, and she had letters of introduction to many

choice people, among them Lord Houghton, who is the same kind of literary centre that the poet Rogers used to be, and who gave her at once a breakfast, where she met Browning, Swinburne, Gustave Doré, and a company of the brightest and best in London society.

Mrs. Moulton is one of the women whom Americans, with any wish of impressing the foreigner, may well be proud to send abroad. She is always and before everything a lady, an artist even in good manners, with the most winning innocence and grace united to sufficient knowledge of the world, a perfect dress, destitute of affectation, an attractive face, and a voice,

“ Oh, call it the well’s bubbling, the bird’s warble ! ”

I have never heard such melodious tones from any other woman’s throat. “ If I could only photograph your voice ! ” a photographer once boldly said to her. If he could he would have photographed flute-notes, water-drops tinkling among cool leaves, the ring of sterling silver, the reedy note of the Virginia nightingale. It was her voice of which an English poet wrote, —

“ As soft as sleep, and pure as lonely springs,
Her voice wherein all sweetnesss abide.”

It is easy to see how she made immediately a multitude of friends. In August she was in Scotland, and later on the lovely French sea-coast ; then followed a winter in Paris, and then again London, in the midst of whose renewed gayeties she was prostrated by an illness from whose effects she has never fully recovered, its legacy being a slight trouble of the heart. When she left her sick-room she was not strong enough for another sea-voyage in the wintry weather, and she remained in London ; and there, in the February of 1878, the Macmillans brought out her poems, which, published in America simply under the title of “ Poems,” in the English edition were aptly named “ Swallow-Flights.”

It was, as one may imagine, a trying moment to Louise, when she saw her book ready to be sent out to the reviewers. She was almost an utter stranger to the London press, and had been told that they seldom hospitably entreated the American, — how frigid or how cutting might not her reception be! A friend said he had asked permission to review the book for the "Examiner," but had been refused, as the editor was to review it himself. Modest to painfulness, she could not believe so brilliant a critic as William Minto would trouble himself to make an example of her; she dared not believe that he would praise her. But at last the paper came — the first London review she had received. It occupied a page of the "Examiner," and praised her more cordially than her best friend would have dared to do. After noting the power and individuality of the verses, the freshness, directness, and spontaneity, the originality and independence of models, and the rich and pure music, it declared that it might be doubted if George Eliot had "ever succeeded in expressing the same intensity of feeling in verse of equal fulness and equally free from that taint of over-excitement which is so fatal to high art." It quoted the sonnet "One Dread" as something that might have been written by Sir Philip Sidney; and furthermore said: "It is, perhaps, a good augury for the future of American poetry that the spirit with which these poems have most in common is the spirit of the forerunners of the great Elizabethan period. They are not at all archaic in form; but they deal with the simple, primitive emotions, and again and again, as we read them, we are reminded of Wyatt and Sidney, and the casual lyrics gathered in such collections as 'England's Helicon.'" The "Athenæum" followed in an equally generous spirit. "Mrs. Moulton," it said, "has a real claim to attention. It is not too much to say of these poems that they exhibit delicate and rare beauty, marked originality, and perfection of style. What is still better, they impress us with a sense of vivid and subtle imagination, and that spontaneous feeling which is the essence of lyrical poetry;" and, at another time, the "Athenæum," in making

a classification of sonnet-writers, used her name as that of the only American worthy of such rank. Then came Peter Bayne, telling of "beauty and power" in two pages of the "Literary World"; a page of the "Academy" in such perfect appreciation as might make any singer's blood tingle in the veins, speaking again of lyrical spontaneity, of felicity of epithet, brilliant word-painting, healthy tone and vigorous execution, subtlety and suggestiveness of ideas, imaginative force pervaded by the depth and sweetness of perfect womanhood, and the simple, unstrained beauty of it all. The "Tattler" also, while declaring that here was to be found a true poet who sings because she must and not because she will, added that Mrs. Moulton was a mistress of form, resembling the great artists who could afford to take liberties with rules, because they have mastered them all, that the poems teemed with artistic perfection, and satisfied the most exacting demands of criticism, even going so far as to say that England never had a poet in such full, unquestioning sympathy with woods and hills and winds and waves. "They belong to no school. One cannot help feeling that they are as absolutely native to the heart, and therefore as fresh to the sense as the songs of Burns or of Béranger. . . . It implies genius," said this review. "We have read Mrs. Moulton's poems with the inevitable result of finding in her well-nigh the one absolutely natural singer in an age of æsthetic imitation. She gives the effect of the sudden note of the thrush, heard through a chorus of mocking-birds and piping bullfinches. And it follows that poems which give this effect must needs contain something of their own not to be found elsewhere. . . . Mrs. Moulton owes nothing unless, indeed, to her own heart and to nature at first hand. One sees her, and her only, in her work, and yet finds no taint of the self-consciousness which blights the best work that is characteristic of these days. She is as spontaneous as Walter Von der Vogelweide." There was a column of equally warm praise in both the "Times" and the "Morning Post"; the "Pall Mall Gazette" found itself reminded of the "exquisitely lyrical feeling which

gives a unique charm to the songs of Heine," and the "Spectator," the "London," the "May Fair," the "Scotsman," and others followed in welcoming praise. Those beautiful verses, the "House of Death" was the poem that struck most forcibly the hearts of the readers then : —

- "Not a hand has lifted the latchet
 Since she went out of the door —
 No footstep shall cross the threshold
 Since she can come in no more.
- "There is rust upon locks and hinges,
 And mold and blight on the walls,
 And silence faints in the chambers,
 And darkness waits in the halls—
- "Waits as all things have waited
 Since she went, that day of spring,
 Borne in her pallid splendor
 To dwell in the court of the King:
- "With lilies on brow and bosom,
 With robes of silken sheen,
 And her wonderful frozen beauty
 The lilies and silk between.
- "Red roses she left behind her,
 But they died long, long ago —
 'Twas the odorous ghost of a blossom
 That seemed through the dusk to glow.
- "The garments she left mock the shadows
 With hints of womanly grace,
 And her image swims in the mirror
 That was so used to her face.
- "The birds make insolent music
 Where the sunshine riots outside,
 And the winds are merry and wanton
 With the summer's pomp and pride.

“But into this desolate mansion,
 Where love has closed the door,
 Nor sunshine nor summer shall enter,
 Since she can come in no more.”

Another of the poems that divided favor with the critics, who had very pleasant things to say of it, was “How Long?”

“If on my grave the summer grass were growing,
 Or heedless winter winds across it blowing,
 Through joyous June, or desolate December,
 How long, sweetheart, how long would you remember —
 How long, dear love, how long ?

“For brightest eyes would open to the summer,
 And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet new-comer,
 And on young lips grow kisses for the taking,
 When all the summer buds to bloom are breaking, —
 How long, dear love, how long ?

“To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk only,
 Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are lonely,
 I would not call you from your youth’s warm blisses,
 Fill up your glass and crown it with new kisses —
 How long, dear love, how long ?

“Too gay in June you might be to regret me,
 And living lips might woo you to forget me ;
 But ah, sweetheart, I think you would remember
 When winds were weary in your life’s December —
 So long, dear love, so long !”

Innumerable letters came to her also from the long-established poets. Philip Bourke Marston wrote her of “the most exquisite and natural blending of strong emotion with the sense of external nature,” in her work. He declared “How Long” almost matchless, concluding with, “The divine simplicity, strength, subtlety, the intense, fragrant, gen-

uine individuality of your poems, will make them imperishable." Other letters of congratulation were received from other prominent poets, from Matthew Arnold, Austin Dobson, Frederick Wedmore, Gosse, O'Shaughnessy, Frederick Locker, and William Bell Scott, poet and painter, the friend of Rossetti, whose picture, the "Gate of Memory," illustrated one of his poems, and a volume of whose verses is illustrated by Alma Tadema. Another letter ran, "I close the book only when needs I must, — at page the last, with music in my ears and flowers before my eyes, — not without thoughts across the brain. Pray continue your flights, and be assured of the sympathetic observance of yours truly, Robert Browning." At this time her songs were set to music by Francesco Berger and Lady Charlemont; Lord Houghton gave her again a round-table lunch at which George Eliot, Kinglake, Sir Charles Dilke, Browning, and several others turned the gloomy February day into summer. She was invited everywhere in short, and had rare opportunities of seeing the inside of English houses, visiting, among other places, at the home of Doctor Westland Marston, the father of the poet, and himself a poet, whose daughter, Cicely, was her most devoted friend, and died suddenly one day while making her a morning visit. It was to her that three touching sonnets, entitled "Her Ghost," published subsequently in the "Atlantic," referred. Struck one day of this period by the beauty of a painting by Burne Jones, a red-gowned Venus, she published some verses to the purpose in the "Athenæum"—

"Pallid with too much longing,
 White with passion and prayer;
 Goddess of love and beauty,
 She sits in the picture there —

"Sits, with her dark eyes seeking
 Something more subtle still
 Than the old delights of loving
 Her measureless days to fill.

“She has loved and been loved so often,
 In her long immortal years,
 That she tires of the worn-out rapture,
 Sickens of hopes and fears.

“No joys or sorrows move her,
 Done with her ancient pride;
 For her head she found too heavy
 The crown she has cast aside.

“Clothed in her scarlet splendor,
 Bright with her glory of hair;
 Sad that she is not mortal,
 Eternally sad and fair,

“Longing for joys she knows not,
 Athirst with a vain desire,
 There she sits, in the picture,
 Daughter of foam and fire!”

“I think,” Burne Jones wrote her in reply, “you must know how glad all workers are of such sympathy as you have shown me, and I don’t know of any other reward that one ever sets before one’s self that can be compared for a moment with the gratified sense of being understood, — it’s like hearing one’s tongue in a foreign land. I do assure you I worked all the more confidently the day your letter came. Confidence and courage do often fail, and when all the senses are thoroughly tired with work, and the heart discouraged, a tribute like the one you sent me is a real refreshment.”

As high praise, in the meantime, as her lyrics received was awarded to her sonnets. She was frequently pronounced to be one of the few who had mastered all the difficult art of the sonnet. In Hall Caine’s “Sonnets of Three Centuries,” one of hers, called “Inter Manes,” was included, and more recently in a collection, entitled “One Hundred Sonnets,” the following formed one of the one hundred: —

"LEFT BEHIND."

"Wilt thou forget me in that other sphere —
 Thou who hast shared my life so long in this —
 And straight grown dizzy with that greater bliss,
 Fronting heaven's splendor strong and full and clear,
 No longer hold the old embraces dear
 When some sweet seraph crowns thee with her kiss?
 Nay, surely from that rapture thou wouldst miss
 Some slight small thing that thou hast cared for here.
 I do not dream that from those ultimate heights
 Thou wilt come back to seek me where I bide;
 But if I follow, patient of thy slights,
 And if I stand there, waiting by thy side,
 Surely thy heart with some old thrill will stir,
 And turn thy face toward me, even from her."

In relation to these, and other of her sonnets, Mr. George H. Boker, the poet, wrote her: "I especially am charmed with your sonnets, with their harmony, dignity, and the propriety of their themes. You have the true insight as to the province and capabilities of that stanza; and it seems to me that in your ability to make a sonnet all that it should be, you easily surpass all your living tuneful sisterhood." Some of these sonnets are impassioned in their beauty, some of them are distinguished for lines that strike clear and strong as bell tones, —

"Through the large stormy splendors of the night,"
 one begins, taking the ear at the start; —

"Oh, let me drift, and dream, and fall on sleep,"
 another one ends, — a distinction, however, not confined to the sonnets, as witness the opening line of her book, —

"Forth from the wind-swept country of my heart."
 They are replete too, with such happiness of expression as this is, —

"The sense of that divine tumultuous stir
 When spring awakes."

Still others are heavy with sadness, none more so than that great one, "In Pace."

"When I am dead, with mockery of praise
 Thou shalt not vex the stillness of my sleep;
 Leave me to long tranquillity and deep,
 Who, through such weary nights and lonesome days,
 Such hopeless stretch of unaccompanied ways,
 Have come at length my quiet rest to keep
 Where nettles thrive, and careless brambles creep,
 And things that love the dark their dull brood raise.
 After my restless years I would have rest, —
 Long rest after so many restless years, —
 Peace after strife, a dreamless sleep and blest,
 Unmocked by hope, set free from haunting fears; —
 Since the old pain might waken at thy tread,
 Come Thou not nigh when I am lying dead."

In the next summer she came home. But it is no wonder that every year when spring winds blow she has a yearning to renew the pleasures of that period, and set her foot upon her ship and sail away to the English strand again. She does it all the more easily for the fact that she enjoys the sea, never having suffered a moment's sea-sickness. In the summer of 1882 her stay abroad was briefer than usual, as she delayed at home for the marriage of her daughter Florence to Mr. William Shaefer, now of Charleston, S. C., in whom she found a son after her own heart. Her charming little "Random Rambles" was published in 1881, after several of these foreign trips; and that in connection with her letters to the "Tribune," and her hundreds of stories both for children and grown people, have possibly made her more widely known as a prose writer than as a poet. But it is poetry that is her passion, which most assails her with its claim to be written, which best expresses her, and in which she has had the highest recognition. Books are a sort of people to her; Emerson and Hawthorne, Thackeray and George Eliot are like friends; and although above all other poets she exalts Browning, yet she sometimes says that she is thankful to have lived in the

same time with Tennyson, Rossetti, Morris, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, and the rest, and is sorry for the eighteenth century. She is an extremely sympathetic reader, sensitive, receptive, taking the color of a mood, the sparkle of a thought; she is not herself a steady worker, having times and seasons of working as they come to her, accomplishing much then with swift hand and swifter brain. For the last year or so she has done a good deal of work on social matters for "The Continent," and it has brought her in communication with a large class of readers and correspondents who, impressed by her gentleness and wisdom, give her their confidences, ask her direction of important affairs in their lives, and send her by-and-by the fortunate results of their obedience to her advice. All her friends find in her this same gentleness and wisdom, — a charm now just tinged with melancholy, and now varying into natural gladness. They find her, also, a delightful talker, full of wit and brilliancy and ready repartee and grace, full of generosity and never-failing kindness. For the rest, her face with its delicate features, the long dark lashes of its shining eyes, the fairness of its waving bright brown hair, the winsomeness of its smile, is itself an expression of her sweet and sunny temperament.

CHAPTER XXII.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Mrs. Spofford's Parentage — Anecdotes of Her Childhood — A Novel Expedition — Girlhood Days — Writing Dramas for School Exhibition — First Literary Efforts — Her Brilliant Début — The Story that First Made Her Famous — How it was Received — The Commotion it Created — Her Wonderful Command of Language — Newburyport and its Surroundings — A City by the Sea — Some of its Odd People — A Locality Justly Famed for its Noted Persons — Old Traditions and Associations — Amusing Anecdote — Why the Colored Woman Named her Baby Genevieve instead of Harriet — Mrs. Spofford's Present Home on Deer Island — A Romantic Spot — Genuine Hospitality — A Charming New England Home.



IN the history of nations we find their character as nations strongly affected by their geographic surroundings; not in smiling, fertile, inland plains has ever been the home of tribes noted for their maritime powers, or of marauders, who need the fortress of rock and mountain in which to shelter themselves from retaliation and hide their spoils.

It was from the stormy North, where man's perpetual warfare with nature, necessary to perpetuate life, made him strong, hardy, courageous, and active, that the mighty horde of Goth and Visigoth swept down upon languid and luxurious Italy, and woke her people from their indolence to fight the fresh strength that was to renovate their land in spite of their efforts to repel its youthful vigor and subversive overflow.

And it is equally true of the individual, that to appreciate character justly we must study and understand not only hereditary influences, but those which are external; for never has man or woman born and nurtured in the artificial atmosphere

of a city been the true lover and recorder of nature that he is whose childhood has been spent by hill and shore, by dashing waters, or under deep forest boughs; whom the wild flowers have companioned, the birds sung to careless slumbers, or the low song of ocean soothed in childish grief or pain.

Harriet Prescott Spofford was born in Calais, Maine, April 3, 1835. Her father, Mr. Joseph N. Prescott, was then a lumber merchant in that place; afterward he studied and practised law. He is said by those who knew him best to have been a brilliant, tender-hearted, and prodigally generous man, courteous and genial, of the best old New-England blood; and all these reminiscences of his character interpret the nature of his daughter. After some years spent in Calais, Mr. Spofford, in 1849, became attracted by the fascinations of the Pacific coast, and, leaving his family in their Maine home, went out among the host of pioneers in that famous year to seek fortune in the farthest West. He was one of the founders of the city of Oregon, and three times elected its mayor; but he was seized in the midst of arduous work with the subtlest foe humanity contends with, lingering paralysis, and for twenty years lived on in that dim prison of the bodily senses, till merciful death unbarred the door forever.

Mrs. Spofford's mother was Sarah Bridges, a beautiful, proud, and intellectual girl, worthy of the grand old name "Sarah," for she was "a lady" indeed; and though worn in later years with sorrow and loss, in the high-bred, delicate outline of her face, and the instinctive courteousness of her gracious welcome, even from the depths of physical suffering, there still remained the royal insignia of nature's true nobility. She died April 1, 1883, at Deer Island, Newburyport, in her daughter's house.

Born of such parents, Harriet Prescott began her life among the rocks, woods, and waters of Maine. Much light is thrown on her nature by the anecdotes still told of her early childhood. Her aunt, who recorded most of these



HARRIET PRESCOTT SFOFFORD.

things, was accustomed to read the Bible to her at night after the child was in bed. One night she said : —

“ Choose for yourself, Hal, what I shall read you to-night.”

“ Oh, aunty,” said the baby of four, “ I want you to read in the first part of the Bible where God said, ‘ Let there be light ! and there was light,’ and then ” — her tones growing eager, and her blue eyes ablaze with thoughts beyond her speech — “ then over in the middle, where it says, ‘ The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork,’ ” adding in a tone of rapture, with her hands clasped, “ It is so beautiful.”

Another night she said : “ Aunty, I wish you would read to me about Abraham offering up Isaac ; ” and when the story was finished, said, with her pathetic voice, “ Aunty, why did God want Abraham to offer Isaac up ? ”

“ To show his faith and obedience, dear.”

She stopped to think the troublesome story out, and then —

“ Did Abraham want to do it ? ” she asked, earnestly.

“ No ; he loved his son, but he wanted to obey God.”

“ But was it right ? Wouldn't Abraham have been hung ? ” said the child, in tones of deep awe.

“ No, Hal. God commanded him to do it.”

After a pause she lifted herself from the pillow, and clenching her little fingers tightly together, exclaimed, with a perfect passion of tears : —

“ Oh ! I hope God won't ask me to offer up my little sister, for I'm afraid I shouldn't want to do it ! ”

The same passionate devotion to those she loved was shown a year or two later, when her baby brother died, and on entering the room she fainted dead away ; and being the next day missed for a long time, and sought everywhere but in the drawing-room where the tiny crib stood that held the child's body, she was at last found there, covering the couch with pale primroses from the garden, and bitter leaves of wormwood ; even then instinctively recognizing the symbolism that makes —

“ Your voiceless lips, oh, flowers,” be “ living preachers.”

So wild was her grief, so deep her dejection, that she was threatened with congestion of the brain for a time.

At another time, being then but four, filled with childish curiosity, and having in her mind a distinct picture of the end of the world — not its final end of destruction and judgment, but what another child called the “jumping-off place” — she coaxed a playmate to set off with her on an expedition to find it. Had they been grown women or men and begun a quest of as little use or promise, such as finding the North Pole, they would have gone openly escorted by sympathy and loaded with supplies; watched, waited for; and if seas and icebergs, grizzly bears and Esquimaux, let them escape alive, received with public acclamation and private rapture; but they were only babies! Children of a larger growth monopolize all the immunities; and their exploration ended ignominiously, for a passing farmer picked them up, and in spite of every sobbing or indignant remonstrance, carried them home in his wagon, after they had tramped a mile and a half on that hot summer morning, “dirty and footsore, but persevering.”

How much better would the world have been had some wandering Hercules picked up our luckless Arctic explorers, packed them into a Brobdignag’s wagon, and rumbled back with the crowd over an astonished continent! What lingering agonies of cold, starvation and despair; what worn-out hopes, what breaking and broken hearts, what useless lavish expense of life and riches, would have been spared to both England and America had all the expeditions both nations have sent out been ended so safely and expeditiously.

A lithe, active child, full of quaint wit and keen questioning, she ran wild through her earlier years in the pure air and fragrant breath of pine-forests and sea-breezes, laying the foundation of her exceptional health and strength.

Her childish plays were full of daring: light as a woodland sprite of old mythology, it was her delight to skip about on the logs in the boom, careless that one false step would plunge her forever into the icy waters of the flood below; or

ride the great trunks that slid along with hopeless fatality to meet the huge saw careering up and down in the saw-mill, and elude its teeth just at the right minute. She balanced herself on planks that went shooting down the arrowy water in the sluiceway of the mill, and came out dripping, laughing, and triumphant; or made brief voyages on the rafts that abounded on that Northern river.

Few American women who have lived to her age can look back on but one illness in their lives, and that the result of over-exertion; and few anywhere can boast of the sound mind in a sound body that is her possession.

Descended from what Dr. Holmes has aptly called the Brahmin race of New England, she took eagerly to the learning, which was an inborn taste. "Prescott" is a corruption of "Priest's cote," or priest's house, and tells of long descent from that privileged class who were the fountains and guardians of literature from its earliest dawn. Surely there is something in a name when it is in itself a tradition—something to be proud of—an inheritance to be respected and preserved.

With this surname her Christian name does not seem to harmonize. "Harriet" suggests the prim, acrid, delicate piece of property of Sir Charles Grandison's days, a creature altogether too good for this world, and too disagreeably punctilious for a better; and a little anecdote told of Mrs. Spofford during her Washington life shows how certain is instinct even in these finer matters. A colored woman, who was once in her service there, asked leave to name her baby after the beloved mistress, but when the pickaninny was brought for inspection its name proved to be Genevieve.

"Why," said Mrs. Spofford, "I thought it was to be called Harriet, after me?"

"Oh yes, Mis' Poffit," replied the smiling mother, "but Genevieve 'spresses you a great sight better'n Harriet does."

The hardy, active, bright child grew up to be fourteen before she left her home in Celais; then she went to her aunt, Mrs. Betton, in Newburyport, to obtain better means

of education than the little border town which was her birth-place offered her.

Here also the surroundings of her life were peculiar, and fostered the bent of her nature. Newburyport is one of those grand old towns whose trade and substance is derived from the ocean. Once it was the home of many a Massachusetts aristocrat; its streets are lined still with their old-fashioned stately houses, standing high on terraces of grass, and wearing a sort of reserve and dignity, though their builders and makers have long since ceased to live upon earth; and the revolutions of American life have filled their lordly chambers with the children of those whom they "would not have set with the dogs of their flock."

"It is the servants now who fill the master's house," said an old inhabitant to me, sadly. Here stands yet the house of that eccentric old "Lord," Timothy Dexter, who made his fortune by sending to the West Indies blankets and warming-pans, eagerly bought by the planters of Cuba and Hayti as strainers and dippers for their sugar-cane syrup, the very irony of fate making this man's fortune out of his ignorance and folly.

Here, too, is the old house where Caleb Cushing lived, and here are traditions of Hannah F. Gould, one of New England's earlier poets, a strong-minded, angular, strapping woman, eccentric in dress, abrupt in manner, but bright, independent, kindhearted, and not without talent. Indeed the Massachusetts coast as it radiates from Boston is alight with the glories of literary genius, long the proud boast of that old and beautiful city. Lucy Larcom, the poet of daily life, the self-made woman, the delightful friend, dates from Beverly. Whittier, the master of New England poetry, the knight whose keen lance is ever at rest to charge with chivalrous zeal upon injustice, cruelty, wrong in any shape and in any quarter; whose fiery heart throbs like a Paladin's under his Quaker vest, well-nigh ready for such frays as should belie the peaceful introversion of his religious birthright and training, lived for many years in Amesbury, only a few miles

from Newburyport ; and there his modest home still stands, a shrine for loving and admiring pilgrims to visit ; and every year he returns to his old haunts for a time to wander on the hills, or break the silver rest of the gently flowing river with the oars of his beloved boat. Near at hand is Salem, forever famous as the home of Hawthorne, whose genius is one of America's proudest boasts, and whose fame is world-wide.

Other and lesser names of honor are abundant hereabouts. The air is redolent with unwritten poems and unspoken romance ; and into this atmosphere came the slight, active Maine girl to study, as she thought, unconscious that here fame should find her, and love, that is so infinitely more precious than fame, fix her life and her happiness in the old city by the sea. Here she won the prize for an essay on Hamlet, offered by a few gentlemen to the children of the Putnam Free School. This essay attracted the attention of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a well-known author, who became a friend at once of this brilliant girl, and developed by kindly counsel and generous encouragement the dormant genius his penetration had discovered. Here she also made herself famous among her schoolmates by writing various dramas for their use on days of school exhibition ; for these plays she used historic facts, and poured into them so much of her surprising knowledge and vivid language, making these dry bones of the valley of vision clothe themselves with palpitating flesh once more, and spring up to life, love, and battle ; that her fame still clings to the traditions of the school, and makes the otherwise ordinary building wear a certain halo of memory in the eyes of those who were her companions in study through that period of her life.

Soon after this time Mrs. Prescott, with her younger children moved to Derry, N. H., and after Harriet had graduated at the Putnam school, she finished her education at Pinkerton Academy. But the bright, careless girl had turned even so early to the dreaming woman ; she had left her heart behind in Newburyport, and no doubt added the weight of strong will and wish to such family counsels as resulted in the

removal of her mother and sisters to a permanent home in the city by the sea. Here ensued a period of struggle and deprivation, and the slight creature, whose lithe and delicate shape seemed to indicate a continual need of ease, luxury, and rest, showed of what fibre she was made. She began to write stories for what are commonly called "story papers," and worked with persistent energy for small gains, small, yet needful to help those nearest and dearest to her, the toiling mother, the young sisters, the helpless father.

What she wrote in those days has never been collected, perhaps never known except by her own family, and is therefore safe from criticism; but her after-work leaves no doubt that even these earlier efforts were lit with the spark of genius, and that this unwearied practice gave to her hand the power and skill with which the public were soon to be astonished.

We all know how delicate and pallid are the blossoms of our New England hills; what scant gray vegetation covers their rocks; what hardy verdure, in what half-toned tints, decks our villages and forests except in their gorgeous death; we traverse field after field to find nothing more than pathetic and fragile bunches of the fairy-like "innocents," the soft gray "pussy," the abundant but scanty-petalled saxifrage; or, hidden under withered grass and driven dead leaves, the baby blossoms of shy arbutus; and when in summer's glow and prime we hunt the solitary steeps for some bloom that shall express the long-delayed heats of the year, and harmonize with burning sun and flashing storm, we see only the humiliated low stars of the five-finger, the dull blue fruit of the dwarfed and stiff huckleberry, the late dandelion here and there, or the half-budded aster in funereal purple, for as yet the rod of Aaron has not evolved its golden tips; but suddenly, in the dust and heat and grayness, we come upon a flame; here, on the arid roadside springs up a lily, lavish and gorgeous as the cactus of Mexican plains, lifting its vase of fire to drink the concentrated sunbeams, and flecked within with passionate gloom and velvet luxury. It was with a sen-

sation akin to his who suddenly comes upon this tropic-souled fire-lily, in the typical New England landscape, that readers of the "Atlantic Monthly" took up the February number of its third volume, the volume of 1858-59, and lost themselves in the story "In a Cellar."

Hitherto the fiction of this young magazine had been chiefly of the distinctive American type, and Americans, like the English footman, do "love a lord;" the joys and sorrows of our next neighbor grow uninteresting even to the few, and are "caviare to the general;" but this new and brilliant contribution dazzled us all with the splendors, the manners, the political intrigues, the sin-spiced witchery of Parisian life.

The literary world of the day quivered with a new excitement: who had done this wonderful thing? Was it — or — or — naming by turns the most cultivated travellers of this country, and the most practised authors abroad; it could hardly be believed, except by her own confidants and kin, that the still, shy, brown-haired, blue-eyed Maine girl, who lived in Newburyport as quietly as a gentle Quakeress, had truly written this scintillation of genius and culture. But as time went on, and story after story glittered in the "Atlantic" pages, as older contributors laid down their pens in despair, not unmingled with envy, and ceased to compete with the new contributor, Harriet Prescott vindicated any doubt of her power or authorship of "In a Cellar." Under her quiet aspect, wistful regard, and shy manner, lay a soul full of imagination and passion, and a nature that revelled in the use of words to express this fire and force. In her hands the English language became sonorous, gorgeous, and burning. She poured out such luxury of image, such abundant and splendid epithet, such derivative stress, and such lavish color and life, that the stiff old mother-tongue seemed to have been molten and fused in some magic crucible, and turned to liquid gold and gems.

And through all her fiction here and there a brief verse sung itself to the *motif* of the situation, or the caprice of the character, that showed she had also in reserve the heart and

tongue of a poet, though her poetry was as yet unrhymed, and wore the alias of prose. But not only in the lavishness of imagination, — in depicting passion, luxury, and sensuous situation, — was her genius to expend itself.

Newburyport has, beyond its mansions, its bowery streets, its spired churches, and its gray gardens, a waterside, where fishermen live, and from whose poor huts they push out on the savage and treacherous ocean to toil for their daily bread. Here the dreadful romance of poverty and danger dwells, and haunts the beholder; from these battered homes wives and mothers watch the outgoing boats that will return no more; they watch in vain from these house-tops, and stare with weary eyes from the low windows, perhaps to see the men they love and live for tossed from their vessels by the angry, bellowing waves, and dashed to death on the pitiless rocks, or swallowed in the great rolling, foaming waters that break over the harbor bar.

To a stranger the outlook is bewildering and lovely. At low tide and toward sunset the coloring of sea and land is wonderful; shades of green no painter ever imagined or could ever reproduce, melt and mingle on the still surface of the harbor; a pink haze dims and glorifies the further shore, shadowy bars of rose and amber glow in the western sky, and in tender reflets change and interchange with the green shadows of the sea; cold and clear the evening star rises above this riot of delicate color, and the sky deepening to sapphire above can only recall the pavements beneath the divine throne "as the body of heaven in its clearness."

But the fishermen's wives and daughters do not live in the beauty of the sea, rather in its dread and terror; and fully entering into the tragic significance of their lives, Miss Prescott wrote one of her best stories, "The South Breaker," a story of humble life, but of the passion, sin, suffering, and late-delaying peace that is not the experience of low or high class, but of all humanity; and through the sad excitement of the vivid recital breathes the very atmosphere of ocean. You can hear the recoil and thunder of its crested beryl

waves; feel the swing and force of its cruel bosom; cringe at the sweep and wail of its winds; and feel in your very heart how mournfully true it is that "there is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet."

It has been said of Miss Prescott's work by certain objecting critics that she does not write with a definite moral purpose; that the stern rectitude of the New England character is not exploited in her stories. No doubt they are all the more readable and popular for this undeniable fact. Yet who can re-read "Sir Rohan's Ghost"—re-read, I say, for its wonderful diction and luxuriant coloring serve to hide its strength on a first perusal—without perceiving that it is a strong and trenchant exposition of the awful power of conscience?—that the ghost of the story was the conscious memory of a sin never expiated or atoned for, avenging itself on the sinner by the mere but unerring result of natural laws acting in their ordinary sequence on a human soul. And the resistless force of moral law breathes its stern diapason through "The South Breaker," like the note of threatening waves on the reef itself, or the sullen roar that preludes and gives warning of a storm.

Such also is the tone and temper of "A Thief in the Night," another powerful and dramatic tale, worthy of repeated readings; an unintended sermon on those awful words, "The wages of sin is death."

In 1865, after many years of engagement, Miss Prescott was married to Mr. Richard S. Spofford, a lawyer of Newburyport, and the boy and girl in whose childish hearts beat mutually the great throb of life even on their first meeting, now man and woman, entered into that domestic companionship sacred even from the comment of a friend. Yet so much is said about the incapacity of literary women for domestic life, so many sneers are hurled at them as a class, that it is certainly a duty owed to them to record the truth that Mrs. Spofford is as devoted a wife, sister, and friend as the most uncultured of her sex could be, and withal a careful and intelligent housekeeper.

That there are literary women who earn and deserve such sneers it is vain to deny, for they are women of like passions and short-comings with those who earn their bread or amuse their leisure in another manner; but it is hard to say that they are unpractical, unreasonable, and jealous *because* they are literary. There are hundreds of women who sew, who teach, who work in mills, or stand in shops, quite as erring in these matters as are authors and poets of the same sex; and there are many writing-women who would be loved, respected, and admired in all the duties and relations of life, wherever or however they earn their bread, even though it be at the pen-point or the editorial desk.

In the second year of her marriage Mrs. Spofford's only child was born, and yet in its infancy left her to mourn as only mothers can mourn, refusing to be comforted.

Some years after his son's death Mr. Spofford purchased an old house, picturesquely situated between Newburyport and Amesbury, on Deer Island. Removed from its position slightly, and turned about so that it no longer faced the highway, judiciously altered and repaired, with a French roof added to its already hospitable interior, it became the ideal home of a poet and author.

The taste that knew already how to choose the purest and most vivid garments for the lofty thought or faithful description now lent itself to the less arduous labor of making an old house beautiful and homelike, and to-day no one can enter this dwelling without admiration and delight. Even in winter the rooms are full of cheer and sunshine, and illuminated with royal hospitality, and though all the land about lies deep in its dazzling shroud, the gnarled old pines that shelter the spot spread their dusky velvet boughs against the whiteness, and vaunt their fadeless spring: while the rushing blue river sparkles on every tiny ripple of its broad breast, and flows, like a self-appointed guardian about the home of its celebrator and lover, toward the unseen ocean she has also loved and celebrated.

The whole place is curiously significant of its inhabitants ; insulated by position from the outer world, its solitude is bridged on either hand, and just in front of the house, crossing both bridges in a brief space, runs an artery of living communication from the world without, a line of street-cars connecting Newburyport and Amesbury.

The banks of the river on the mainland sides are thickly set with young pine woods, soft and green, with fragrant shadow ; and on a hill just in view stands the house once inhabited by Sir Edward Thornton, a picturesque castellated mansion that in the distance shows like stone, though it is but a wooden pretence.

Here in this charming dwelling, Harriet Prescott Spofford need ask nothing from the outer world of homage or happiness, for here, like the woman of Shunam, she "dwells among her own people," and opens both heart and home to her friends, whose name is legion.

Of late years she has written other things than fiction. A trenchant series of articles on the servant question show that she, too, has the keen and clear New England sense which is the birthright of its daughters. Dealing here with a difficult problem, one which has perplexed and saddened many a woman's heart, she has shown herself capable of justice as well as charity, and sees the relation as it should be seen, from the side of the maid as well as the mistress.

Here, too, under the singing pines she has gathered for an eager public the æolian strains of her own poems, floating verses of which so long tantalized us in her stories ; and in them we find echoes clear and true of the nature she so deeply loves and thoroughly appreciates. She sings as she speaks, in soft, true, vibrating accents, hinting here and there of unrevealed treasures, depths not for the world to explore, yet giving the anointed eye glimpses of a garden like Aladdin's, full of fruits that are jewels, and paved with fine gold.

What can be more powerful and beautiful than her poem of "The Pine Tree" which we extract?—

"THE PINE TREE.

- "Before your atoms came together
 I was full-grown, a tower of strength,
 Seen by the sailors out at sea,
 With great storms measuring all my length,
 Making my mighty minstrelsy,
 Companion of the ancient weather.
- "Yours! Just as much the stars that shiver
 When the frost sparkles overhead!
 Call yours as soon those viewless airs,
 That sing in the clear vault, and tread
 The clouds! Less yours than theirs —
 The fish-hawks swooping round the river!
- "In the primeval depths embowering
 My broad boughs with my branching peers,
 My gums I spilled in precious drops —
 Ay, even in those elder years
 The eagle building in my tops,
 Along my boughs the panther cowering.
- "Beneath my boughs the red man slipping,
 Himself a shadow, stole away;
 A paler shadow follows him!
 Races may go or races stay,
 The cones upon my loftiest limb,
 The winds will many a year be stripping;
- "And there the hidden day be throwing
 His fires, though dark the dead prime be
 Before the bird shakes off the dew.
 Ah! what songs have been sung to me:
 What songs will yet be sung, when you
 Are dust upon the four winds blowing."

And who has written anything more tenderly pathetic than the following lines? —

"SECOND SIGHT."

- "Under the apple-boughs she sits,
 The sunshine in her flying hair;
 Dimpling and laughing through the fall
 Of rosy flakes about her there.

- “ And as I gaze I picture me,
Beside this darling of our souls,
Two innocents with softer locks,
Half ringlets and half aureoles.
- “ They frolic with her in the grass ;
They listen to the bird, the bee ;
They catch the petals as they float ;
They babble music in their glee.
- “ They teach the little earthling how
The cherubs play in hallowed courts ;
With some great, gracious angel near,
And smiling on them at their sports.
- “ Oh, do I really look upon
Those lost delights of vanished years,
Or do I only dream them there
Because I see her through my tears ?”

Here she wrote a practical and exhaustive book on household decorative art, which was first printed in “Harper’s Bazaar,” a book full of research, curious information, and help for the blundering souls who want to make their homes beautiful, but have neither skill nor knowledge how to do so.

And here, too, lives Mary N. Prescott, Mrs. Spofford’s sister, whose charming stories are so eagerly looked for by every reader of our best magazines, and who may well compete with her eldest sister for the honor of being a remarkable writer of short stories, a gift far more rare and a capacity far more in demand than that of the novel writer.

Mrs. Spofford has published, in the course of her literary career, ten books, *i. e.*, “Sir Rohan’s Ghost,” “The Amber Gods,” “Azarian,” “The Thief in the Night,” “New England Legends,” “Art Decoration Applied to Furniture,” “The Servant Question,” “The Marquis of Carabas,” “Hester Stanley at St. Mark’s,” — and, still in the prime of her intellect, America has much more to expect from her. Yet who can dare say that a woman beyond the need of labor now, happy in every human relation, the centre of a charming and

loving family, the queen of a delightful home, will care for the demand of an insatiable reading public, who are forever crying, "Give! give!"

Women who are driven by the necessities of their lives to write, as others are to sew, to teach, or to nurse, do not cease their labors till the pen drops from their weary hand, and the exhausted brain refuses to feed the laboring fingers.

"Work! work! work!" is not only the "Song of the Shirt," but the song of the Woman, and under that stringent cry we reel off pages of fiction, overridden by the dreamy facts of need, like the spider, spinning not only our dwellings, but our grave-clothes from our own breasts. Happy is she who need not so outwear heart and brain in the effort to live, dying daily; who is not forced to encounter that publicity and comment from which every true woman shrinks with real pain, but who can lay down her weapons of war, enter upon her rest and peace in this world, intrenched in "Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," and dwell while life lasts in the dignities and felicities of home, like Harriet Prescott Spofford.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Childhood of Elizabeth Payson—Her Parentage—Death of Her Father—The Struggle with Adversity—A Glimpse of Her Life at Nineteen—"The Night Before Thanksgiving"—Fondness and Facility for Writing—Preparing to Become a Teacher—Early Religious Experiences—Marriage to Rev. Dr. Prentiss—Wife and Mother—Mrs. Prentiss' First Books—A Peep Into Her Domestic Life—Cares of a Pastor's Wife—Ill-health and Suffering—Patience in Affliction—Marvellous Industry and Courage—Writing under Difficulties—How "Stepping Heavenward" was Written—Its Wonderful Sale—Fortitude and Resignation of a Noble Christian Woman.



IN a glorious July day in 1878, a company of tourists turned aside from the public road that leaves the parish church of Arreton on the left to visit a grave, on which the English sod has thickened during eighty years.

"*Pardon!*" said a Frenchman, who having seen others remove their hats, held his in his hand; "but have the goodness to tell me what it is we have come here to see!"

The reply was reverently given: "The grave of a very good woman."

Legh Richmond tells us little more than this of Elizabeth Walbridge, the dairyman's daughter, whose simple headstone pilgrims regard as devout men once looked upon a shrine.

In the mountain cemetery of Dorset, Vermont, is a tomb lettered with the name of another Elizabeth, beside which the visitor to this picturesque region stands with bowed head and heart too full for commonplace speech.

"The grave of a very good woman!" And a great — if to sway the hearts, to direct the thoughts, and shape the eternal destinies of tens of thousands go to make up human greatness; if the act of gathering the riches of a life crowned with love and honor, and offering them in singleness of heart upon one altar be sublime.

Elizabeth Prentiss was the fifth child of Dr. Edward Payson, and was born in Portland, Maine. When the baby-daughter, longed-for by the tender mother, was two days old, he gives in a letter to his parents what sounds to us now like the key-note of the weirdly-sweet refrain running through the life of the woman who, with her father's genius, inherited a nervous organization so fine and so susceptible that the purest joy was never divorced from its complement of exquisite pain:

"Still God is kind to us. Louisa and the babe continue as well as we could desire. I can still scarcely help thinking that God is preparing me for some severe trial, but if He will grant me His presence as he does now, no trial can seem severe."

The man who trembled to look upon a draught of earthly delight, in the presentiment that dregs of peculiar bitterness must lurk in the bottom of the cup, dated a letter written on his deathbed, "The Land of Beulah," and spoke of the dark river as "an insignificant rill." At the early age of forty-five he laid down the body racked and rent by years of inconceivable tortures, often mistaken by him for the buffetings of Satan.

We are pained, but in nowise surprised, when Elizabeth, at twenty-two, says quietly, "I never knew what it was to feel well." In her "Life and Letters" * than which no nobler memorial was ever raised by conjugal love, we read that "severe pains in the side, fainting turns, sick headaches, and other ailments troubled her from infancy. Her whole being was so impressionable that things pleasant and things painful stamped themselves upon it as with the point of a

* "Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss." By George L. Prentiss. A. D. F. Randolph, New York.

diamond. Whatever she did, whatever she felt, she felt and did as for her life."

The father, whom she passionately loved, cherishing all her life a vivid recollection of everything pertaining to his last months on earth, died when Elizabeth was nine years old, and the close wrestle with circumstances, so familiar to the readers of biographies of pastor and missionary, began for Dr. Payson's widow and children. Louisa, the eldest daughter, at eighteen, opened a girls' school in New York, the family removing to that city. During the one year they spent there Elizabeth, a slender, dark-eyed child of twelve, thoughtful and intelligent beyond her years, joined the Presbyterian church.

The school established by Louisa in 1832 in Portland was very successful. Mrs. Payson's conduct of the boarding-department and her management of her fast-growing boys and girls were alike loving and judicious. To an active mind and much strength of character she joined a warm heart and practical wisdom that enabled her to supplement Louisa's patient toil by skilful economies. The school was the main, if not the sole support of the household. She had been delicately nurtured as the petted daughter of a wealthy merchant, but the spirit that had not broken when adversity followed bereavement did not bend under the sustained pressure of homelier trials, the accommodation of enlarging wants to a narrow and non-expansive income. That her daughters became admirable housewives was almost an inevitable consequence of such tutelage. "Lizzy" was her sister's most promising pupil. Louisa Payson was a woman of extraordinary intellectual gifts and acquirements, — proficient in modern languages, an earnest student of Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, of metaphysics and theology, and a writer so graceful and pertinent that she at length exchanged teaching for remunerative authorship. She married Professor Hopkins of Williamstown, and but for the confirmed invalidism into which she soon afterward fell would have attained to a high place among American *literati*.

At the age of sixteen Elizabeth was the grateful occupant of a "snuggery" of her own, a certain "Blue Room," assigned her by the mother who best understood her love of quiet hours for meditation and writing. Her father's desk was hers, and on it she penned, at the suggestion of Mr. Nathaniel Willis, short stories and verses for the "Youth's Companion." Most of these were collected twenty years later, into a little volume entitled, "Only a Dandelion." Here is a hint of how life went on with her at nineteen: —

"NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

"I have been busy all day and am so tired I can scarcely hold a pen. Amidst the beating of eggs, the pounding of spices, the furious rolling of pastry of all degrees of shortness, the filling of pies with pumpkins, mince-meat, apples, and the like, the stoning of raisins and washing of currants, the beating and baking of cake, and all the other *ings*, — thoughts of your ladyship have somehow squeezed themselves in. We have really bidden adieu to 'Pumpkin Place,' and established ourselves in a house formerly occupied by old Parson Smith. . . .

"In the midst of our 'moving,' after I had packed and stowed and lifted, and been elbowed by all the sharp corners in the house, and had my hands all torn and scratched, I spied the new 'Knickerbocker' 'mid a heap of rubbish, and was tempted to peep into it. Lo, and behold, the first thing that met my eye was the 'Lament of the Last Peach.' I didn't care to read more, and forthwith returned to fitting of carpets and arranging tables and chairs and bureaux — but all the while meditating how I should be revenged upon you."

The verses in question had been given to her friend, and sent without the author's knowledge to the "Knickerbocker."

With all her fondness for and facility in the use of her pen the exercise was at this date mere pastime. She threw off sketch and poem as carelessly as she wrote the letters that add vivacity and glow to her biography. Naturally shy with strangers, and reserved with mere acquaintances, she wrote better than she talked, except to intimate friends. In her home-

circle her brilliant sallies and graver disquisitions met with loving appreciation, but even there Louisa's remarkable endowments would seem to have cast the talents of the younger sister into the shade. This is the only explanation of the fact that Louisa's successes in literature, and the encouragement given by the founder of "Youth's Companion" and his son, N. P. Willis, to Elizabeth's essays in the same direction, did not suggest to her or her relatives the expediency of adopting authorship as her profession and serious pursuit. The educated New England woman of her day, if obliged to maintain herself, knew of but one way in which this could be done in comfortable respectability. Miss Payson resolutely put aside manuscripts and curbed the rebellious flutterings of imagination, forbidding it to soar or sing, and "prepared herself" to become a teacher.

Before she received the call that was to withdraw her from the studious seclusion of the Blue Room and the shelter of the mother's wing, there came what she ever afterwards termed the "turning-point" in her career. In her twenty-first year occurred an epoch in the spiritual history of this girl, who "did everything as for her life," at the reading of which shallow souls are perplexed and incredulous, — upon which those who can enter in some degree into the comprehension of the depths out of which her cry arose to a deaf God, dwell in wonder and compassion that almost break the heart they move. Her father, had he been alive and with her, would have sympathized, pang for pang, in her anguish under the crushing conviction that she had rejected the Saviour and grieved away the wooing Spirit, and incurred the just wrath of the Father, in the despair with which she contrasted her own guilt and impotency with the holiness and power of her estranged God. Her husband's sound, sweet nature and clear insight thus explain the glooms of this mediæval period: —

"The indications are very plain that her morbidly-sensitive, melancholy temperament had much to do with this experience. Her account of it shows, also, that her mind was un-

happily affected by certain false notions of the Christian life and ordinances then, and still, more or less prevalent — notions based upon a too narrow and legal conception of the gospel.”

It is impossible to read the chapter in which this awful, mysterious “passion” is recorded without recalling the pregnant words, “The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children’s teeth are set on edge.”

Yet we cannot overlook the effect of this winter of the soul in strengthening and maturing the faith that lived through it, the perfected fruitage of which was for the refreshment and healing of many souls.

“Do not hesitate,” she writes to a favorite cousin, “to direct me over and over again to go with difficulties and temptations and sin to the Saviour. I love to be led there and *left* there. Sometimes when the ‘exceeding sinfulness of sin’ becomes painfully apparent, there is nothing for the soul to do but to lie in the dust before God without a word of excuse; and that feeling of abasement in His sight is worth more than all the pleasures in the world.”

The simple humility of this utterance, made soon after the passing of the great horror of darkness, is like the dewy breath of a May morning following a black frost.

In 1840 the summons to active duty sounded. She became a teacher in Mr. Persico’s seminary for girls in Richmond, Virginia. With her acceptance of the principal’s offer began for her that stern discipline of character and disposition which is wrought by external influences. With less time for dreamy introspection, and subject to the call of prosaic duties, she was daily stronger and happier, in spite of homesickness and much that was uncongenial in the appointments and companions of her new abode. To one correspondent she confesses that she suffers “excruciating pain” from what some doctors pronounced to be *angina pectoris*; to another, that the warm weather made her “feel as if she were in an oven with hot melted lead poured over her brain.” In close and almost inevitable connection comes the mention of her “encouragement in reading my father’s memoir, in

reflecting that he passed through greater spiritual conflicts than will probably ever be mine."

Nevertheless, her letters, and the journal she was prevented in later years from destroying by her husband's remonstrances, show the continued triumph of the blithe, brave, *growing* inner woman over disease, weariness, and loneliness.

"There is sunshine enough in my heart to make any old hole bright," she scribbles in "a dowdy chamber, which is in one view a perfect *den*. I am as merry as a grig from morning till night. The little witches down-stairs love me dearly, everybody is kind, and—and—and—when everybody is locked out, and I am locked into this same room, this low attic, there's not a king on earth so rich, so happy as I."

We smile, well pleased, over this sentence: "We rushed into a discussion about proprieties, and I maintained that a mind was not in a state of religious health if it could not *safely* indulge in thoughts as funny as funny could be."

Her year of teaching was so marked in its success that Mr. Persico sent an urgent recall to her in November, 1842. There were changes in the administration of the affairs of the seminary that made the second session far less pleasant than the first. The principal lost heart after his wife's death, could not pay his teachers, and was hopelessly indebted to others. Miss Payson stood gallantly at her post through pecuniary loss and mental discouragement until the dreary summer term closed in the "dog-days" which well nigh exhausted her feeble reserves of physical vigor.

There was more heroism in this than those about her dreamed of,—more than her best friends knew at the time. With infinite tact and delicacy her biographer has withheld from us very many passages of letters and journal that the kindest stranger-eyes should not read, yet allows us to discern in the tone of these records tokens of a coming change. From between the leaves of her epistles to her dearest girl-friend,—the "Anna Prentiss" whose close intimacy with herself only ceased with the beautiful life of the former,—

and from the coyly-opened "Diary," steals subtle fragrance that revives our own memories of life's blossom-season. Fortitude in the endurance of crosses becomes buoyancy, the hope of better days is glad certainty. We are sure what all this portends before we read such hurried, palpitating jottings-down as these:—

"AUGUST 22. — Came home. Oh, so very happy! Dear, good home!

"AUGUST 23. — Callers all day, the second of whom was Mr. P.

"SEPTEMBER 9. — Cold, blowy, and disagreeable. Went to see Carrie H. Came home and found Mr. P. here. He stayed to tea."

Then falls an eloquent silence upon the girlish prattle. We know, but not from herself, that September 11 was henceforward her "white day." The one other entry in this year's diary is the solemnly significant quotation from "Corinne":—

"Celle qui a besoin d'admirer ce qu'elle aime, celle, dont le jugement est pénétrant, bien que son imagination exaltée, il n'y a pour elle qu'un objet dans l'univers.

"Celui qu'on aime, est le vengeur des fautes qu'on a commis sur cette terre; la Divinité lui prête son pouvoir."

The world is better, hearts are fresher and stronger for the modest relation, which is hardly more than a beautiful suggestion—of such a love-story as began on that "white day." In brief, manly phrase, the biographer tells us:—

"Love in a word, was to her, after religion, the holiest and most wonderful reality of life; and in the presence of its mysteries she was—to use her own comparison—'like a child standing upon the seashore, watching for the onward rush of the waves, venturing himself close to the water's edge, holding his breath and wooing their approach, and then, as they came dashing in, retreating with laughter and much fear, only to tempt them anew.'"

On April 16, 1845, Elizabeth Payson married Rev. George L. Prentiss, then the pastor of a church in New Bedford, Mass.

There is no need that this page should bear witness to the scholarship, eloquence, and piety of a divine so distinguished and beloved. But as a woman I linger pridefully upon the truth that to other qualities which challenge respect he united that rare nobility of nature that enabled him to value aright the talents of the woman he had wedded; to foster these wisely and generously, and to rejoice sincerely in her renown. The growth of their dual being into oneness and beauty was never warped or checked by jealousy of a strain we would brand as "unmanly," could we do away with the truth that that man is exceptionally magnanimous, and his self-poise phenomenally steady, who takes pleasure in hearing his wife extolled for the exercise of such powers as he believes *himself* to possess.

The chrism of wedded love consecrated Mrs. Prentiss to a new mission. Had she never given a printed line to the world, her labors as a pastor's wife would have entitled her to honorable mention among the representative women of our country and time. Her husband's parish was filled with "our people." Her great, warm heart, ready sympathies, her love for little children, and the nameless magnetism by which they were drawn into her arms; her efficiency as nurse and housewife, — above and animating all, the fervent piety that moved her to love for the household of faith and tender solicitude for the irreligious — these, with a genuine womanliness and tact that never failed her, fitted and endowed her royally for the station in which her marriage set her. With gain of years and confidence in her own talents she became a leader in church enterprises. Her Bible readings before large audiences of her own sex won plaudits from those best qualified to judge of such exercises.

"I was impressed," says an eminent clergyman, "with her ability to combine rarest beauty and highest spirituality of thought with the uttermost simplicity of language and the plainest illustrations. Her conversation was like the mystic ladder which was '*set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to Heaven.*'"

Passing reluctantly over the idyllic pictures of her early home in New Bedford, we find the busy, popular wife of the pastor of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church in New York writing to a friend on the last day of the year 1851: "How little we know what the New Year will bring forth!"

It brought her a weight of woe that was a strain even upon the Everlasting Arms. She had kept a mother's journal of the babyhood of her first boy, the "Robbie" of "Little Susy's Six Birthdays," the "Ernest" of "Stepping Heavenward." The last entry in this bears date of January 16, 1852.

"'Oh,'" said the gardener, as he passed down the garden walk: 'Who plucked that flower?' His fellow-servants answered: 'The Master.' And the gardener held his peace."

Twenty years later she wrote: "Such a child could not go hence without rending and tearing its way out of the heart that loved it."

A second cloud swept dark and fast upon the first.

"Our darling Eddy died on the 16th of January. The baby he had so often spoken of was born the 17th of April. I was too feeble to have any care of her. I had her in my arms but twice; once, the day before she died, and once while she was dying. I never saw her little feet."

A pencilled scrap of paper found among her manuscripts is entitled,—

"MY NURSERY, 1852.

"I thought that prattling boys and girls
 Would fill this empty room;
 That my rich heart would gather flowers
 From childhood's opening bloom.
 One child and two green graves are mine,
 This is God's gift to me;
 A bleeding, fainting, broken heart —
 This is *my* gift to Thee."

In 1853 she wrote "Little Susy's Six Birthdays," reading each chapter as she went on to her husband, brother, and daughter. She had published nothing in thirteen years, a period of continual accumulation. Sorrow had deepened the channels of

thought; study, shrewd observation of the wider world to which she had been transferred, and association with scholars, had filled the sluice-ways; love and loving made her life round and rich.

Those of us in whose homes this inimitable nursery-classic is an ever fresh delight do not wonder at the glad acclaim with which it was at once received. We take Susy into our embrace from the moment she "doubles up her lips and gives her mamma the funniest little bit of a kiss you can imagine," on the day she is one year old. She is a real flesh-and-blood baby — not a "goody-goody" image of barley-sugar, or an impossible china manikin, — a thing to be cuddled, and hugged, and petted, and as she grows in age and intelligence, is bewitching in her naughtiness, mishaps, and pranks. We grieve over the nine little white blisters on the burnt fingers, and are ready to smother her with kisses when she plays doctor to Robbie and her doll, equipped in cap and spectacles and armed with papa's gold-headed cane.

In 1854 "The Flower of the Family" was published. It had a cordial reception in America, was issued in France as "*La Fleur de Famille*," and in Germany as "*Die Perle der Familie*."

From this time her pen was seldom idle. The prosperity of her books in the thing whereto she sent them moved to gratitude, hardly to surprise, the devout mind that dictated this confession to the friend of her girlhood:—

"I long to have it do good. I never had such desires about anything in my life, and I never sat down to write without first praying that I might not be suffered to write anything that would do harm, and that, on the contrary, I might be taught to say what would do good. And it has been a great comfort to me that every word of praise I ever have received from others concerning it has been — 'It will do good.' This I have had from so many sources that, amid much trial and sickness ever since its publication, I have had rays of sunshine creeping in, now and then, to cheer and sustain me."

Among the trials were the long illness of her baby — her fourth child — the deaths of valued friends, and — harder to bear than her own intense physical sufferings — growing solicitude on account of her husband's failing health.

In 1856 mothers and children, with almost equal degrees of enthusiasm, read "Little Susy's Six Teachers," awarding it a place in their affections only second to that given to the "Six Birthdays."

In 1858 Dr. Prentiss was compelled by enfeebled health to resign the charge of his church, and he decided to take his whole family to Switzerland. They remained abroad two years. Not the least interesting division of the "Life and Letters" is Mrs. Prentiss' lively and earnest word-painting of domestic scenes and travelling experiences.

On their return Dr. Prentiss became the head and heart of a new church enterprise, having for its object the formation of an up-town parish, under the style of "The Church of the Covenant." Of the period at which this was begun he says:—

"Domestic and personal interests were entirely overshadowed by the one supreme interest of the hour—that of the imperilled national life. It was for Mrs. Prentiss a period of almost continuous ill-health. The sleeplessness from which she had already suffered so much assumed more and more a chronic character, and aggravated by other ailments, and by the frequent illness of her younger children, so undermined her strength that life became at times a heavy burden. She felt often that her days of usefulness were past."

How far she was mistaken in this impression the next ten years revealed. In 1862 Mrs. Hopkins, the sister from whom Elizabeth Prentiss had taken her intellectual coloring, whose example of Christian heroism had taught her latterly other and more precious lessons—the tale of whose years of pain is told in "wondrous pitiful" snatches, usually but a few lines in length, but all the invalid could pen—entered into rest. The last entry in her diary shows how perfectly attuned were the souls of the twain:—

"I need not be afraid to ask to be, first, holy and without blame before Him in love; second, filled with all the fulness of God; third"——

She finished the petition in the face-to-face audience of the King.

From the low-lying shadow of bodily anguish Mrs. Prentiss never fully emerged until she dropped the load of mortality. In 1864 there is pathetic but patient allusion to the "horrid calamity,"—hereditary insomnia,—that filled nights with dread and days with languor. "Still," she writes, "we are a happy family in spite of our ailments. It seems to me that the sound of my six little feet is the very pleasantest sound in the world. Often when I lie in bed racked with pain, and exhausted from want of food,—for my digestive organs seem paralyzed when I have neuralgia,—hearing these little darlings about the house compensates for everything, and I am inexpressibly happy in the mere sense of possession."

Such passages excite in us a wonder of admiration at the industry, the unflinching courage, and the love of the work she felt was laid to her hand, that added in seven years to the list of her published productions, "Little Susy's Little Servants," "Tales of Early Childhood" (a translation from the German), and "The Little Preacher," the scene of which was laid in the Black Forest. Never, in all this season of toil and pain, were domestic and church duties neglected. From her well-ordered kitchen came palatable food for her own family and delicacies for the sick. Wherever sorrow and disease went she followed, as obeying a direct call from Him who pleased not Himself. She was never too busy to console the bereaved with spoken or written words; to help her children with their lessons; to study treatises on science, metaphysics, and theology, and to have a spare hour for lighter current literature. Maternity was with her more than instinct; it was a passion, triumphing over debility, pain, and the engrossments of literary and pastoral life. "Mamma" was always, when at home, within call, and sel-

dom so ill that she could not be referee, counsellor, and playfellow. If the suspicion of mysticism obtrudes itself upon him who reads of religious fervors too exalted for the appreciation of the average Christian, he cannot deny that the product of conflict and ecstasy was intensely practical piety. Her achievements for the good of her kind would have been remarkable for a robust woman, to whom headache and sleeplessness were strangers. In her they were simply inexplicable, unless we refer them, as she did, to ever-renewed supplies of strength from an inexhaustible Source.

In 1867 she reorganized her household in the new parsonage in Thirty-fifth street, selected the sight of and planned the cottage home in Dorset, wrote "Little Lou's Sayings," and began "Stepping Heavenward," penning whole chapters of it with her motherless little nephew on her lap. Soon after the completion of this book, and the first summer passed in the beloved Dorset retreat, she was called to receive the last sigh of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Stearns, the "Anna" who had been to her, for thirty years, tenfold dearer than the ties of blood and name, or the accident of companionship could, in and of themselves, have made her. There is nothing in English literature more touching and graphic than the letter describing this death-scene. She draws it with few and masterly lines, that give it into the keeping of our memories as if we had ourselves watched the translation and marvelled at the transfiguration that preceded the body's dissolution.

"After her eyes were fixed, hearing Mr. S——" (her husband) "groan, *she stopped dying*, turned, and gave a parting look," is a thrilling passage, set down with the unconsciousness of childhood, — and true genius.

In all reverence of sympathy we are reminded, in perusing this and many other transcripts of her daily living and thinking, how "*Himself* took our infirmities, and bore our diseases." The earnestness with which she throw herself into the joys and griefs of those she loved was a terrible strain upon nervous forces that were tenuous and tangled when she inherited them.

Her biographer says of her "relentless activity" of hand, heart, and brain,— "Incessant work seemed to be in her case a sort of substitute for natural rest, and a solace for the want of it."

"I believe," she writes to a friend, "that God arranges our various burdens and fits them to our backs, and that He sets off a loss against a gain. I have to make it my steady object throughout each day so to spend time and strength as to obtain sleep enough to carry me through the next."

Yet this very friend said of Mrs. Prentiss that she "seemed to be always in a flood of joy." When mind and body were faint to exhaustion the unconquerable spirit made sport of her own evil plight. Letters and sketches sparkle with clear *fun*.

Chiding a correspondent who thought General Assembly a bagatelle to a housekeeper, she goes on in this fashion:—

"As if two hundred and fifty ministers haven't worn streaks in the grass around the church, haven't (some of 'em) been here to dinner and eaten my strawberry short-cake and cottage-puddings, and praised my coffee and drunk two cups apiece all round, and as if I hadn't been set up on end for those of them to look at who are reading 'Katy,' and as if going furiously to work, after they'd all gone, didn't use me up and send me 'lopping' down on sofas, sighing like a what's-its-name. . . . I can't imagine why I break down so, for I don't know when I have been so well as during this spring; but Mr. P. and A. say I work like a tiger, and I suppose I do without knowing it."

"Katy" is the heroine of "Stepping Heavenward." It had appeared as a serial in "The Advance," and was issued in book-form in 1869. "Every word of that book was a prayer; and seemed to come of itself," she tells us.

It was an angel of mercy to thousands of homes; balm and benediction to hundreds of thousands of women. The story of Katy's loves and mistakes, her aspirations and her despairs, her frolics and her bereavements; of her steady progress in the way that grew less steep as she learned to *walk*, and not run, toward the brightening and widening horizon,—

was read with tears and laughter, and sobbed thanksgivings for the strength infused into weary hearts by the practical spirituality of its teachings. Nearly seventy thousand copies were sold in America prior to the author's death. It was reprinted by five London booksellers and in a Tauchnitz edition at Leipsic; a German translation — "*Himmelan*" — had an immense sale and was extolled by German critics; and the French "*Marchant vers le ciel*" was scarcely less popular.

She was not elated by the renown that astonished her, but across the page lettered "1870," the loving biographer writes "*Satisfied*." He calls it the "bright consummate flower of her life." In the rich waves of incense that arose from the heart sun-warmed to its depths, the glad humility of her piety is wondrous in sweetness.

Just after the celebration of her "silver wedding," she writes: —

"I have a very curious feeling about life, — a *satisfied* one, and as if it could not possibly give me much more than I now have.

"*I have lived, I have loved*' (quoting Thekla's '*Ich habe gelebt und geliebet*'). "People often say they have so much to live for. I can't say so, though I am not only willing but glad to live while my husband and children need me — and yet — and yet — to have this problem solved and to be forever with the Lord!"

While no one who knew her would dream that she had described her own life in "Katy's," still less of identifying the clumsy, tactless "Ernest" with the courteous, scholarly gentleman whose watchfulness of devotion to his fragile wife was proverbial, — there were not wanting critics and commentators whose surmises elicited bursts of whimsical vexation: —

"Everybody is asking if I meant in 'Katy' to describe myself. I have no doubt that if I should catch an old toad, put on her a short gown and petticoat and one of my caps, everybody would walk up to her and say, 'Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Prentiss? you look more like yourself than com-

mon. I recognize the picture you have drawn of yourself in 'Stepping Heavenward' and in 'The Percys,' etc., *ad nauseam*. The next book I write I'll make my heroine black, and everybody will say, 'Oh, here you are again, black to the life!'"

From the Dorset paradise, where she was most happily and joyfully *herself*, she sends a lively bit of pastoral, an *al fresco* charcoal sketch to her eldest daughter who was travelling in Europe:—

"M. took me yesterday to see a nest in the orchard which was full of birds, parted into fours — not a crack between, and one of them so crowded that it filled about no space at all. The hymn says, 'Birds in their little nests agree,' and I should think they would, for they have no room to disagree in. They all four stared at us with awful, almost embarrassing solemnity, and each had a little yellow moustache."

An able critic, in a journal * that cannot be accused of a bias toward orthodox denominationalism, says of the "Life and Letters": "It is a genuine memoir, singularly transparent in its naturalness and simplicity, and leading us among the green pastures of a life from whose hidden springs came such spontaneous outflows as her best work, 'Stepping Heavenward.'"

It deserves all this, and how much more the space allotted to this paper will not allow me to attempt to tell. Nor can we dwell upon the peculiar phase of religious thought of which "Urbané and his Friends" is the expression.

Of her poetical writings the exquisite hymn, "More Love to Thee, O Christ," too well known to be repeated here, is also the most nearly faultless in form and melodious utterance, and would have given her a place in the heart of Christendom had she written nothing else.

On the threshold of 1878 we linger to read that "her weekly Bible-reading, painting in oils and in water-colors, needlework and other household duties left her no idle moments."

"My fire is so full of irons," she complains in her sprightly vein, "that I do not know which one to take out."

* "Springfield Republican."

Since "Stepping Heavenward" she had published: "Nidworth and his Three Magic Wands," "The Percys," "The Story Lizzie Told," "Six Little Princesses," "Aunt Jane's Hero," "Urbané and his Friends," "Griselda" (translated from the German), "The Home of Greylock," and "Pemaquid, a Story of Old Times in New England."

"I have just finished a short story called 'Gentleman Jim,'" she tells a correspondent under date of January 20, 1878. Then after mentioning a letter — "the most discriminating I ever received — about Greylock" — she gives us the key to the singular equanimity with which she sustained the praises of her writings. "After the first rush of pleasure, the Evil One troubled me off and on for two or three hours, but at last I reminded him that I long ago *chose* to cast in my lot with the people of God, and so be off the line of human notice or applause."

In her answer to the appreciative reader (Mr. J. Cleveland Cady, the popular architect) she strikes the same chord more strongly. "I am not sorry that I chose the path in life I did choose. A woman should not live for, or even desire fame. . . . If I had not steadily suppressed all such ambition I might have become a sour, disappointed woman, seeing my best work unrecognized. . . . God has only taken me at my word. I have asked Him a thousand times to make me smaller and smaller, and crowd the self out of me by taking up all the room Himself."

This sublimity of self-abnegation endues with powerful meaning what is sometimes considered a mystic phrase — "a life hid with Christ in God." Mrs. Prentiss knew, as did her husband — he *feeling* it far more than did she — that while the rapid sales and translations of her books and the multitude of private testimonials to the blessing they had brought to individual hearts were evidence that she had not spent her strength in vain, still the press in general was strangely reserved as to their literary merit.

"The organs of literary intelligence and criticism scarcely noticed them at all," Dr. Prentiss says frankly.

When the bright, far-seeing eyes were sealed in the dreamless sleep denied so long to restless brain and tense nerves, critics awoke to recognition and confession of the truth that the Christian woman whose highest ambition was "to do good," had possessed genius of no mean order; that she had wrought artistically as well as prayerfully; that human skill was blent with divine power in the utterances that made our hearts burn within us as she talked with us by the way. She sketched only what she saw, but the drawing is spirited, the management of light and shade masterly. In character portraits she catches a likeness at a glance, gives it with a few rapid strokes, as graceful as bold. In her gayest mood she never degrades her art to the trickery of caricature. She sang only what she felt, — but the heart-throbs are set to music that moves us to tears and lifts the soul to holy thought and prayer.

The last stage of the journey that had bruised sorely her delicate feet, was short, sharp, and all brightness.

On August 5, returning, happy and unwearied, from a woodland ramble with her two daughters ("we three girls," she loved to style the trio), she worked on the lawn and among her flowers so long as to be overcome by the heat. While she seemed to rally from the prostration and nausea that kept her on bed and lounge for two days, there is no doubt that the fatal "stroke" fell on that August noon.

On the 8th she insisted that she was "well, only weak," and drove in the afternoon to keep an appointment — her weekly Bible-reading. She was unusually cheerful, even for her, all day, interested in flower-painting, in watering her plants, and other light duties. "Pray — one — little — prayer — for — me!" she said, emphatically and sweetly, lifting her forefinger archly, as her husband put her into the carriage.

One who was her life-long friend gives this description of her person: "In silvering her clustering locks, time only added to her aspect a graver charm. Her eyes were black, and, at times, wonderfully bright and full of spiritual power,

but they were shaded by deep, smooth lids, which gave them, when at rest, a most dove-like serenity. Her other features were equally striking, the lips and chin exquisitely moulded and marked by great strength as well as beauty. Her face in repose wore the habitual expression of deep thought and a *soft earnestness*, like a thin veil of sadness."

Her aspect as she took her seat before the ladies assembled in the lecture-room, on this day, was ethereal in its beauty. Her face was pale, but clear and radiant as with the outshining of an inward glory; her voice was tender and thrilling. Her theme was "Witnessing for Christ." Had she known that the reading would be her last, she would probably have selected the same. One part of the talk was imprinted forever by what ensued upon the memories of her auditors:—

"Dying grace is not usually given until it is needed. Death to the disciple of Jesus is only stepping from one room to another and far better room of Our Father's house. And how little all the sorrows of the way will seem to us when we get to the home above! I suppose St. Paul, amidst the bliss of Heaven, fairly *laughs* at the thought of what he suffered for Christ in this brief moment of Time!"

She had not strength to answer a letter that came on this or the next day from a young English mother who had read "Stepping Heavenward" fifty times, but she drove out with her husband on the 10th, talked animatedly upon many topics, and strolled through the woods she loved so well, in company with her daughter, gathering wild-flowers, and, as much from the force of habit as the wish to transplant it to her lawn, kneeling to dig up a fine root with her scissors. Dr. Prentiss had gone up the glen with a guest, and espied his wife on his return, sitting near the brook, "resting," she acknowledged—"for she was very tired." As he led her back to the carriage, she exclaimed, in admiration of a cluster of clematis in full flower, and he cut it for her. It was the last lovely office of this nature he was ever to perform for her whose lightest wish had with him the weight of law. When

they reached home she was "very ill." In four days she stepped quietly across the threshold of the "other and far better room."

"It is not pain! It is a distress—an *agony!*" was her calm answer to the physician who questioned her as to the paroxysms of pain. With it all, she uttered neither cry nor groan. In an interval of ease, she asked her husband, who was watching beside her,—"Darling, don't you think you could ask the Lord to let me go?" While speaking of the probability of her death as "too good to be true," she gave directions that, should her decease be accomplished at this time, she should be buried at Dorset. The mysterious radiance that had illumined her face at her last public "witnessing for Christ" did not leave it when she lay, in the early morning of August 13, with heaveless breast and closed lids that had fallen together in the gentle sleep from which she passed into the abiding rest. On the wall above her, placed by herself where her waking glance would fall on them with each returning day, were two illuminated German mottoes—

"*Gehuld, mein Herz!*" (Patience, my Heart!)

"*Stille, mein Wille!*" (Be still, my Will!)

Oh, grand and loving heart! Oh, meek and steadfast will!

"Beyond the frost-chain and the fever"—

the body that was the fair tenement of a fairer soul rests in the sweet seclusion of Maplewood Cemetery, Dorset. A delicately-sculptured passion-flower is cast at the foot of a short flight of white marble steps leading up to a crowned cross. Besides her name and age, the monument bears these lines from one of her own poems:—

"No more tedious lessons,
No more sighing and tears,
But a bound into home immortal,
And blessèd, blessèd years!!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

BY ELIZABETH T. SPRING.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' Ancestry—Her Childhood—The Old Home at Andover—Her Story-telling Faculty—Improvising Stories for Her School-mates—Her Education—Pen-portrait of Miss Phelps at Sixteen—Memories of the War—An Unwritten Story—An Incident in Her School-life—“Thimble or Paint-Brush, Which”?—First Literary Ventures—The Abbott Mission—“The Gates Ajar”—Its Enormous Sale and Helpful Influence—Miss Phelps as a Lecturer—Power Over Her Audiences—Her Summer Home by the Sea—Her Winter Study—Interest in Reform Movements—Personal Work Among the Gloucester Fishermen—The Strength and Sweetness of Her Writings.



MERSON must have been right in saying that we can never get away from our ancestors. He himself might have doubted it if he had watched the rushing currents of life on a frontier, the heaving and swaying tides of prairie seas; but in New England it is peculiarly true. It is noticeably a fact where generation after generation is subjected to the same influences, where every ray of light, falling unobstructed through the pure air, strikes in hereditary colors. It is like the trailing arbutus, which blossoms pinkest from soil where the pine-tree needles have gathered in accumulating layers through uncounted autumns. One remembers mayflowers, and whatever else is most clearly characteristic of New England, in thinking of Miss Phelps.

She was born August 31, 1844, in Boston, during her father's six years' pastorate in that city. In her fourth May she was removed to Andover, Mass., on her father's taking a professorship in the Theological Seminary there, and Andover

has been the family home ever since. For her it was only returning to play under the same trees and to breathe the same air that had nourished the genius of her mother and her grandfather.

Her mother, Elizabeth Stuart, was the eldest daughter of Moses Stuart, one of the bright lights of the Seminary in the days when Andover was a main centre of intellectual and theological life in Massachusetts. Professor Stuart was known as a man of moods and variable power, but of exceptional fascination and brilliancy. His daughter Elizabeth inherited the literary gift from him, and though in a style subdued to the tone of the surrounding atmosphere, she wrote several charming stories, largely read at the time. Professor Austin Phelps is known through his widely-circulated book, "The Still Hour." The literary quality was thus present in both parents.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was the eldest of three children, and the only daughter; and naturally enough as soon as she gave any sign of herself at all the story-telling faculty was indicated in a marked way. She spun amazing yarns for the children she played with, while dolls were still in the ascendant; and her schoolmates of the time a little farther on talk with vivid interest of the stories she used to improvise for their entertainment.

With this unusual imagination she developed a conscientiousness as definite, and while to bend her will was the most difficult of tasks for those who trained her childhood, her truthfulness could be counted on whatever the storm or stress.

With her surroundings and her nature it was inevitable that her religious development should be precocious. A certain repressed intensity found vent in this direction, and added a deeper tint to what might otherwise have been only the cool spring blossoming of the soul.

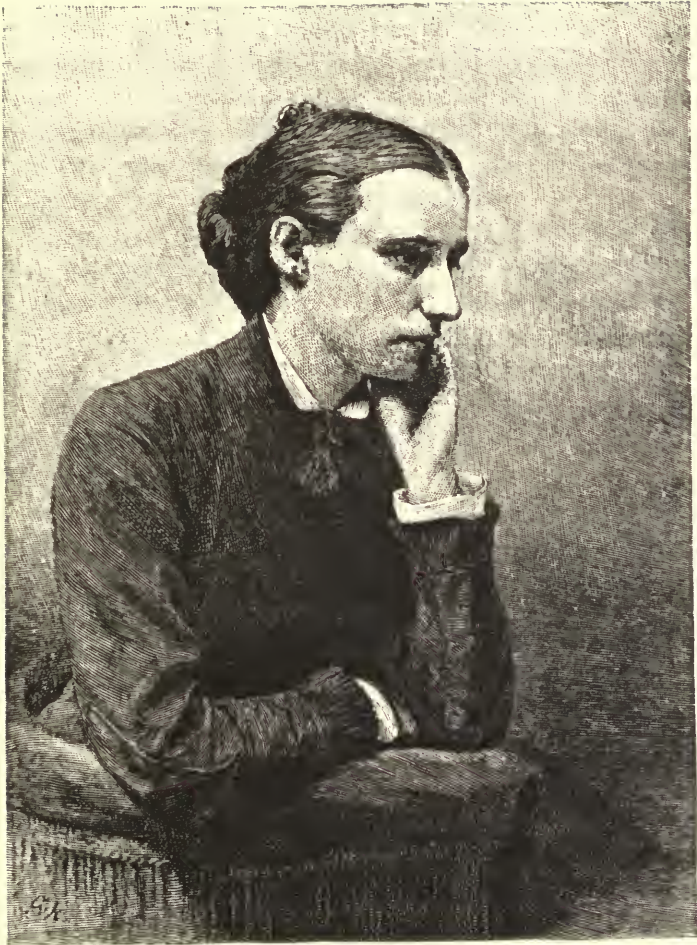
She was christened Mary Gray, for an intimate friend of her mother's; but on her mother's death, which happened when the child was eight years old, the name Elizabeth was given to her instead. The change had a sort of unguessed pathetic

significance, for in spite of all that the wisdom and tenderness which were left could do life was altered. The mother had singular fitness for watching over the growth of so sensitive and finely organized a child, and her death was no common loss. The little girl had never been exactly gleeful or merry. She had not quite the temperament keyed for joy, and her almost premature thoughtfulness prevented life even then from seeming like a sunlit holiday. So early the hours began to lose their free dancing step and to follow her day with shadowed faces.

It was in many respects fortunate for her, at least since women's colleges were not then more than a dream of the future, that so good a school as that of Mrs. Prof. Edwards existed in Andover. The course was thorough, equal except in Greek to that of the best boys' schools of the day. The curriculum indeed more resembled that of the college than it was usual at that time to find in the educational facilities for women. This girl's bent was towards rhetorical and philosophical studies. The natural sciences, except physiology and astronomy, which seemed to her more clearly to assert their *raison d'être*, did not attract her, nor especially did mathematics.

In spite of De Quincey's assertion that curiosity as to the personal appearance of an author is absurdly irrelevant, it is impossible for those who care for what is written not to care a little even for the face of the person who wrote. There is a photograph taken of Miss Phelps at sixteen, which shows a tall, slender figure, a classically turned head with a mass of bright brown hair, a sensitive mouth, and an expression of mingled strength and sweetness. There is an air of timidity in the face, but nothing of uncertainty, and a mature impression wholly unusual at that age. Looking at this picture one cannot avoid the belief that a skilful teacher, who was strong enough, might have guided her into almost any fields as her mind developed; but at nineteen she left school.

White flowers and martial music in May, with dim traditions of battle and march are chiefly what the civil war means



ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

now to the young girls who live in the day that followed that darkness; but there does not live the tragic bard to say what it meant to those whom its midnight overtook. The Greek Simonides tells us of the heroes — “Their country’s quenchless glory,” who “won for themselves the dusky shroud of death” and “live by that same death and its echoing story;” yet freedom may owe as much to the limitations, the interruptions, the conscious and unconscious sacrifices of the daughters “who give up more than sons.”

It was Dr. Holmes who prophesied at the close of the war that the generation which had passed through the terrible strain would have shorter lives, — that many years had been compressed into that brief and fiery epoch. However this prophecy may prove, it is certain that the unwritten story of the period, the story with its sequel, would tell of more battles of the wilderness and more prisons than all the histories.

Many, like Miss Phelps, devoted themselves at the close of the war to philanthropic work. For a few months after leaving school she threw all her energy into mission work in Abbott Village, a little factory settlement a mile or two from her home; but the forces in her, for which this gave no scope, soon began to assert themselves, and in the spring of 1863 she sent a war story, called “A Sacrifice Consumed,” to “Harper’s Magazine.” The editor returned her a generous check for it, with the request that she should write for them again. It was appreciation for which she has always been grateful, coming as it did when she was uncertain of her own power and peculiarly in need of encouragement. She has been a frequent contributor to that magazine from then till now. “Harper’s never refused a story of mine in all my life,” she says, “with one single exception — that not when I was a beginner. To this uniform encouragement I attribute more than to any other one thing what literary success I afterwards had.”

“The Tenth of January” appeared in the “Atlantic” later, and gained literary recognition, besides exciting profound

interest. It was a story of the burning of the Pemberton Mills at Lawrence, a realistic picture, quite as vivid as any the author has made since.

She had written a little at intervals before; the first thing she printed being a story in the "Youth's Companion." She was then thirteen.

The artist element was strong in her nature. She had extreme sensibility to color, and no little skill with brush and pencil. While she was still walking in the bright mist of her young girlhood, seeing the future through eager eyes, though dimly, the artist life was one of her dearest dreams.

With this went a certain distaste for the usual feminine employments, arising from a vague opinion that to sew meant to do little else, and from a positive rebellion against being cramped away from her full native bent. It was in a mood of this sort she one day held up to a school friend a thimble in one hand and a paint-brush in the other, saying: "It is a choice between the two."

As might be guessed, no poet was dearer to her in those days than Mrs. Browning, and nothing kindled her enthusiasm more than reminders of women who had risen above conventional low tides and dared to be themselves.

Gradually the play of various forces conveyed her possibilities mainly into the literary channel, though her sympathy with suffering, quickened by the experiences which gave color to the rest of her life — blended with her native earnestness, made certain that active philanthropy in some form would go side by side with the other.

When the first effort to throw all life into the mission work at Abbott Village had passed, and after the two stories had spoken out like the first notes of a bird after a storm — at twenty the plan of "The Gates Ajar" began to form itself in her mind. She was busy in writing this book for two years. It lay for two years in the publisher's hands, and came out in 1868. Although the first, it is the best known of all her books. It reached in this country a circulation of about one hundred thousand copies, and has had a very large English sale.

It has been reprinted in Scotland, and translated into German, French, Dutch, and Italian. Most of the successive books by the same hand have been thus reprinted and translated.

A friend of Miss Phelps, travelling a few years ago, was introduced to an officer of rank in the Prussian court, and Miss Phelps' name being mentioned, he said, "Ah, that book, 'The Gates Ajar;' I understand it has made more Christians than all the preachers."

Like most books that have had positive and helpful influence, it originated in honest questioning and honest search. There had long brooded over the church of America and England, the shadow of prescribed silence on everything relating to the future life. Speculation had been frowned upon, as baseless and irreverent, hope had been forbidden to think, and the "better land" lay far off in a frozen mist of negative and unreal glory.

One could turn to Dante's "Paradise," sombre and massive as Gothic architecture, or mediæval theology, but the trees by his river of life have little for human nature's daily food. There is something so vague, remote, impersonal in the atmosphere that we do not wonder Ary Schaeffer painted no rapture in the reunion of Dante with his lost Beatrice.

At the opposite extreme there has been Swedenborg — mild as Dante was stern, full of spiritual insight and genius for expanding the tiny tent of certain testimony into a canopy large enough to cover the widest yearnings of human love and aspiration. But Swedenborg had gathered a sect about him. His teachings as to the coming existence were so overlaid, too, with other speculations that they were hardly available for the every-day comfort of sad and wistful souls who need something appreciable and readily grasped. Eyes tired with weeping for lost friends cannot search through tedious volumes for words of suggestion and hope. Surely it was time for a woman's gentle word — a sweet fireside word — as far withdrawn from Italian terrors as it was from Swedish dreams.

"The Gates Ajar" was at first doubtfully received by many. The graver part of the community were forced to read but inclined to frown. Pianos and gingerbread seemed startling and trivial contrasted with seas of glass and cherubin and seraphim, hitherto made so prominent as features of the home of human beings set free from earthly hindrance. Others eagerly welcomed the new suggestions, for under the teaching that had prevailed, owing to a crude habit of biblical interpretations, so dim, monotonous, and narrow had been the representations of heaven, that to most ardent souls or active minds annihilation seemed hardly less dreary. The framework of the book was so simple and the method of treating the subject so fresh that very many failed to detect at first that its logic might not be less conclusive because it was not ponderous. They forgot that it is a very old tradition which makes the angel come at dawn, in the cheerful morning twilight, to guide the souls of the good to paradise, and that twilight fancies are the sober truth of twilight, as mathematics may be the truth of noon. In story form, and by suggestion, the book attempts to show that the heavenly life must provide for the satisfaction of the whole nature, as well as for the technically religious side, the one department which seeks God directly in personal affection and worship. On reflection, those who had most rigidly confined their hopes of future to white robes and singing, discovered that even —

"The stainless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue"

were filled with much besides direct prayer or praise to the heavenly Father, so that imperfection could not attach to this idea of roundness; and gradually it befell that many who came to scoff remained to be comforted. The book was practically a new gospel. Indeed, "The Gates Ajar" did more than expand into appreciable size and surface the neglected germs of truth relating to the unseen world. It marked in a gentle, unaccented way, but it marked the beginning of a change whose end we can hardly foretell.

The world has long enough seen in every gallery the infant Christ in the arms of a woman; but it has not always seen that through womanhood it is to receive some essential revelation of Christianity. It has understood only the surface meaning of Madonnas, and has tired of that; but at last what art has dimly been foretelling is beginning to be actual. Whether in the cap and 'kerchief of Sister Dora and Sister Augustine, or with the red-cross badge of Clara Barton, or wearing the unmarked dress of those who feed the hungry and teach the ignorant near and far off, new Madonnas are revealing something more beautiful than beauty, and holier than any image in shrine.

Miss Phelps now devoted herself to short stories, which were collected under the title, "Men, Women, and Ghosts." So far as vivacity, proportion, and firmness of touch are concerned, they contain some of her best work. The "Tenth of January" is included in this collection. There is a study in spiritualistic science called "The Day of My Death" which ends more happily than most of her tales, and goes far to disprove what some critic asserted about her "inevitable tug at the heart-strings."

Her definite moral purpose became distinct so early in her literary career. As Millet would paint peasants no other than they were, whatever Delaroche might say, she would have sorrowful things show their sadness that they might be helped, and wrong things their evil that they might be righted.

In the autumn of 1877 a venture full of interest absorbed Miss Phelps' thought and strength; the delivery of a course of lectures on "Representative Modern Fiction" before the Boston University. It was the first thing of the sort ever attempted by a woman in this part of the world, and in the minds of those most interested there was the air of a renaissance in the undertaking.

The intense vividness with which the ideal presented itself to her, combined with a sensitive timidity which amounted to terror, robbed her of sleep for weeks before the course began,

and prostrated her with illness after it closed; yet while constantly under the physician's care she met each engagement bravely, and left only one regret in the minds of her friends, that her health had not allowed her to speak in a much larger hall. The lectures have never been published, so that personal impressions are all that we have.

Her power over the audience is said to have been remarkable. While her voice in conversation is singularly low and sweet, some peculiar penetrative quality made it distinct without the slightest effort for the listener in every part of a large hall. The audience was of students of both sexes and different ages, from various departments of the University. At the close of every lecture," says one who was present, "they would gather round her, and it seemed as if they would devour her, following her as far as possible when she went away." Something in her face seemed to ask more for love than praise. To them it seemed as if a new and gentler Hypatia had come to speak a sweeter sort of wisdom. Mr. Whittier, who on another occasion heard the lectures, says of them: "They were admirable in manner and matter. I have never heard a woman speak with such magnetic power."

In treating modern fiction she concentrated her analysis on George Eliot as representative. President Warren of the University says, "The genius of George Eliot has never been analyzed with superior, if with equal subtlety of sympathy and clearness of discrimination."

So serious were the physical penalties for that use of her undoubted power that she has been obliged to abandon public speaking; though she made several experiments after this both in hall and parlor reading—in every other respect, she says "among the most delightful experiences of her life." An interesting account is furnished of her reading one of her stories for a charity in a private parlor in Boston. It was an audience composed of fashionable ladies, and the story was a very simple one, but before she finished her reading it was said there was not a dry eye in the room—a kind of compelling sweetness drew their hearts towards her and pity.

In the same autumn of her work at the Boston University, "The Story of Avis" came out. The public feel something in it like the deepening of a singer's voice, as life teaches its lessons, a strength born of patience, and a pathos that no unreflecting outcry can hold.

The world seems to be divided into three classes: those who do not know there is a sphinx; those who do, and will not look at it; and those who, seeing it, are willing to make some sort of effort to unlock the silent lips, to read the riddle of the past into the prophecy of the future.

For the first, Avis must be as if it had not been written, while to the multitude of those who do not want to be made uncomfortable by thinking of hard things it will not be exactly welcome. There must be many who are willing to think even of perplexities, for many have prized Avis, and have called it Miss Phelps' best work. It is said that Longfellow kept it lying on his table, and re-read it often with sympathetic appreciation.

Avis is a woman such as one has seen — strong, gentle, true, with a genius for painting. There is no happier stroke in the book than that which makes her not simply in love with her art and ambitious to excel, but gravely conscious of responsibility for the use of her talent. Her course looks simple and direct till Philip Ostrander, and with him love and the question of marriage, confronts her, sweeping into her life as the tide into the harbor. She resists love, but when her denied lover comes back wounded from the war, the woman asserts herself above the artist. "The deep maternal yearning over suffering, more elemental in woman than the yearning of maiden or of wife," conquers where his pleading had failed, and by exquisite gradations, possible only to a woman of equal fineness and exceptional individuality, she yields and becomes his wife.

The very idealizing nature that made her able to paint sphinxes, made her mistake in Philip Ostrander subtlety of appreciation, sympathy, and the genius of adaptation for something deeper. It is made clear that a man less refined.

and less sensitive could not have won her, and no less evident that refinement often binds the artist-eye to weakness, and that the quicksilver temperament fascinates where it cannot hold.

Large, sweet, genuine, like Dorothea, Avis does the only thing possible to such a woman, buries her short-lived ideal and takes Philip into the same pitying tenderness which broods over her children; endures and strives and loves as nobly as any other could who was not conscious of unpainted pictures or any missed vocation.

Recent American fiction has given us various types of women. We have Marcia in "A Modern Instance," weak, passionate, unreasonable Marcia, swept under by the first swell in the domestic flood. Mr. James has drawn Isabel Archer best of all the women he has tried, and he has made her almost lovable, or would if he knew about women's souls. Despair and flight are her resort when disenchantment is complete, and pain grows heavy. He makes us sympathize with her; but she seems vague, shadowy, and weak beside the nobler figure of Avis. It is impossible to imagine poor Marcia being anything else than petty; unfit to reform Bartley and unworthy of the better man's devotion; and with all that is genuine and earnest in Isabel Archer, it is difficult to think of her in Avis' place, bending with conscientious good sense to conquer the homely details of housekeeping, or substitute with so silent a gentleness the maternal for the wifely feeling towards the weaker nature which failed her.

There are touches in one of the closing chapters of "Avis" which remind us for delicate, fervent purity of faith and insight of the sayings of Lamartine's "Stone-Cutter." In the farewell Philip and Avis whisper to each other when he lies dying in the Florida forest, we can almost hear Claude saying, "Life is so small a thing, it is not worth stopping to weep over." Indeed some of the most exquisite qualities of Miss Phelps appear in "Avis" more clearly than in any other book. Only a pure and exalted soul could have

conceived it ; and only a genuine artist could have given it its cast.

Six years ago Miss Phelps built a little cottage for a summer home on the rocks of Eastern Point, at one side of Gloucester harbor. There is hardly a more rugged spot on Cape Ann, or one more lacking in the lovely surroundings those who know her best would have chosen as fit and natural for her. But one forgets all but the picturesqueness of the shore in looking out on the harbor with the quaint old town of Gloucester at its head. The harbor is one of the finest on the Atlantic coast, and there, from June to November, the infinite language of the sea repeats to her its story of beauty and mystery.

All coasts are lonely in some moods of water and sky, but Gloucester harbor is wide enough to shelter a fleet, and there are always sails standing in or out to sea, playing hide-and-go-seek with the mist, and taking the light and shadow at every turn in new and exquisite tones. A mile away, across the sheltering rim of land, the narrow strip that curves around the harbor's mouth, the surf breaks on the rocks, or rolls in on the sandy shore of the coves that follow one another out to the extreme point of the cape.

Miss Phelps still makes Andover her winter home. Her present winter study is in the summer-house of her father's garden, whose windows look out on a lovely grove, and behind, towards the west, across to the brows of Wachuset ; but her summers, which begin early and end late, find her on the Gloucester rocks.

The first years of her life here she used to row in her little dory quite across the harbor, an exercise of which she was very fond. Lack of strength has compelled her to relinquish it of late, and the dory lies idly by the rocks, except when she occasionally steps into it for a few strokes of the oars out into the sunset. What the sea has told her she has meanwhile given to us in different forms. In her volume of "Poetic Studies," most of the rhymes are tinged with the opal and beryl of the waves ; and we feel through them the

ebb and flow of tides. Several of her songs have been set to music — words and notes blending in a kind of twilight aspiration — an unaccented appeal.

“On the Bridge of Sighs” is an original and apt analogue, fit to be written under that picture of sun opposite to shadow which every traveller brings home from Venice: —

“O palace of the rose — sweet sin,
How safe the heart that does not enter in —
O blessed prison wall! how true
The freedom of the soul that chooseth you.”

“What the Shore says to the Sea” and “What the Sea says to the Shore,” and the last poem in the collection, “All the Rivers,” are perhaps the best translations she has made of that speech she has heard where there is no voice nor language. “O Love!” the shore says at ebb-tide to the sea: —

“Steal up and say, — is there below, above;
In height or depth, or ohoice or unison
Of woes, a woe like mine,
To lie so near to thine,
And yet forever and forever to lie still?”

And at flood-tide the sea answers —

“Till thou and I were riven apart,
Never was it known by any one
That storms could tear an ocean’s heart.
When unheard orders bid me go
Obedient to an unknown Will,
The pain of pains selects me, so
That I *must* go and thou lie still!

“All the rivers is a word of peace —
All the rivers run into the sea,
Why the passion of a river?
The striving of a soul?
Calm the eternal waters roll
Upon the eternal shore —
At last whatever
Seeks it — finds the sea.”

Yet the poetry of the ocean has not made her deaf to its tragic prose.

"Sealed Orders," a collection of short stories published not long after "Avis," has one or two pictures, not easily forgotten, of winter storms in the ice-bound harbor, the cruel struggles of the fishermen for scanty bread, and the more cruel watching and waiting at home "for those who will never come back to the town."

Critics have called "The Lady of Shalott," one of the sketches in this collection, the best American short story. It shows, like the rest, the subjection of the æsthetical to the ethical, the artistic to the sympathetic in her nature; but here as elsewhere the unused brush and palette assert themselves in spite of denial. What she sees inevitably shapes itself into a picture, and what she might have done had she chosen to paint with her pen all such pictures as would charm, we can only guess. If she had, we should have known less about the lonely little dressmaker in "No. Thirteen," or the two brothers in "Cloth of Gold," trying to get to Florida with far too little money, and walking where they could not ride, with Dan, between his coughs, insisting that he felt very strong, and that it did not hurt him at all. We should not have cried over the "Lady of Shalott," and tenement houses with death in the cellar, and nankeen vests at sixteen and a quarter cents a dozen, and the blessed "Flower Mission," and we should not have felt—as whoever reads such tales will—that something must be done to help those who cannot help themselves.

It adds always to the force of one of these lessons in philanthropy or reform to know that the teacher is herself in earnest, and "recks the rede" she gives.

That Miss Phelps' roses have all true stems that will not wither we can tell by tracing her life. She was trying to save the tempted in the Abbott mission when she wrote "Hedged In"; and the evils of factory life depicted in "A Silent Partner" she learned by personal work for factory girls; and from her loyalty to the purer, larger, and freer

womanhood that all dream of and wait for she has never swerved. Hers was not the only sensitive intuition that fore-saw, when slavery and the war rolled away together in fire and smoke, that the right development of women would be the next great question for America.

It is said that Warwick Castle in England is so arranged that the visitor who looks through the outside keyhole looks at the same time through those of the thirty or forty apartments that lie beyond; and so in this matter of making the higher, larger womanhood a fact, one cannot begin without finding that woman is so entangled in the heart of things that all must be righted if she is.

The first glance told that her physique must be improved. As early as 1869 Miss Phelps was invited to give an address before the New England Woman's Club of Boston on healthful dress for women. The time was ripe, and the suggestions of the speaker's practical common sense were instantly adopted. Rooms were opened for the manufacture and sale of improved garments; competition followed, and the dress reform, so widespread and increasingly influential now, is said to have grown from this. Miss Phelps' address, somewhat enlarged, was published, with the title, "What to Wear," and she herself adopted and has always adhered to the system proposed, abjuring trains, and excessive trimmings, and tight waists, and modifying her theory only in such non-essential points as experience and good taste dictated. It seems hardly possible now that, at the time she took this course, a lady could not walk the length of a hotel drawing-room in a short dress without an embarrassing sense of singularity, so universal was the absurdity of sweeping skirts everywhere and on all occasions.

No sooner was Miss Phelps' summer home planted on the Gloucester shore than the temperance movement appealed to her as vitally connected with the object of her lasting enthusiasm. She saw how intemperance on Eastern Point added a cruel weight to the hard lot of fishermen's families, and through her efforts a Reform Club of sixty-five members was

sustained there. A club-room had been otherwise secured; it was brightened with pictures and music; addresses were delivered and sermons preached to the men; but her personal work was of a deeper and more wearing sort. She made herself the friend of each one. They came to her house with their hopes and despair, their temptations and troubles. As might have been feared, this nervous strain of sympathy and anxiety, in connection with her literary work, was an overtax, and four years ago her strength gave way, forcing her to drop the care. From this nearly fatal break she has not yet physically recovered.

Since 1879 we have had two books from her, both originally published as serials in the "Atlantic Monthly," and aside from these, some noticeable magazine articles of a semi-theologic cast in the "Atlantic" and "North American Review." The one in the "Atlantic," entitled, "Is God Good?" called out an amount of discussion surprising when one considers how long ago it was that mild old Dr. Paley ventured to speak of "The goodness of God as proved from nature."

Her argument is that immortality is necessary to justify the earthly life, and is not more than a deduction from the gently suggested premise no one quarrels with from the lips of St. Pierre, "If life be a punishment, we ought to wish for its end; if it is a trial, we may ask that it may be short."

"Friends — a Duet," has been variously criticised, — a certain intensity of adjectives and repetition of favorite words, which some objected to in "Avis," giving fresh offence to reviewers in this book.

It may be worth while to mention that Miss Phelps never reads any reviews or notices of her own books, thinking perhaps the nervous force required for this better expended in persistent effort to speak out in her own way the things life has taught her. She has certainly a sufficiently illustrious precedent for her habit in this respect, since it is said that George Eliot herself had the same practice.

"Friends" is a study of a new phase of the same old mystery. A delicate, difficult phase, but pressing as the question how to manage steam, fire, or electricity. The voices in the "Duet" are better harmonized than were those of Philip and Avis. In the rise and fall of gentle and sweet music, the question and answer of a simple natural progress, there is a wistful search for knowledge whether between men and women there cannot be, as in other times there has been, friendship without love and marriage; a May of tenderness and mutual help that does not "glide outward into June" — affection without passion. It ends as some songs end, with a strain, more an appeal than a conclusion, a little sad — as if we heard again Schiller say "Never can the *there* be *here*."

There is something about it all that makes one think of the wild pink roses with which the downs of Eastern Point are covered in the summer, and with which Miss Phelps' house is always filled. There is a delicate mirth, a sweet, refined, protected atmosphere in it, yet though more hidden than sometimes, we find on it the same sign of the cross as before. Still, as Millet's seashore "Storm" or "Angelus" would do more than make us note the massing of clouds and the rage of the water, or the wide peace of the fields at the hour of evening prayer; as he is not content till we ask, "What can be done for the bowed and laden creatures who are the centre of the scene?" — so, in "Friends," we are compelled to do more than watch the rose-red glow that slowly and faintly kindles in the gray sky that overhangs the principal figures. The story leaves us as the "Scarlet Letter" does, looking toward the time "when the whole relation of men and women shall be established on a surer ground of mutual happiness."

"Dr. Zay," Miss Phelps' last story, is pitched in the major key. It has been a surprise to the public, so long used to listen for the minor in every strain of hers. There is morn- ing in this picture. "Avis" was sad because there was in it only the wish for the day. "Dr. Zay" stands out clearly in the light of dawn.

Miss Phelps has felt the change of atmosphere within the five years, since she said at the close of "Avis," "Horizons with which her own youth was unacquainted beckoned before her; the hills looked at her with a foreign face; the wind told her that which she had not heard; in the air, strange melodies rang out." One of these melodies is caught and rendered for us here. It is a glimpse of —

"Man and woman
Solving the riddle old."

It seemed to have occurred to none but Mr. Howells before (unless we except Charles Reade), that there is suddenly a new type of woman for the novelist to deal with, and "Dr. Zay" was already half-written when "Dr. Breen's Practice" appeared in the "Atlantic." Mr. Howells' woman physician has not however "the scientific mind." She was, after all, only the old sort of woman he knows so well, masquerading with a medicine-case. Dr. Zay means it all and does it too.

Without a stretch or twist, very simply and naturally, though we must believe not without intention, the ordinary conditions are precisely reversed. It is her chance patient, Waldo Yorke, who is passive, unoccupied, "a beggar for a kind word." It is she who is preoccupied, active, happy in a full and satisfied life. That marriage is not to be entered into unadvisedly in the new order of things is made sufficiently plain by her long hesitation — hesitation under his wooing, and by the high-mindedness with which she refuses to let him err through any glamour of gratitude, loneliness, or circumstance. Not till his choice is tested by change and absence, and hers by persistent work, does she yield, like other women who cannot prescribe *carbo vegetabilis* or set broken arms.

The book is full of smiles and west wind and hope, instinct with prophecy, already beginning to turn to facts. It is all natural and direct, quite free from morbid or one-sided views. Whoever reads it is apt to be carried on by Miss Phelps' theories in spite of himself, since he finds such a new

kind of woman as Dr. Zay proves to be, a very charming and inspiring sort of creature. He inclines to agree with Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell, that there might be worse things than "having a woman like Doctor to turn to, sharin' the biggest cares and joys a man has got, not leanin' like a water-soaked log against him when he feels slim as a pussy-willow himself, poor fellow, but claspin' hands as steady as a statue to help him on."

The vigor and sparkle of "Dr. Zay" make us believe we have better things yet to expect from Miss Phelps in spite of the baffling, almost crushing, hindrance of ill-health. That bar once removed, what fine insights, what holy inspirations, what pictures of the droll as well as the pathetic side of things, may we not anticipate from a nature so strong and beautiful, gifted with so rare a genius of expression?

If fate should deny it, her life and work, as they stand, are among our choicest treasures. Her high-minded constancy to her difficult ideals adds to her personal charm the haunting fragrance of a purely spiritual force, and wherever her words fall, unfading flowers spring up.

In her, and in her writings, force and sweetness so blend that we cannot tell whether it is the beautiful that draws us, or the good and the true that stimulate and content us. If the flower is a lily, it is an Easter lily, with comfort and ministry in its grace, an ethereal and immortal meaning folded in its rare, white petals.

CHAPTER XXV.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Mrs. Stowe's Father, Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher—His Fame and Worth—His Wife, Roxana Foote—Mrs. Stowe's Early Training—Incidents in Her Childhood—A Famous School—Reminiscences of Her Girlhood—Early Passion for Writing—Marriage to Prof. Calvin E. Stowe—Life on the Banks of the Ohio—Where and How She Received Her First Impressions of Slavery—What Led to the Writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—Difficulties Under Which it was Written—How it was Received—Excitement it Created—Mrs. Stowe's Visit to England—Her Reception—The True Story of "A Vindication of Lady Byron"—Celebrating Mrs. Stowe's Seventy-first Birthday—Her Two Homes—Looking Toward the Other Side of Jordan.



HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1811.

She was the seventh child of the Rev. Lyman Beecher and Roxana Foote, his wife. Her parents were both remarkable people. Mr. Beecher was a man of keen intellect, great moral courage and energy, whose mental force gave him almost directly after he entered the ministry a high place among his compeers. His inauguration of the temperance reform; his struggles for the permanent establishment of the church of Christ in New England at a time when heresy and infidelity threatened its existence as an organization; his advocacy of revivals, and his active agency in bringing them about, will keep his name famous in the ecclesiastical annals of Connecticut as long as those records last; and his name will be always revered at Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, Ohio, as not only the head of that institution for many years, but its founder in a sense more vital far than the mere contribution

of funds. Beside his deep piety, his stern courage and devotion, he was a man of infinite humor and playfulness, and made his children thoroughly happy as children.

Roxana Foote, his wife, was a woman of rare virtues: cultivated, highly educated, and accomplished; in the simplicity of her nature and the purity of her warm young heart she married this penniless minister, and took up the work of a minister's wife with unshrinking devotion; she was indeed the intended woman of Paradise, "a helpmeet unto him." In poverty, in sorrow, in struggle of every kind, the heart of her husband trusted in her, and leaned upon her as a strong staff; and when she died he said afterwards that his "first sensation was a sort of terror, like that of a child suddenly shut out alone in the dark." Yet she, with all her clarity of mind, her fullness of lofty thought, and keen enjoyment of literature and art, never cried out for her "rights," or clamored for suffrage. Calm, serene, tender, —

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, to command.
But yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light,"

she moved on through the crowding duties of an arduous life, became the mother of nine children, one of whom went before her, and died in a peace that was triumph and a strength that was rapture.

Beside these pillars of the home temple, Harriet Beecher was also compassed about with other and similar stimulating companionships. Her aunt, Mary Hubbard, a beautiful and fascinating girl, who married early a West-Indian planter, and after a few years of sinking health and failing heart came home to die, rallied in her native air, and filled the Beecher homestead with sparkling life for a few short years.

Although Harriet was but a baby when this aunt died, no doubt what she heard of her in the family tradition, especially of her horror of slavery, sank into that receptive mind and was brooded over till an ardent sympathy was established

there, ready to welcome the fugitive American slave when she lived on the banks of the Ohio in later years, and to appreciate with her great tender heart the sorrows of those men and women whose crime was being born, not of another blood, but with another skin than their masters.

Her mother's mother, with whom the child spent much time, was a serene and kindly lady of the old days; a great reader and thinker; and Harriet Foote, the aunt, whose name Harriet Beecher bore, was a woman of keen and versatile wit; while Esther Beecher, her father's sister, was a practical, unselfish, utterly devoted woman of vigorous intellect and quiet humor, who measured out the things of this life as conscientiously and accurately as if they were the outer court service of the temple in which her inner soul devoutly adored.

Born of such parents, living in such an atmosphere, it is not wonderful that the children grew up so remarkable in their development and individuality, that an old saying was readapted for them, and it became a proverb that "There are three kinds of people in the world: the good, the bad, and the Beechers."

Nor, in the wisdom of her home training, was the precocious child allowed to sacrifice her health; her home was on that wide and breezy hill in Litchfield from which can be seen still a long stretch of characteristic New England scenery; rolling hills, sad brown stretches of fallow field and rocky upland, here and there a glimmering pond; then, great sweeps of forest, far and near; and over all a broad, bright sky, its vast azure expanse swept with fleecy clouds, darkened with the black banners of the thunder, or livid with north-eastern rains. She ran wild among these trees and hills, went nutting in the gorgeous haze and blaze of October; or gathered the wistful delicate blooms of spring; the red strawberries, fragrant and sweet beyond the giants of to-day, enticed her into the June-sweet pastures; and the gorgeous lilies of the hay-field tempted her in summer; there was nothing foreign or unknown to her in the kindly fruitage of

the earth about her, and she learned at the very lips of the great mother those ineffable lessons only to be so learned.

As she says herself: "I was educated, first and foremost by nature, wonderful, beautiful, ever-changing as she is in that cloudland, Litchfield."

Yet her home-life went hand in hand with the out-of-door; her heart kept even beat with the cheery, social, mirthful, happy course of her daily living; and her mind was fed with conversation of the sort that is not concerned with the day's gossip, or the hasty and hard judgment of neighbor and friend.

In that crowded parsonage, about the fire at night, books and authors were discussed; the awful realities of religion reverently explored; the moral situation of the church and the world expounded and agitated; and all regarded from but one standpoint, that outlook from the side of God the Creator and Governor, which lifts the human soul above the misty passions of earth and gives to its vision the width and clearness of heaven.

In the light of her after-life it is significant that she heard and remembered an incident which happened one day in her childhood, and is best recorded in her own words:—

"I remember hearing father relate the account of Byron's separation from his wife; and one day hearing him say with a sorrowful countenance, as if announcing the death of some one very interesting to him:—

"My dear, Byron is dead,—*gone*."

"After being a while silent, he said:—

"'Oh, I'm sorry Byron is dead. I did hope he would have lived to do something for Christ. What a harp he might have swept!'

"The whole impression made upon me by the conversation was solemn and painful. I remember taking my basket for strawberries that afternoon and going over to a strawberry-field on Chestnut Hill, but I was too dispirited to do anything, so I lay down among the daisies and looked up into the blue sky, and thought of that great eternity into which Byron had entered, and wondered how it might be with his soul."

When Harriet Beecher was but five years old her beautiful, tender mother, after a brief illness, went home to the land which indeed she seemed only to have left for a short time to bless this earth, leaving behind her an undying memory, an unfading love and sorrow. Eight motherless children were left to mourn her, and not one could recollect an impatient word, an unjust judgment, even when Harriet, like a very little pickle as she was, beguiled her brothers and sisters to eat up a bag of rare tulip-roots under the impression that they were onions and very nice, using thereto all the persuasion her baby-language and coaxing eyes could bring to the subject. She herself says that when her mother entered on the scene, —

“There was not even a momentary expression of impatience, but she sat down, and calmly, sweetly, told them what lovely tulips would have risen from those roots had they spared them.”

Perhaps only as passionate a lover of flowers as Roxana Beecher was can appreciate this wonderful temper.

A year passed by under dear and good Aunt Esther's household rule, and then a new mother came to govern and guide at the parsonage. She too was a lovely and gifted woman, and, as far as any woman can, filled a mother's place to the children. She liked the home she came to from the first, and relates that Harriet, with her instinctive love of justice ignorantly aflame, said to her: “Because you have come and married my father, when I am big enough I mean to go and marry your father!”

But for all the quaint child's threat, she admired and loved the beautiful young stepmother heartily, who in turn speaks of her as “amiable, lovely, affectionate and bright, as ever I saw.”

Catherine, the oldest sister, herself afterward a distinguished and excellent woman, records how Harriet, not yet seven years old, — “is a very good girl. She has been to school all this summer, and has learned to read very fluently. She has committed to memory twenty-seven hymns and two long

chapters in the Bible. She has a very retentive memory, and will make a good scholar. She says she has got a new mother, and loves her very much, and means to be a good child."

Yet this forward scholar was also a hearty, rosy, strong girl; with flying curls of sunny brown, and sweet, keen, blue-gray eyes; ready for fun and play; a happy, childish creature, "quite pretty," rejoicing in this life, yet weighted to some extent with the prospects of the life which is to come, — never ignored or neglected in that hill-top parsonage.

We hear of her a year or two later, begging for an "epithet" for the grave of her beloved cat; and discern the germ of that humane spirit that in her womanhood loved and recorded the lives and doings of so many of these "spirits in prison," from "Mr. Black Trip," to "Hum the Son of Buz."

Litchfield was then the very place for a child like Harriet Beecher to develop in. The Wolcotts, Judge Gould, John Allen, Jabez Huntington, Uriel Holmes, Seth P. Beers, Dr. Sheldon, John P. Brace, Judge Tapping Reeve, Mrs. Sarah Pierce, the Tallmadges, and the Champions are all names that in Connecticut were synonymous with learning, intellect, and high character. On this isolated hill clustered a society of the most cultivated kind, and the minister's family, *ex officio*, took rank with the highest. Lyman Beecher's household did honor to the rank; from no other house in that wide green street did such fame and worth send out representatives into the world.

And here, too, was situated the best school in Connecticut. Nominally under the conduct of Mrs. Sarah Pierce, a well-educated and superior woman, its real head and guide was her nephew, John Pierce Brace, a teacher still held in grateful remembrance, and one to whom the writer of this article owes a debt of deep gratitude for the zeal, the patience, and the affection that not only stimulated, but guided and sweetened her continuous school-life.

No teacher can ever have "educated" his pupils in the true sense of the word better than Mr. Brace: less of a martinet

and drill-master than the modern schoolmaster, he understood by some subtle intelligence the way to influence every mind brought into contact with his own; he knew what we were and what we needed with infallible instinct, and made study a keen delight when he taught, whatever was the lesson. Under the name of "Jonathan Rossiter" Mrs. Stowe has described him in the latter part of "Oldtown Folks" with a vigor and detail that paint him to the life. And she says in a letter to her brother, "Mr. Brace was one of the most stimulating and inspiring instructors I ever knew. He was himself widely informed, an enthusiast in botany, mineralogy, and the natural sciences generally, beside being well read in English classical literature.

"He exceeded all teachers I ever knew in the faculty of teaching composition. In my twelfth year, by two years of constant practice under his training, I had gained so far as to be appointed one of the writers for the annual exhibition. . . . The subject was 'Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?' . . . I chose to adopt the negative. I remember the scene at that exhibition, to me so eventful. The hall was crowded with all the *literati* of Litchfield. Before them all our compositions were read aloud. When mine was read, I noticed that father, who was sitting on high beside Mr. Brace, brightened and looked interested, and at the close I heard him say, —

"'Who wrote that composition?'

"'Your daughter, sir,' was the answer.

"It was the proudest moment of my life. There was no mistaking father's face when he was pleased, and to have interested *him* was past all juvenile triumphs."

No doubt, long years after, when his teaching days were over, and his heart wrung with loss and disappointment, when the daughter of all his children most like her father lay in an early grave, and life grew dark before him, John P. Brace looked back upon this child of genius, and smiled to think of the wonderful "composition," which she had then

but just sent out for an astonished world to hear. It was to his care that the child of seven was committed, and in this school she says, "I ran loose, a little girl, at the foot of a school of a hundred grown-up girls."

And here her destiny and duty began to be manifest. "From early childhood I had a *passion* for writing, and printed my meditations and reflections before I learned to write, and scribbled incessantly afterward. Miss Pierce used to hold me up as a dreadful warning, one who, as she phrased it, was always bowing down to the idol 'scribble;' and she predicted all sorts of dreadful results, which never came to pass."

Here she studied history, rhetoric, and wrote compositions every week; taking still her vivid interest in nature all abroad, in the prowess of her father's fishing-rod, in the "wood-spells" of winter, in the little brothers and sisters now and then added to the fulness of the "minister's blessings," in dogs, cats, cows, in all living things; for, like the dear Aunt Esther, she knew and "sought out" the "works of the Lord," being one who found "pleasure therein."

But a change of base was coming. Catherine, the oldest of the family, engaged to Professor Fisher, of Yale College, a man of great promise and already distinguished performance, was suddenly bereaved by his death. On the way to Europe, where he proposed to study and travel for a year, the vessel in which he sailed was lost. Of all its passengers and crew only one was saved to tell the tale; and the brilliant girl, whose heart, full of love and hope, was wrecked with her lover, fell into a state of rebellious melancholy, which her helpful spirit and practical education fought against nobly. She had already learned, or perhaps instinct taught her, that work is God's remedy for grief of any kind; and a year later she set up a school for girls in Hartford, Conn., which became a success, and in the end famous.

To this sister's care and teaching Harriet, now twelve years old, was confided. No more scrambles now over hill and dale after huckleberries or honeysuckle apples; no more

nutting frolics or fishing excursions to Bantam Pond ; apple-cuttings, wood-spells, strawberry-hunts, and expeditions after winter-green were all over ; she must " buckle-down " now to serious work without these alleviations ; and beside her own studies she taught Latin and translated Virgil into English heroic verse, becoming in due time an assistant pupil in the school then and still known as the Hartford Female Seminary, and flourishing for many years after Miss Beecher left it under the rule of the same John P. Brace who was previously her teacher.

In November, 1825, Harriet Beecher became a member of her father's church in Litchfield, a fact recorded with joy by Mr. Beecher, whose heart's desire it was that all his children should be converted to Christ. It is pathetic to see in the record of this good man's life how faithfully and eagerly he exhorted, watched, and prayed for the souls of all his family ; it was the burden of his days and nights, and at last his song of thankfulness, that they were all gathered into the church on earth before he departed for the church in heaven.

In 1826 Mr. Beecher, after a long and anxious self-communing, made up his mind that he had no right to live longer in debt for want of a sufficient salary. It has always been the disgrace of New England that her country ministers have had to starve or accept charity. Many of them have been forced to eke out the pittance allotted to them by farming on week-days instead of studying, or by writing school-books or compiling histories, or in later days taking agencies for popular articles ; but none of these things were available to Mr. Beecher ; he believed it his duty to devote all his time and strength, just as far as it could be spared from the absolute needs of rest or relaxation, to the work of the ministry ; and the father of eleven children could not, in any case, have provided that hearty and hungry flock with food and clothing for eight hundred dollars a year.

He took no counsel of man, but in the silence of his study made up his mind to leave Litchfield as soon as he could find a more remunerative parish, and twelve hours after, a letter

reached him inviting him to the Hanover Street church, Boston, Mass.

But here his influence was so powerful, his controversies with Unitarianism and the Finney systems of revivals so trenchant and triumphant, that his fame went abroad in all the land; and he seemed to be the man of all others to help build up a Western school of theology.

He was called to a professorship in Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, in 1832, and his whole family followed him. Here Catherine and Harriet set up another school, and here the latter, at the age of twenty-five, on January 4, 1836, married Calvin E. Stowe, Professor of Biblical Criticism and Oriental Literature in Lane Seminary.

Her life on the banks of the Ohio river, the boundary line between the Western slave and free States, opened to Mrs. Stowe a new field of observation and sympathy.

In the constant occupations and toil of a wife and mother, hampered by narrow means and those necessities of position which make it so much harder to be respectably poor than to be poor without respectability, she never lost her broad, observant outlook on the aspects of our common humanity, or her ready and abundant sympathy with human loss and woe.

Here she was in the very seethe and foam of slavery's desperation; on the other edge of the broad Ohio men and women were bought, sold, tortured, and murdered, with no help from earth or heaven; on her side the slave was free, but only nominally, for the hunters of men forced the laws to their side of the question, and not till his foot touched the cold soil of Canada was the fugitive free indeed.

Mrs. Stowe's husband and all her own family were ardent Abolitionists. What else could be expected of men who had been trained from birth to look at the right and wrong of all things, instead of their expediency or profit?

Whenever opportunity offered these brave men held out both hands to welcome and aid the escape of their brethren in bonds; riding by night to conceal them; planning by day

how to forward them to their final safety, and being brethren indeed to the despised and lowly.

Here Mrs. Stowe saw and heard the agonies of mothers torn from their children, of husbands hopelessly separated from their wives, knowing they were sold into the black depths of involuntary sin and helpless crime. She educated her own children herself, and finding there was no school whatever in Cincinnati for colored children, she admitted as many as she could care for to her own little flock, and shared with them her instructions.

One of these children was claimed as the "asset" of an estate in Kentucky, and the weeping and wailing mother came to tell the beloved teacher that her bright boy was a slave, and was about to be haled back as a chattel into the hell from which she had recovered him. Mrs. Stowe promptly came to the rescue, and taking up subscriptions in her neighborhood was able to pay the boy's ransom and return him to the arms of his grateful mother.

Here, too, in Cincinnati, during her life there, began a series of agitations on the slavery question which kept it seething in her mind; here Theodore Weld lectured and prayed, and a great proportion of the Lane Seminary students became ardent Abolitionists; mobs raged and raved about the city, and the "fanatics" were threatened with their lives; the very excitement and fury that the vexed subject caused showed how deep was the volcano which so flamed and roared. Dr. Bailey, "a wise, temperate, and just man, a model of courtesy in speech and writing," who proposed to discuss slavery openly and fairly, was driven from the city by a mob of Kentucky slaveholders, and went to Washington, where afterward he printed Mrs. Stowe's greatest work in his paper, the "National Era."

And here, too, the wife and mother began her public literary career, writing "A New-England Story," in competition for a prize of fifty dollars, which she gained. This story, afterward published in "The Mayflower," was a faithful, touching reproduction of those old-time Yankee characters,

full of humor and pathos, whom she has so often chronicled to the life.

Finding herself able to add to her resources in this way, she wrote other slight sketches, but nothing of importance, till with her young family she returned to New England. Professor Stowe removed to Brunswick, Maine, just as the Northern States began to be excited and aroused by the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Hitherto Mrs. Stowe had not thought of slavery except as a dreadful gulf of horror, despair, and guilt; into which no Curtius could leap except to give it cause to boil up and rage anew, like the Icelandic geysers; a wrong and shame that could only be relegated to the shades where hope never enters, and treated after the wisdom of the old Roman proverb, — "*Ne moveas Camerina.*" But the voluntary stupor of Southern self-interest was at last broken by the lashing of a sullen Northern tempest of awakened opinion; and, aroused to the need of aid and furtherance from the free States, the South framed and pushed through this iniquitous law, which meant death and destruction to happy families and peaceful homes. Mrs. Stowe heard constantly from her many friends in Boston heartrending tales of the results of this law among the respectable colored people who had escaped to that city, and were quietly earning their bread there.

A reign of terror had begun, and even in the pulpits of Christian churches no man cared or dared to lift up a voice of demur or warning; "no man cared for their souls;" the church and the world joined hands against the oppressed, and openly or tacitly sided with the oppressor.

It seemed to Mrs. Stowe that slavery as it really was must be unknown to these people, who would not have tolerated tyranny or oppression anywhere else. Her heart burned within her, and in those sacred flames arose and flashed scene after scene, founded on incidents she had seen or known in the dark life of slavery. Even at the communion-table the pictures filled her soul; she went home to write down what were to her real inspirations, and her young children burst

into tears as she read to them the story that was yet to draw like tears from millions of readers. For this wonderful book was indeed "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Behold ye the way of the Lord, make His path straight!" She was like a pen in the hand of a strong angel, and while the woman might well have cried out, "How can I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" the soul within answered, "Speak! Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Worn down with the duties of a mother, to whose little flock a baby had been lately added, the only New-England-born of them all; with pupils resident in the family, whom she taught with her older children; harassed by the inefficiency of servants, and the myriad trials of a housekeeper in the country; still the inspiration laid hold of her, and would not be ignored; she had in her soul if not upon her lips the words of her Master: "How am I straitened until it be accomplished!" for in His power and following His footsteps she also brought life and liberty to them that were lost in the shadow of great darkness.

This story of stories was first offered to Dr. Bailey, for the "National Era," and the offer eagerly accepted; though at first it was only proposed to run through a few numbers of the paper, but the tale was too mighty for the teller to say "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." It held her as the ancient mariner held the wedding-guest, and like that listener she "could not choose but hear."

While it was in course of publication in the "Era," a young publisher of Boston proposed to issue it in book-form, and Mrs. Stowe consented; but Mr. Jewett, seeing how the tale progressed, objected; he wrote to the author that it was outgrowing the limits of one volume, and the subject was too unpopular to bear further elaboration, but she replied, as a prophetess might have, that she could not control the length of the story, it "made itself," and she could not stop writing it till it was done.

And when at last it was done, a deep and heavy depression came over her; the inspiration had fled, the "afflatus" was

gone; and the woman, no longer a prophetess, began to wonder at her folly. Who would read these incendiary volumes? Who would turn aside from the respectabilities of law and order to hear the trumpet-tones of the Gospel story? She felt despair enter her soul like an iron spear; but she was not born of the plucky little parson on Litchfield Hill to deny his good blood in her veins when need came; she determined to help on her message in every way her good sense and brave spirit could suggest. She wrote a letter to Prince Albert, whose name was a synonym for goodness and justice, and whose consort was queen of a realm whose boast it is that slaves cannot breathe in its air. She wrote to Macaulay, whose father had once been a prominent anti-slavery man; to Charles Dickens, whose nature was widely sympathetic, as his writings showed; to Charles Kingsley, then an ardent believer in the freedom of man, and to Lord Carlisle, accompanying each letter with an early copy of her volume.

But she needed no help from the great of the earth; her word had been in its measure the word of the Lord; naturally the weak and weary woman trembled under her message and doubted its acceptance; but He who said of old, "It shall not return to me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it," kept his promise therein.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published March 20, 1852. Ten thousand copies were sold in a few days, and over three hundred thousand within a year. Eight presses were run day and night to supply the enormous demand.

No book of human origin was ever so rapidly sold, so widely and universally read; the author had herself felt in the depths of her heart what she wrote out with tears and righteous indignation, and the throbs of millions of other hearts replied to the true beat of hers. Far and wide the light of its burning truth shone and lit up the habitations of cruelty; the latent sympathy of thousands who had sinned in ignorance awoke to action, and the colored race testified

to a direct and surprising change in their treatment by the whites.

Part of its success was owing to its candid justice. Mrs. Stowe painted the limitations, the hard position, the kindly feeling of many slaveholders as truly and pitifully as she drew the woes and disasters of the slave. Letters poured in upon her from all quarters, letters of praise, of sympathy, of congratulation, but also of hate, insult, threats, blasphemy, and all uncleanness. The South as one man reviled and abused her; *they* could not even appreciate the justice of her portraits, — *she* had laid the axe at the root of the tree, and all the foul birds in its branches rent the air with their cries of fury; no less a tribute to her wonderful success than the laud and glory of her admirers.

It was not the artistic value of this book that made its success, for its author has since written much more careful and delicate studies of life and character, and painted with tender and more exquisite colors the beauty of humanity and nature; but "Uncle Tom's Cabin" touched the deepest springs of humanity's heart, and bade the imprisoned waters arise and overflow. The hour had come for this good grain to be sown, and a woman's hand had scattered it. Many a tedious day wore on before its harvest waved on hillside and savanna, to be reaped in tears and blood instead of sun and dew, with swords instead of sickles, and gathered in with cries of battle in place of the gleaner's song. But at last that mighty fruitage is garnered, and the slave is free forever! Brief words to write or read, but eternal fact and immortal reality.

Not only in America did this book achieve its wonderful success; England also was moved from its wonted cold contempt for her offshoot; and the sneering question, "Who reads an American book?" received once for all its answer — "Everybody!"

When Mrs. Stowe went abroad a year after "Uncle Tom" was published, she was received with the highest honors. Addresses were poured in upon her signed by thousands of women of every class, and from the inhabitants of separate

cities and towns, all expressing their esteem for, and sympathy with, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Brief sympathy, it is true, for when the war of the rebellion began, the English nation forgot the sorrows of the slave and held out pitiful hands to the slaveholder as the "aristocrat" of America besieged by its commonalty!

One incident of Mrs. Stowe's experience in England was almost prophetic. She was presented with a solid gold bracelet made in shape of a slave's fetters, inscribed with the words, "We trust it is a memorial of a chain that is soon to be broken." On one link was engraved the date of the abolition of the slave-trade, and on another that of the abolition of slavery in all England's territories. To-day this bracelet bears upon its other links the dates of emancipation in the District of Columbia; of the President's proclamation abolishing slavery in rebel States; of freedom proclaimed in Maryland and in Missouri; while the clasp bears the date of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery forever in the United States. Its record is finished, and its wearer has the sublime and blessed consciousness that she laid the train which has blown the direst work of hell on earth to utter destruction, and left it only an ignominious memory.

But not only where its native language was spoken has this book been read; it has been translated into nineteen different tongues. Twelve French editions by various translators have been issued, and eleven German. In the eloquent verse of Dr. Holmes, read upon Mrs. Stowe's seventieth birthday, at a garden party, given by Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin in her honor, he alludes to this peculiar circumstance:—

"If every tongue that speaks her praise
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet,
Of mingling accents harsh or sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots of Babel.

“Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
 Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
 Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
 High Dutchman and Low Dutchman, too,
 The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
 Arab, Armenian, and Mantchoo,
 Would shout, ‘We know the lady!’”

In the library of the British Museum there are thirty-five editions of the original English, complete, and eight abridgments or adaptations.

But after such a success the triumphant pen could not be idle; Mrs. Stowe's visit abroad was chronicled in a charming volume called “Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.” She wrote then a small “Geography for my Children,” and that was followed by a powerful tale of slavery, called “Dred,” afterwards renamed “Nina Gordon.” Then came a slighter sketch on the training of children, “Our Charley”; and then, published first as a serial in the “Atlantic Monthly,” “The Minister's Wooing,” an exquisite story of old New England, full of pathos, delicate humor, subtle character-painting, and high religious thought. Mary Scudder is a picture of a Puritan maiden, almost too saintly for real life, yet true to such a life as in those days did sometimes flower into “a lily of the Lord”; Miss Prissy, the queer, kindly, penetrating old maid; Mrs. Scudder, pious, thrifty, ambitious, and stern; sad Mrs. Marvyn, worn out in soul and body with the awful weight of theologic questions and morbid conscientiousness; gay, capricious, sunny, and stormy Madame de Frontignac; and plausible, courtly, devilish Aaron Burr, set over against the great-hearted and high-souled doctor, — make a portrait-gallery of real personages in the memory of the reader; and show what power and versatility belong to that genius which had already electrified the world.

This was followed by “Agnes of Sorrento,” the scene of which is laid in Italy, and does not afford room for the freedom and grace with which the author writes of her own land and people.

Next was "The Pearl of Orr's Island," a touching story of our New England coast; with characteristic touches of description that show how keen and appreciative is the writer's observation of nature; and how vivid her enjoyment of all its manifestations.

After this came "Oldtown Folks," a story of country life in New England; part of which is laid amid the scenes familiar to her in Litchfield, her early home, and which displays a panorama of village life and society, true in every racy detail, sparkling with humor, and solemn with theologic contemplations and controversies.

After this came "Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories," dear to every heart that keeps a youthful throb, and longs to be a boy again at the old story-teller's knee. This was followed by a few papers on family life, called "The Chimney-Corner," and in natural sequence by "House and Home Papers," a volume which vindicates the practical, household, feminine side of Mrs. Stowe's nature; and prove her not only to be a great and unique genius in a literary point of view, but one who deserves the praise of Lemuel's mother in that chronicle of the "virtuous woman" whose "price is far above rubies," whose "children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her"; for truly "strength and honor are her clothing," and her house is the home of peace, cheer, health, and kindly Christian living.

After these came a small volume of "Religious Poems," full of pure aspiration and unflinching faith. Mrs. Stowe is no bigot; a member of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, whose pastor is her well-known and distinguished brother, Henry Ward Beecher, she fraternizes with the Episcopal church in Mandarin, her winter home, and enters into all their good works; and in her "Religious Poems" sectarianism finds no place; they are simply and earnestly religious.

The poems were followed by a small book called "Little Foxes"—articles on domestic ethics. Then came "My Wife and I," "We and Our Neighbors," "Pink and White Tyranny"—all household stories; and after them the second great sensa-

tion created by Mrs. Stowe in her literary career — an article published in the "Atlantic Monthly" called "A Vindication of Lady Byron."

While Mrs. Stowe was abroad she became very intimate with that unfortunate lady, who confided to her under the seal of absolute secrecy as long as Lady Byron herself lived the reasons for her separation from her husband. Mrs. Stowe, however, was requested by Lady Byron, if ever a necessity arose after her death, to make her secret known to the public.

When a "Life of Byron," edited by the notorious Countess Guiccioli, was published in England, and aroused new interest in the poems and character of Byron, being written by a woman who had shared his licentious and indecent life, Mrs. Stowe felt that the time had come when Lady Byron's character as a wife needed to be vindicated from the implied or open assertions of Byron's mistress; and, accordingly, she gave to the public the painful and not by any means delicate story of Lady Byron's wrong and suffering.

In doing this, Mrs. Stowe was impelled, as all who knew her thoroughly understood, by a generous and brave affection for the dead woman who had been her lovely, living friend. It was an act of heroic justice, such as such a woman alone could have done.

Whether Lady Byron was deranged at the time her sorrows and her solitude began, or whether by long brooding over her loss in her worse than widowed loneliness, she created out of her suspicions what seemed to her grief an actual fact, or whether her story was indeed true to the letter, is still a matter of conjecture with most people; but it is certain that Mrs. Stowe believed her story implicitly, and was filled with the deepest pity and indignation when she heard it; and made its revelation in a conscientious desire to do good and not evil.

But a tale like this, which in vindicating the character of one woman blasted in a peculiarly dreadful manner the reputation of another, and involved, collaterally, persons yet liv-

ing, in the black shame and crime of near and dear relatives, could not fail to arouse a storm of indignation and disgust in England, and give rise to much low scoff and vulgar comment wherever it was read.

It is a melancholy reflection on human nature that it is never safe to trust its nobler instincts in a matter like this, — the story which Mrs. Stowe's best friends must regret that she ever published became a weapon in the hands of her enemies; and instead of vindicating her deceased friend from the attacks of *post-mortem* slander, she not only aroused them to fresh vigor, but drew upon herself a cloud of misrepresentation and scandalous sarcasm that pained all her myriad admirers, and must, no doubt, have wounded and discomfited her woman's delicate nature.

Still, with the rare, unflinching courage of her birthright, which has ever been one of her prominent characteristics, she says to-day, under her own hand, "I am never sorry for having written it, — spite of the devil and all his angels!"

"Poganuc People," a sketch of old Litchfield and its inhabitants, is the latest volume from her pen, though she still writes brief articles for the public. But her working days are merged at last in the rest which she has so well earned and deserved.

On the occasion of her seventy-first birthday her Boston publishers, Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin, gave a garden party in her honor, at the house of Governor Claflin, of Newton, Mass., near Boston. Here were assembled all those brethren of the literary guild who delighted to honor their queen, and here too were the veterans of the abolition "Old Guard;" quaint, simple, "fanatical" as ever, but calm and satisfied as never before, for their prophetess had ceased to prophesy, fulfilment having come. On a stage, under the kindly shade of a great tent, sat the sweet, kindly-faced woman whose clustering curls had whitened to snow-wreaths in the service of humanity; praise was showered upon her like incense; poems read in her honor; and before her gathered a crowd of friends with love and laud in every eye, on every lip; but it

was not for the praise of man to ruffle her serene countenance or disturb the dreamy peace of her eyes, that seemed bent on some far distance, where the babble of earth is heard no more, but the silent welcome of heaven is ready and waiting.

She received her ovation with the calm simplicity of a child, and in a few words of gracious thanks and counsel dismissed her guests when all their speech had been uttered, and went out with her husband, her son, and her grandchildren into the fresh June air, the young summer verdure, and the crowding flowers, and away to her home and its duties, as a saint to her cell, untouched by the hot breath of flattery, unmoved by the loud plaudits of men, calm in that mild consciousness of devotion and duty that is deeper and dearer than this life's most earnest homage, or its richest gifts.

She says of herself, "I am seventy-two years old, and am more interested in the other side of Jordan than this, though this still has its pleasures."

Mrs. Stowe has two homes: one in Hartford, Connecticut, where she spends her summers; and one in Mandarin, Florida, where her winters are passed. Long may it be, prays every soul that knows her, before she leaves them for the city which is in heaven.

Earth will be bereft indeed when her gracious presence forsakes it to go home forever; and leaves us only a memory, holy and mighty though that memory be, of America's greatest woman, Harriet Beecher Stowe.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

BY LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.

George Sand's Inquiry — Mrs. Stanton as the Originator of the Woman Suffrage Movement — Birth and Parentage — Early Sympathies with ill-treated Women — Tries to be a Boy — Studies Law in Her Father's Office — Her Marriage and Wedding-Tour — Meets Lucretia Mott, and Decides upon a Future Career — Calls the First Woman Suffrage Convention — Frederick Douglass Her only Helper — Effect of the Convention — Progress of the Movement — Lectures and Addresses — Edits "The Revolution" — Travels in France and England — Her Wit — Anecdotes — Her Personal Appearance and Characteristics — The Future of the Cause.



Do you know Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton? was the first question put to me by Madame George Sand, when I met her a few years ago in Paris. "Yes, I know her well," I replied. The famous Frenchwoman inquired minutely concerning my distinguished friend — her personal appearance, her views and purposes, her style as a writer and speaker, and her method of reformatory agitation. As I then found it no easy matter, even during a long and free conversation, to answer all these queries, so now I find it still more difficult to make a fit record, in a few pages, of the busy career and varied labors of a lady who, in addition to the cares of a large family, has been the originator of one of the chief public movements of our times, and who has also been an active participant in many kindred reforms. For although Mrs. Stanton is best known as the leader of the agitation for woman suffrage, she is not "a person of one idea," but has been among the foremost of the many zealous laborers, both American and English, who have striven for the abolition of

slavery — for temperance — for a working day of eight hours — for the suppression of usury — for the co-education of the sexes — for co-operative industry — and last, but not least, for international arbitration and peace. In fact, a complete biography of this representative woman would include a history of the political, social, and religious thought of the last two generations. Moreover, not even such a history could reflect a faithful image of such a life's work; for Mrs. Stanton's public efforts have taken the evanescent form of lectures, speeches, resolutions, protests, criticisms, and editorials — all growing out of the events of the day, and which it is not possible to reproduce at a later period in their original vitality, however accessible they may be in the archives of the various movements which have called them forth. But though her finest intellectual productions have been of an ephemeral type, like those of any other speaker or journalist, yet in her representative capacity as the head and front of a movement peculiarly her own — a novel reform whose novelty seems never to wear out — Elizabeth Cady Stanton, now in her green and sunny old age, is still what she has been for the last thirty years — an object of affection to one class of her countrywomen, of aversion to another, and of curiosity to all.

As the movement for woman suffrage has proved of sufficient vitality, since it was first set on foot by Mrs. Stanton in this country, to have made itself seriously felt also in other lands, and notably in England, France, and Italy, I will detail with some minuteness the early beginnings, in this able woman's mind, of those strong and bold thoughts which she was the first to promulgate nearly forty years ago, and which have since resulted in a new system of political philosophy.

She was born November 12, 1816, at Johnstown, N.Y. Her father, Judge Daniel Cady, was a jurist whose legal learning and blameless life have passed into the traditions of the bar of the Empire State. Her mother, Margaret Livingstone, at the time of Elizabeth's birth, was a young lady of high spirit, dash, and vivacity, retaining to a remarkable

degree these qualities of her youth to an octogenarian age. It was natural that the daughter of such parents should inherit (as she did) the chief intellectual traits of both — rendering her equally skilful at the logical argument, or a witty repartee. From her father she imbibed a love of philosophy, and from her mother that dauntless independence of thought and speech which, for want of a better name, is called the courage of one's convictions.

Elizabeth Cady became a champion of women long before she was herself a woman; in fact, I feel warranted in saying that the whole after-bent of her life and career was fixed even before she was nine years old; in other words, as soon as she could intelligently read. I have seen a letter of hers in which she says, "In my earliest girlhood I spent much time in my father's office. There, before I could understand much of the talk of the older people, I heard many sad complaints, made by women, against the injustice of the laws. We lived in a Scotch neighborhood, where many of the men still retained the old feudal ideas of women and property. Thus, at a man's death, he might will his property to his eldest son; and the mother would be left with nothing in her own right. It was not unusual, therefore, for the mother — who had perhaps brought all the property into the family — to be made an unhappy dependant on the bounty of a dissipated son. The tears and complaints of these women, who thus came to my father for legal advice, touched my heart; and I would often childishly inquire into all the particulars of their sorrow, and would appeal to my father for some prompt remedy. On one occasion he took down a law-book, and tried to show me that something called 'the laws' prevented him from putting a stop to these cruel and unjust things; in this way my heart was filled with a great anger against those atrocious laws. Whereupon the students in the office, to amuse themselves by exciting my feelings, would always tell me of any unjust laws which they found during their studies. My mind was thus so aroused against the barbarism of the laws thus pointed out, that I one day marked them with a

pencil, and decided to take a pair of scissors and cut them out of the book—supposing that my father and his library were the beginning and end of the law! I thought that if I could only destroy those laws the poor women would have no further trouble. But when the students informed my father of my proposed mutilation of his volumes, he explained to me how fruitless my childish vengeance would have been, and taught me that bad laws were to be abolished in quite a different way. As soon as I fairly understood how the thing could be accomplished, I vowed that, when I became old enough, I would have such abominable laws changed. And I have kept my vow.”

During the same early period of life to which she refers in the preceding extract, the little Elizabeth became the pet of an old Scotch clergyman in Johnstown, the Rev. Simon Hösack, who loved to take her with him in his buggy on his daily drives. The bright-eyed girl, who had a boy’s love for a horse (and who afterwards became a Di Vernon in equestrian exercise), would take the reins in her small hands, and while she gently urged the parson’s slow-going steed the old man would read aloud to her, or answer her questions concerning the birds and flowers, or repeat to her the Indian traditions of her birthplace. The early influence which Dr. Hosack exerted upon her has lasted till this day. I have seen tears in her eyes at the mention of this old clergyman’s name fifty years after his death.

Judge Cady entertained the feudal notion (not yet extinct) that the dignities and honors of a fine old family like his own ought to descend from father to son, and not from father to daughter. His hopes of the perpetuation of his name and estate had centered on a favorite and only boy—a youth of great promise. The sequel shall now be told by Mrs. Stanton herself. “I was about ten years old,” she writes, “when my only brother, who had just graduated at Union College with high honors, came home to die. He was my father’s pride and joy. It was easily seen that, while my father was kind to us all, the one son filled a larger place in

his affections and future plans than the five daughters together. I well remember going into the large dark parlor to look at my brother's corpse, and finding my father there, pale and immovable, by his side. For a long time my father took no notice of *me*. At last I slowly approached him, and climbed upon his knee. He mechanically put his arm about me, and, with my head resting against his beating heart, we sat a long, long time in silence. At length he heaved a deep sigh and said, 'O my daughter, I wish you were a boy!' 'Then I will be a boy,' said I, 'and will do all my brother did.' All that day, and far into the night, I pondered the problem of boyhood. I thought the chief thing was to be learned and courageous, as I fancied all boys were. So I decided to learn Greek, and to manage a horse. Having come to that conclusion I fell asleep. My resolutions, unlike most of those made at night, did not vanish in the morning. I rose early to put them into execution. They were resolutions never to be forgotten, destined to mould my whole future career. As soon as I was dressed I hastened down to meet our good pastor in his garden, which joined our own. Finding him there at work as usual, I said, 'Doctor, will you teach me Greek?' 'Yes,' he replied. 'Will you give me a lesson now?' 'Yes, to be sure,' he added. Laying down his hoe, and taking my hand, 'Come into my study,' said he, 'and we will begin at once.' Having no children, he loved me very much, entered at once into the sorrow which I had felt on discovering that a girl was less in the scale of being than a boy, and praised my determination to prove the contrary. The old grammar which he had studied in the University of Glasgow was soon in my hand, and the Greek article was learned before breakfast. For months afterwards, at twilight, I went with my father to the new-made grave. Near it stood a tall poplar, against which I leaned, while my father threw himself upon the grave with outstretched arms, as if to embrace his child. The good doctor and I kept up our lessons. I taxed every power in hope some day to hear my father say, 'Well, a girl is as good as a boy, after all.' But he never said it. When

the doctor would come to spend the evening with us I would whisper in his ear, 'Tell my father how fast I get on.' And he would tell him, and praise me, too. But my father would only pace the room and sigh, 'Ah, she should have been a boy!' At length I entered the academy, and, in a class mainly of boys, studied mathematics, Latin, and Greek. As two prizes were offered in Greek I strove for one and got it. 'Now,' said I, 'my father will be satisfied.' I hastened home, rushed into his office, laid the new Greek Testament (which was my prize) on his lap, and exclaimed, 'There, I have got it.' He took the book, looked through it, asked me some questions about the class, the teachers, and the spectators, appeared to be pleased, handed the book back to me, and when I was aching to hear him say something which would show that he recognized the equality of the daughter with the son, he kissed me on the forehead, and exclaimed with a sigh, 'Ah, you should have been a boy!' That ended my pleasure. I hastened to my room, flung the book across the floor, and wept tears of bitterness. But the good doctor, to whom I went, gave me help and courage; at last one day, as we sat alone, and he was ill and nigh to death, he said, 'Dear child, it is your mission to help mould the world anew. Promise me one thing, and that is that you will always say what you think. My old Greek lexicon, Testament, and grammar, which you and I have thumbed so often together, I shall leave to you when I die.' After his death, when his will was opened, sure enough, there was a clause in it, saying, 'My Greek lexicon, Testament, and grammar I give to Elizabeth Cady.'"

In her fifteenth year, on leaving the Johnstown Academy, she set her heart on filling her dead brother's place as a student at Union College, then under the famous presidency of Dr. Nott. Never once had the thought occurred to her that her sex would be a barrier to her admission. Some of the chief colleges and universities of the world are now partially open to women; but the co-education of the sexes (except of children) was a thing undreamed of in

those days. On being informed by her father that in order to enter any college she should have been born a boy, her vexation was a little short of rage; for she felt that the discrimination against her on account of her sex was equivalent to saying that girls did not possess sufficient capacity to pursue a college course; nor was she appeased when, as some compensation for not being allowed to enter college, she was sent to the celebrated female seminary, of which Mrs. Willard was at the head, in Troy. "If there is any one thing on earth," wrote Mrs. Stanton twenty years later, "from which I pray God to save my daughters, it is a girls' seminary. The two years which I spent in a girls' seminary were the dreariest years of my whole life."

During the next seven years, a period which, as yet, was one of

"Maiden meditation, fancy free,"

she lived at her father's house, or rather in her father's law-office. She found what I suppose hardly any other young woman (except, perhaps, Portia) ever did find; and that was a fascination in reading law-books. Elizabeth's vivacious mother, it is true, insisted that her daughter should be daily bound down for a few hours to music, water-colors, and embroidery; but the old jurist (who was much his wife's senior, and who regarded these occupations as fashionable follies), counterpoised their levity by giving his daughter Blackstone, Kent, Story, and even the Revised Statutes. "Read these books," said he; "they will give you something sensible to say to Mr. Spencer and Mr. Reynolds when they next make us a visit,"—referring to well-known practitioners who came periodically to attend his court.

If I seem to have lingered too long over these details of Mrs. Stanton's early life it is because they foreshadow her subsequent career; for the powerful impressions produced upon her in her father's law office made her what she afterwards became,—the legal advocate of all her sex.

I must add another to the early motive powers which directed her later life. This was the stormy contention

against negro slavery. She had a Northern woman's sympathy for the chattel of the cotton-field. It was an era of mobs. In the early and most trying days of this great agitation, when it required more moral courage to speak against slavery at a public meeting than it afterwards did to fight against it on the battle-field, Miss Cady not only gave her heart to the anti-slavery cause, but gave her hand to an anti-slavery orator. This was Mr. Henry B. Stanton, whose early celebrity as one of the best of platform speakers has been followed by a later and well-earned repute as a lawyer and editorial writer. Their wedding-tour was to London, her husband bearing a commission as a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention at Freemason's Hall, in that city, June 12, 1840. It was a meeting which has ever since been historic, not because of any known influence which it exerted for the abolition of slavery, but because it excluded from its deliberations a large number of able and eminent women — excluded them simply because they were women; for in those days women were supposed to have no right to appear on any other public stage than that of a theatre, opera-house, or concert-hall. Among the women who attended as spectators were Lady Byron, Elizabeth Fry, Mary Howitt, and Amelia Opie. Among the women who presented themselves as delegates from America were Lucretia Mott and others. The fair bride, Elizabeth Stanton, was not a delegate. Nevertheless the affront offered to these other and elder ladies was resented by the young wife just as warmly as she had resented, during her girlhood, every similar imputation of inferiority cast upon her sex. I am sure that Mrs. Stanton — with her studious tastes and her love of domestic life — had never planned for herself a public career, until goaded to it by the bitterness of spirit under which she groaned during her attendance on this convention. In a fortunate hour she opened her heart to Lucretia Mott — that noble woman who, I think, possessed the loftiest moral nature which has ever been seen in our country, whether among women or men. "Mrs. Mott," said Mrs. Stanton to me,

"was the first liberal-minded thinker whom I had ever met among my own sex. She was a revelation to me; she put into words all that I had ever thought and felt concerning women; she seemed to understand, as no other woman did, the wrongs, the rights, the capabilities, and the aspirations of all womankind." Mrs. Mott, during her London visit, may be said to have laid her hands upon the head of her young friend, Mrs. Stanton, and to have consecrated her for her future work. Lucretia Mott was a cousin of Benjamin Franklin, and, like him, exerted a remarkable personal influence on other minds. She used to say that on the island of Nantucket, where she was born, women were always counselled with by men concerning the fisheries, the markets, the schools, the municipal government, and the church. She imbued Mrs. Stanton fully with the idea that women have an equal duty and responsibility with men in all these interests and institutions. The seed was sown in prepared ground. Mrs. Stanton at once resolved that, so far as was compatible with the new domestic duties which she had assumed in marriage, she would devote her life to the social and moral elevation of her sex.

I have had from Mrs. Stanton an interesting anecdote of the first day which she and Mrs. Mott spent together. It was during that vexing month of June, 1840. They had proposed to solace themselves by visiting the British Museum; but on reaching the great building, and sitting down to rest for a few minutes at the entrance before giving themselves up to sight-seeing, they began to talk of woman's sphere and rights, and continued to sit, until, in their absorption in each other, they at last found that they had sat and talked for three hours; whereupon they came away, never having gone a step further into the Museum! To a friend in America, who afterwards put to Mrs. Stanton the question, "What most interested you in all London?" she replied, "Lucretia Mott." In later years, after Mrs. Mott's death, Mrs. Stanton told me, with deep feeling, that she owed to her dear dead friend as great a debt as one mind could owe to another.

On returning to her native land, in 1840, Mrs. Stanton gave the next half-dozen years to the duties and delights of a young mother; but in the intervals of her household cares she pursued a systematic study of the position of woman in all times and lands. This long course of reading convinced her that the advocates of woman's higher interests had hitherto failed to perceive one of the most essential of them all, namely, woman's proper position in the body-politic. Mrs. Mott had claimed for her sex the right to a wider range of remunerative employment, the right to hold property after marriage, the right to a university education, and especially the right of private judgment in religion — the latter being a topic on which, forty years ago, many able thinkers, both women and men, were far less enlightened than at present. Being a Quaker preacher, Mrs. Mott's supreme topic was always religion. But Mrs. Stanton — the daughter of a jurist, the wife of an advocate, and the student of law-books — felt that if there ever was to be an improved status of woman, its basis must be laid in the law of the land; in other words, that the political safeguards of the two sexes should be identical. This was a claim which had not, in our generation, been made either *by* women or *for* women. Of course, I do not forget that in New Jersey, in the early part of this century, under a liberal construction of a loosely-worded statute, a few women voted at occasional elections; but this constructive liberty did not long avail them, for it was promptly abolished by a positive repeal.

There were abolitionists before William Lloyd Garrison, and there were women suffragists before Elizabeth Cady Stanton; but if it can, with any justice, be said that Mr. Garrison originated the American anti-slavery crusade, it can be said still more undeniably that Mrs. Stanton originated the American woman-suffrage movement. Indeed, Mr. Garrison had an immediate predecessor in Benjamin Lundy of Baltimore, to say nothing of the British nation, which had just abolished slavery in the West Indies, when he first demanded its abolition in the United States. But Mrs. Stanton was without a

national example, or an individual forerunner. Her reformatory movement was the product of her own mind and heart.

She gave the enterprise its *début* in June, 1848, at the town of Seneca Falls, N.Y., where she issued a call for a public convention, to be held in the Wesleyan Chapel; and to attract the public she promised that Lucretia Mott would be present. The call has been preserved as a relic, and I copy from it a single phrase to show its scope: "The object of the convention," it says, "is to discuss the social, civil, and religious condition and rights of women." It will be observed that no mention is here made of *political* rights. Mrs. Stanton often relates, with a twinkle of humor, the somewhat comical interior history of that famous first convention. Although the word "political" was not in the call, she meant that women's political rights should be brought prominently before the meeting. Accordingly she prepared in advance a declaration of sentiments, and a series of resolutions, to form a basis for the discussions. This declaration was closely modeled after Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, and may be called a serious parody on that document. I will quote a few necessary extracts: "The history of mankind," says this close copy, "is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man towards woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her. To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world.

"He has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the elective franchise.

"He has made her, if married, in the eye of the law civilly dead.

"After depriving her of all rights as a married woman, if she be single, and the owner of property, he has taxed her to support a government which recognizes her only when her property can be profitable to it.

"He has denied her the facilities for obtaining an education, all colleges being closed against her.

"He has created a false public sentiment by giving to the world a different code of morals for men and women, whereby moral delinquencies, which exclude women from society, are not only tolerated, but deemed of little account in man.

"He has usurped the prerogative of Jehovah himself, claiming to assign for her a sphere of action, when that belongs to her conscience and her God."

In addition to the foregoing extracts from Mrs. Stanton's declaration of sentiments, I will quote only a single one of the eleven resolutions with which she accompanied it; but that one became the keynote of the new movement: "Resolved, that it is the duty of the women of this country to secure to themselves their sacred right to the elective franchise."

The preceding extracts constitute the earliest recorded public demand made for woman suffrage within the memory of persons now living. The instinct for heirlooms, which has preserved the table on which Magna Charta was signed at Runnymede, has led a patriotic Quaker family in Philadelphia to preserve the table on which Mrs. Stanton wrote the charter of her new reform.

As the young reformer had called the convention on her own impulse, and in her own town, and as she had never, up to that time, made a public speech, she began to be terrified as the hour of assembly drew nigh; and she has unheroically confessed to me that she felt like "suddenly abandoning all her principles and running away." Her husband, who had drawn up for presentation to the convention a series of extracts from laws bearing unjustly against woman's property interests, was thunderstruck when she showed him, confidentially, her proposed demand for the ballot. He remonstrated with her against her intention to introduce such a novelty into the meeting, and begged her to abandon her purpose. "No," she replied, "I must declare the truth as I believe it to be." "You will turn the proceedings," replied her husband "into a farce; I wash my hands of the whole business; I shall not enter the chapel during the session." Mrs. Stanton adhered

to her plan ; and her husband kept his word. Lucretia Mott also — the idolized monitress of Mrs. Stanton — said, "Lizzie, thou wilt make the convention ridiculous." But Lizzie was of a different opinion ; and she withstood Mrs. Mott with modest courage and independence—a fact to which Mrs. Mott was fond of alluding in after years. Mrs. Stanton has told me that she found only one person among the delegates who was willing from the first to champion her novel demand. This was the brave and high-souled Frederick Douglass, to whom she successfully appealed, saying, "You, like myself, belong to a disfranchised class, and must see that the root of all our social and legal disabilities lies in our deprivation of the right to make laws for ourselves. Will you urge the convention to adopt this protest against injustice? I have never spoken in public, and cannot defend my own resolutions. I want your help." "You shall have it," was the reply. Mr. Douglass, with his ready genius as an orator, proved more than equal to the occasion. Mrs. Stanton, too, greatly to her surprise, found that her tongue was loosed, and that she could rise and reply to objections with happy success. It is a remarkable tribute to her woman's tact and wit, to her extensive knowledge of her subject, and to her earnest enthusiasm, that the convention, after two days' discussion, adopted unanimously her declaration of sentiments and her eleven resolutions, including her demand for the elective franchise exactly as she had originally drafted it.

The popular effect of this initial convention exceeded all anticipation. One-half the newspapers treated it with derision, and the other half assumed a tone of virtuous indignation. Friends and sympathizers, the convention had none—or too few to make themselves felt. Even some of the delegates, who had signed the declaration and resolutions, requested in a few days the expunging of their names. But the reform itself could not be blotted out ; the revolution was begun, not to go backward.

I will not stop to mention the many early conventions which quickly followed, and which, like a series of Leyden

jars, gave a succession of electric shocks—first in New York, then in Ohio, and soon afterwards in other States. These belong rather to a history of woman suffrage than to a biography of Mrs. Stanton. But I ought to record one interesting fact connected with these early meetings; and that is, that at many of them the leading spirit was Lucretia Mott, who no longer said, "Lizzie, thou wilt make the convention ridiculous." Mrs. Mott had, in fact, become the chief advocate of Mrs. Stanton's demand for the ballot. When this demand received more and more public favor, Mrs. Mott addressed a great convention in Cleveland in 1853, and proposed the adoption of the declaration of sentiments put forth at Seneca Falls in 1848—a proposition which, at her suggestion, was unanimously carried. "She thought," says the official report of the proceedings, "that this would be a fitting honor to her who initiated these movements in behalf of the women of our country—Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton."

When Mrs. Stanton's reform was two years' old, she made the acquaintance of a woman who was henceforth to be her life-long co-worker and friend—Miss Susan B. Anthony. These two names belong, not only to the history of woman suffrage, but to the history of what William R. Alger styles "the friendships of women." To anybody who has long known Miss Anthony's zeal for woman suffrage, it may be surprising to learn that there ever was a time when this "Napoleon of the struggle," as William H. Channing has called her, was filled with laughter at the new reform, and had to be argued with before she was persuaded to become a woman suffragist! But so it was. Mrs. Stanton's pronunciamiento at Seneca Falls originally seemed to Miss Anthony as ridiculous as it did to Mrs. Mott. But when Mrs. Stanton won over Miss Anthony to her side, she gained the same kind of doughty help which Bismarck found in Moltke. Mrs. Stanton's mission has ever since been to furnish to the movement its philosophy and rhetoric, while Miss Anthony's has been to be its executive manager and superintendent. During more

than a quarter of a century, these two women have been so inseparable that to speak of the one has been to think of the other. Their union in toil has been as close as that of the brothers de Goncourt, or of Erckmann and Chatrain. It is to the equal honor of both ladies that no petty jealousies, and no dissensions as to their joint methods of work, have ever interrupted the steady course of their warm and loyal friendship. Although many other able women have devoted their best years to this cause — among whom I am proud to mention such early names as Ernestine L. Rose, Paulina Wright Davis, Frances D. Gage, Lucy Stone, Antoinette Blackwell, Olympia Brown, Clarina Nichols, and, of later date, Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, and Lillie Devereux Blake — yet it is simply a fact of history that the founder of the reform was Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and its chief practical manager has been Susan B. Anthony. "Never forget," writes Mrs. Stanton, "that if I have done anything for the women of my country it is not I — it is Susan and I."

In 1866 Mrs. Stanton, who had previously become a resident of the city of New York, offered herself to the electors of its eighth congressional district as a candidate to represent them at Washington. The self-nomination of candidates is a common practice in England; and she adopted it in New York in order to remind the people that, though the constitution of the Empire State denies to woman the right to vote, it does not deny to her the right to be voted for. Mrs. Stanton announced her candidacy in a pithy card, in which she said: "Belonging to a disfranchised class, I have no political antecedents to recommend me to your support; but my creed is free speech, free press, free men, and free trade — the cardinal points of democracy." Her chief opponent was the Hon. James Brooks, then the democratic "leader of the House." There have been candidates who were fairly elected and unfairly "counted out;" Mrs. Stanton never complained that she was a victim of this political injustice. Out of nearly twenty-three thousand votes polled she received exactly two dozen!

In 1868 she joined with Miss Anthony, Parker Pillsbury, and others in establishing and editing "The Revolution," — a journal in the interests of woman's rights, and which, at a later period, I also had the honor for two years to conduct.

The paper was at length merged in "The Liberal Christian," then edited by the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., as an organ of the Unitarian faith. When "The Revolution" had thus finally lost its identity in that of a religious weekly, Mrs. Stanton facetiously remarked that "it had found Christian burial in consecrated ground."

After her discontinuance of her editorship, she devoted herself for fourteen years (during the winter seasons) to public lecturing; appearing before nearly all the lyceums of New England and the Western States, and also attending, as opportunity offered, woman's rights conventions. Her lectures and addresses are written with care, and often rise to eloquence. Few American orators, whether men or women, have so frequently been called to speak on "great occasions." One such occasion was that of her address before the joint session of the New York Legislature, on the proper legal status of women; another, a speech in San Francisco to an audience of women exclusively, three thousand in number, on the duty and dignity of maternity; another, an address to a similar audience during the Richardson and McFarland trial; another, a memorial discourse pronounced in Lincoln Hall, at Washington, on the death of Lucretia Mott. On these and other occasions the platform has usually been decorated with flowers; and the spectacle of the wrapt audience, listening to the dignified speaker, has been most impressive.

In a biography of Mrs. Stanton by her friend and *confrère*, Theodore Tilton, "I have seen," he says, "the old and tattered manuscript of the first set speech which she ever delivered;" and he mentions that it was lost for many years, and that at last, when the author recovered it, she wrote upon the margin this inscription:—

"DEAR MAGGIE AND HATTIE,—This is my first lecture. It was delivered several times immediately after the first woman's

rights convention. It contains all I knew at that time. I did not speak again for several years. The manuscript has ever since been a wanderer through the land. Now, after a separation of nearly eighteen years, I press my first-born to my heart once more. As I recall my younger days, I weep over the apathy and indifference of women concerning their own degradation. I give this manuscript to my precious daughters, in the hope that they will finish the work which I have begun."

Mrs. Stanton, after having travelled many thousand miles a year, for fourteen years, in fulfilment of her public engagements, has of late ceased from these exhausting pilgrimages, and now lives in her library, writing and compiling a "History of Woman Suffrage," — a work to be comprised in three huge volumes, of a thousand pages each, — in which she will preserve all the principal documents that have marked the successive stages of the movement, together with biographical sketches and engraved portraits of the most eminent women who have devoted themselves to this reform. Associated in this literary project with Mrs. Stanton are Miss Anthony and Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage. The prefaces, the introduction, and the general arrangement of the three volumes are Mrs. Stanton's own; and the work contains also her principal discourses, letters, and reports, though, with characteristic modesty, she has displayed the labors of others to the overshadowing of her own.

Mrs. Stanton's views on other topics than woman's rights are briefly these: As to her political preferences, she feels that she has little to choose between the Republican and the Democratic parties, since she is disfranchised by both. As to her social theories, she holds to the sacredness of marriage (like all other good women); but when an unhappy marriage destroys the ideal family relation, and when the children born of such a union are the innocent and wretched victims of the vices or mistakes of their parents, she believes as John Milton did) in a wise freedom of divorce. As to political economy, she has a doctrinaire's devotion to free trade, to co-operative industry, and to the rights of labor as

opposed to the tyranny of capital — though her chief interest in these questions is because, as she says, "Woman is the great unpaid laborer of the world." As to religion, like many another person brought up under the Calvinistic system, she first passed through a long period of mental suffering in a vain attempt to solve problems which lie beyond the finite mind, and at last abandoned what she calls "a theology inconsistent with enlightened reason, and inadequate to the wants of the soul."

In 1882 Mrs. Stanton went to France, on a visit to her son Theodore and his wife, and spent three months at the Convent of La Sagesse, in the old city of Toulouse. This son, as warm an enthusiast for woman suffrage as his mother is, gave her a glad surprise by putting into her hands the manuscript of an elaborate treatise which he had written (and has since published) on the "Status of Women in Europe."

In 1883 she held conferences in England with John Bright and many other public characters, both men and women, on her favorite theme. Her residence while in that country was with her gifted daughter, Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, at Basingstoke. Mrs. Stanton may thus be said to have three homes, — one in America, another in France, and another in England; and she has lived to find her name a household word among the advanced thinkers of three nations.

In conversation Mrs. Stanton is quick and apt in her retorts. During the civil war, Horace Greeley said to her: "Madame, the bullet and the ballot go together. If you want to vote, are you ready to fight?" "Certainly, sir," said she, to the amusement of the company; "I am ready to fight just as *you* have fought — by sending a substitute." At the close of one of her addresses before a State Legislature, one of the auditors, a highly conservative lady, said to her: "When you go before the public, what do you do with your children?" "Oh," replied Mrs. Stanton, "it takes *me* no longer to come here to speak than it does *you* to come to listen. What have *you* done with your children during the two hours you have been sitting here?" Lord Shaftesbury, at a parlor meeting at his house, said to her: "I fear the effect of woman suf-

frage on domestic harmony ; for what if husband and wife should differ in politics?" "What if they should," she replied ; "would you, my lord, deny the right of a woman to go to church simply because she might happen to be more orthodox than her husband?" After holding a convention in Newport, during the fashionable season, she was accosted by a lady who commented on the immodesty of a woman's speaking in public. "Really," replied Mrs. Stanton, "you surprise me. Our convention this morning was not more public than your ball-room last evening ; and as to female modesty, it is a question whether it is less modest to be plainly dressed, and to speak words of soberness and truth on a public platform, than to exhibit one's bare arms and shoulders at a public dance, in the embrace of a strange gentleman."

It is always pleasant to know something of the personal appearance of a distinguished man or woman ; but, as a rule, nothing is more illusive and shadowy than a verbal description, and nothing more vague than the impression made by such a portrait upon one who has never seen the subject of it. I will try, however, to tell what manner of woman Mrs. Stanton is. First, then, she is noticeably fine looking : in any crowded assembly she would command attention, and people would wish to know who she was. She is above the medium height ; rotund of figure ; fair of complexion ; with bright, fearless, and sparkling blue eyes, and a rosy, wholesome mouth, filled with fine white teeth, which she shows in her frequent smiles ; for she is pre-eminently a mirthful, sunny-tempered woman, abounding in —

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

Her features are all regular, and her white hair, which curls naturally, is so abundant and beautiful that many a young girl might envy its quality and profusion. She has often been likened in looks to Martha Washington. Her manners are genial and courteous, and she has the rare gift of putting everybody at ease who comes into her presence ; while she

herself is equally at home in the simplest cottage in the far West, or in the fine residences of the nobility of England, where she has been cordially welcomed. She is a democrat, pure and simple, and values individuals according to their just deserts, quite apart from their social surroundings. She does not despise a man because he is rich (as some radicals do) any more than she looks down on one because he is poor. She ignores every mere external consideration in her estimate of people, and weighs their moral and intellectual worth, judging them accordingly. She is a woman of scientific and philosophic tastes; but still more she is a practical worker for humanity; and she loves her fellow-beings as if they all were near of kin to her. Her temperament is sweet and buoyant, and she has borne all the vicissitudes of a life full of labors and duties most cheerfully. She once said to me, "Submit to the inevitable, for it is the true philosophy of life;" and she has acted on her own theory — not only submitting, but submitting gracefully. "The ills of life," she says, "are sufficiently hard to bear without adding to them the wear and tear of discontent and rebellion."

Mrs. Stanton is the mother of seven children (five sons and two daughters), all of whom are living. Her sons are young men of culture, two of whom are successfully following their father in the law. Both her daughters are married and beginning life for themselves. All these children, in the words of the Wise Man, "rise up and call her blessed." John Stuart Mill said long since that the homes of clever and public-spirited women were the pleasantest which he had ever seen. Mrs. Stanton has been one of the most successful home-makers in the land. Of late years she has lived at Tenafly, N.J., where as a visitor I have witnessed her skill in the art of housekeeping, and have seen her matronly cheeks aglow from sporting with her full-grown children in the open air under her ancient chestnut and cedar trees. It is a pet theory of this model mother that one of the first rights of the child is the right to individual development. She believes in the widest liberty and the fullest education, not only as the

salvation of the state, but as the perfection of the home circle. Like Herbert Spencer, she thinks a man should be educated with reference to the system of government under which he is to live. She not only disapproves of a European training for a youth who is to make America his residence, but believes that the first lesson of a child who is to be an American citizen should be self-respect and self-restraint, and not as people of the old school (and many of the present day) maintain, — unquestioning obedience to authority. She regards sickness as a crime, since it is an evidence of a violation of some physical law; and I have heard her say that she hoped and believed the time would come when people would be as much ashamed to admit that they had headache or indigestion as they would be to admit that they had committed theft or told a lie. Her own health is so perfect, and her spirit so joyous, that she seems like a woman who has never had an ache to endure, or a grievance to redress. I have seen some women who excelled her in animal spirits, but never one who possessed an equal measure of habitual cheeriness in all situations.

It is from this hopefulness of nature — this habit of looking at the bright side of things — that she borrows her impetuous methods of appealing to the public mind. She is always seeing the goal, not as afar off, but as near at hand. Years ago, Mr. Mill said to me that while he admired Mrs. Stanton greatly, he thought she was sometimes premature in her public utterances; and he added that after he had written his book on the "Subjection of Women," he retained it in his writing-desk for twenty years before venturing on its publication. Mrs. Stanton, on the other hand, has said, "The time is ripe for the expression of any thought as soon as the person is found who is ready to utter it." It is a favorite idea with her that "There is no use in saying what people are ready to hear." On making the acquaintance of Daniel O'Connell, during the Repeal excitement, she asked him if he really expected to secure a repeal of the Union. "Oh, no," he replied, "but I claim *everything*, that I may be sure of

getting *something*." This has ever since been *her* method likewise. Thus, during our national discussion of the fourteenth amendment, which provided the franchise for the freedmen, she insisted that the same amendment should be so interpreted as to secure the like privilege to women. But what seems radical to-day becomes conservative to-morrow. Mrs. Stanton has long since outlived (as Lucy Stone has done) the early criticisms which denounced both these women as visionaries and fanatics. The world has a good habit of outgrowing itself, and is thereby getting better and better. With each successive generation women become freer, wiser, and more capable. In 1790, after our forefathers had been awakened by the American Revolution to a new perception of the rights of men, they suddenly caught a clearer glimpse of the capacities of women. As a consequence, the novel practice of school-teaching by the female sex was then for the first time introduced. But the New England "schoolmarm" is now not only a person, but an institution — no longer a radical innovation, but a conservative safeguard of society. If it took so long a time and so great a crisis to prove to the American people that a woman could safely be a school-teacher, it may take an equal time and struggle to show that she may properly be a voter. I will hazard no prophecy of my own concerning the future triumph of woman suffrage, whether it be remote or at hand; but I may quote what has been predicted of it by so acute a discerner of politics as Senator Anthony of Rhode Island. "The time has not come for it," says he, "but it is coming; it is coming with the progress of civilization and the general amelioration of the race; it is coming with the triumph of truth, justice, and equal rights." These words were spoken in the Senate of the United States by the senator of longest service in that body. If they be sound and valid, as I believe they are, their fulfilment (whether soon or late) will confer upon Elizabeth Cady Stanton, either in her lifetime or after her death, a name of perennial eminence in our political history.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.

("MARION HARLAND").

BY KATE SANBORN.

A Popular Fallacy—"Marion Harland"—A Versatile and Successful Author—A Visit to Her Home—Her Domestic Life—A Peep into Her Kitchen—An Inviting Place—Her Husband, Rev. Dr. E. P. Terhune; the Man and His Power—A Characteristic Letter from "Marion Harland"—An Interesting Bit of Autobiography—Her Own Account of Her Early Life—Reminiscences of Her Girlhood—Her First Book—Its Marked Success—Career as a Novelist—A New Departure—Her "Cookery Books"—Their Enormous Sale—A Boon to Housekeepers—Her Love for Little Folks—What She says about Santa Claus—Sound Advice to Girls and Wise Words for Wives—A Gifted Woman.



LITERARY and unpractical have been synonymous terms for years in connection with women who have devoted a part of their time to authorship, or who were suspected of having a tinge of "blue" about them. And although we are gaining ground, there is still in the hearts of many men an innate shrinking from a blue-stocking.

An engraving in an English annual of thirty years ago illustrates the popular sentiment at that time. A luckless husband is walking the floor with a screaming baby, his expression indicative of insanity or deep despair; while Madame, his scribbling spouse, all unconscious of the situation, unless perhaps annoyed by the cries of one or the heartfelt groans of the other, is perched up in bed, with tangled locks flowing, and eyes wildly rolling, as she rounds some fine sentence, or with gaze uplifted is waiting for further inspirations.

You have all seen pictures of this type, and the prejudice behind the burlesque has been real and intense, — and this in spite of the cheering and convincing facts on the other side.

Both in England and this country there are many literary women who are also good wives and mothers; women in happy homes of their own, with husbands proud and fond, and — may I add — sure of three square meals a day, and every button on!

And the vast array of spinster authors are by no means ignorant of homely duties.

Go back to the days of Dr. Johnson and listen to his testimony about Elizabeth Carter, the best Greek scholar in England. He said: "A man is in general better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife talks Greek. My old friend, Mrs. Carter, could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus, and work 'a handkerchief as well as compose a poem." Eliza Leslie and Catherine Beecher prepared excellent cooking-books. Hannah More and Harriet Martineau were capital housekeepers, and both made nearly two hundred thousand dollars by their pens.

If it comes to money-making, remember that dear Mary Mitford supported her disreputable old father for years, and there is a large army of literary women who support half a dozen relatives and never boast of the fact. All this has been suggested by writing Mrs. Terhune's name at the head of this article, for she is my crowning illustration of the fact that a woman can make a fortune by her pen, attain a most enviable reputation as a versatile and successful author, and yet be a *perfect* housekeeper, a model minister's wife (as well as the wife of a model minister!), a devoted mother, a queen in society, and a sympathetic, satisfying friend. That sounds extravagant and perhaps fulsome, but as it is strictly true I glory in saying it; I do not know any other woman who combines so many virtues. And all this without one bit of pedantry, parade, or pretension.

If, with all her other achievements, Mrs. Terhune was a slovenly housekeeper, she would then be a most uncommon

woman, but I know the beautiful method by which her house is managed, and her thorough acquaintance with everything from attic to cellar, and parlor to kitchen. Her kitchen, by the way, is one of the most attractive places in the whole establishment, everything arranged in the wisest manner for convenience, neatness, and comfort. I always feel when I go through it a longing to stay and try my luck with some of her receipts. I have been so fortunate as to be a frequent visitor in her happy home, and trust these bits of confidence will not seem in bad taste, for I know there is nothing she desires more eagerly than to disabuse the public of the silly and false notion that a woman cannot be both literary and domestic, and shine in each department.

I remember her words as we were talking once on this subject: "It is my ambition to relieve literary domesticity from the odium that now rests on it." So let me assure the incredulous world that Mrs. Terhune does not come down to breakfast in a dingy, tattered wrapper, with dishevelled hair, and shocking slippers, a pen behind her ear, ink on her second finger, manuscript sticking out of her pocket, and in a generally helpless and oblivious condition. But that she is the first of the family to appear, overlooks the morning meal, gives the final touches to the table, and often finds time to write a paragraph or two while her family are assembling.

It is unnecessary to say that her table is a picture at all times, with its tasteful arrangement of color in the china, etc. ; and with the delicious things to eat, and the charming conversation, there is a threefold treat.

I must emphasize her habit of saving or occupying every minute that might otherwise be wasted—the secret of her being able to do so much more than the rest of us. Mrs. Delaney, you remember, did some wonderful embroidery while waiting for her tea to cool, and Madame de Genlis compiled a huge and valuable volume of early French poetry during the daily quarter of an hour that the Duchess de Chartres kept the dinner waiting.



MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.

"MARION HARLAND."

You have heard of the wise remark of the old Indian to one who complained of lack of time. "You have all the time there is!" growled the red man; and I always think of this, and make a host of good resolutions after a visit to my friend. But it seems miserably selfish to be talking in a superior manner of *my* visits to Mrs. Terhune. I will now invite you all to go with me and see for yourselves.

She lives in Springfield, Mass., in a very attractive house, designed entirely by her husband and herself. "Let's play," as the little girls say, that we are at the door and have rung the bell. Peep in through the glass and see the benignant face of Longfellow looking a welcome from an easel opposite. Walk in, and while we are waiting for the lady look about at the pictures, books, and bric-à-brac — just enough. Everything in harmony, nothing crowded. No effort at the antique or æsthetic. That crayon head is the best picture I have yet seen of Mrs. Terhune, but her face is not one that is fairly represented by a picture. Those water-colors are by her, also that pen-and-ink sketch, and the dining-room has several of her oil-paintings of fish and fowl. The library is just opposite the parlor, and the room at the end, separated from us by that heavy *portière*, is her sanctum. There she works and there her friends enjoy many a cosy chat and delicious cup of tea.

"How does she ever find time for painting?" Well, that I confess is a mystery to me.

The furniture of her chambers is most beautifully decorated, and with such originality that I wander from one room to another, wishing for the power to copy such dainty designs. I remember one on a bureau called "Summer's Dead," — a picture of an empty nest, swung by a bit of red yarn, which had been woven in, to a bare twig; a bit of grape-vine, and a few withered grapes above, a faded leaf just hanging to the branch below — a breath would send it fluttering down.

But here she comes; a bright-faced, keen-eyed, self-poised woman, with a great deal of individuality and energy. Perfectly natural, a fine talker, full of anecdote, repartee, and

humor, with a latent power of sarcasm, which is seldom used. She is most even in her manner to her friends, and as you see her to-day you will find her always if you are deserving of her regard. But she has her bonnet on, and you hear her say that she is expected to preside at a missionary meeting this very hour, so let us leave; and if you like to come in fancy to my sanctum I will go on with my monologue.

So few literary women in this country have husbands, and those few have generally married late, and a man considerably younger than themselves, that I rejoice in Mrs. Terhune's ideal home life, and have a real pride in speaking of the Rev. Mr. Terhune, who is never by any chance thought of as "Marion Harland's husband," but is widely known for his own sake and by his own grand work. Even the hackman whom I asked to drive me to Mrs. Terhune's on the occasion of my first visit said, "I s'pose ye mean Minister Terhune's, don't ye?" Every inch a man, every inch a gentleman; and when those inches amount to a generous six feet, with well-proportioned breadth, that is a good deal to say.

A clergyman who met and listened to him while they were both in Rome says: "His voice is singularly adapted to the pulpit. There is a solemnity in its tones without the slightest affectation of solemnity. It seems to be gauged by his subject, and not *to* his subject. His gestures are appropriate, and, when occasion requires, emphatic. He does not make them; they are quite spontaneous. His analysis of a text and deductions from it are as natural as the branches of a cedar of Lebanon. It seems as if he just tapped his text and the essence runs out. You never feel that he is wandering from the subject. He uses no stereotyped phrases in his prayers, no cant in his exhortations. His manner as well as matter is solemn and impressive. Out of the pulpit he is exceedingly genial, but never so much so as to detract from true dignity."

This extract gives after all a feeble conception of the man and his power. In his crowded church, or with his large Sabbath-school class, you feel that God is near him. His

earnestness and personal magnetism have the divine blessing constantly added. He is a thoroughly trained physician as well, and gives much of his time to healing the poor of his congregation, and yet is remarkably well-read, up with the times in every particular, a man with whom you cannot talk five minutes without learning something fresh and delightful. And I am sufficiently sentimental to enjoy looking back to those romantic idyllic days, when the eloquent young minister fell in love with and wooed the brilliant young Southern girl, already known to the public as a successful writer. We all like genuine sentiment—the story never grows old. As a gentleman said to me yesterday when speaking of the first time he met his wife: "We always fancy that that is the perfect day of the year. It is always bright and sunshiny." And he added smiling: "I too have been in Arcadia."

A great deal of stuff has been written about the "wives of literary men" and the marriages of literary people in general. I assert that these marriages are as happy as those of other people, only a calcium light is placed on the back-door step of every notable, and a keen ear is at the keyhole of the bed-chamber, and every minute detail, every petty bit of gossip, is proudly paraded before the public.

We hear of the unhappiness, of the jarring moods, from letters that should never have been published, from careless words that should have never been repeated, and we say that people of genius are unendurable in the marriage relation. Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Jameson did have most ungracious and ungrateful specimens for husbands; but contrast with them Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Craik, and many others in England and America, in whose homes happiness reigns the year round.

I wish this fallacy could be placed with the equally false idea of a literary woman, as given earlier, and packed off into everlasting obloquy.

At any rate, I can say with entire truth that I have found the choicest companionship, the most perfect hospitality, and—the best things to eat! in the homes of my literary friends,

happy homes, where every year the love grows stronger and deeper, and the characters develop into new power and beauty. Mr. and Mrs. Terhune have three living children, and the daughters are trained to have a profession—that is, a specialty by which they can support themselves—the eldest is now making a practical and most successful test of her knowledge of literature.

Now, after this general view, I will go back to the beginning and proceed more systematically. But I shall not start with a date. As Madame de Genlis said, in writing her autobiography: "What has a woman to do with dates?" It spoils the charm in talking of a dear and living friend to pin myself to statistics.

I wrote to Mrs. Terhune for a few facts, and she kindly sent the following as "a bone or two" for my skeleton, which I do not like to mar by any changes of my own:—

" 151 MAPLE STREET,

" SPRINGFIELD, MASS., March 3, 1883.

" MY DEAR MISS SANBORN,— I confess that my sentiments on the subject of a biographical notice may be summed up in the needy knife-grinder's exclamation, 'Story! Lord bless me, sir! I have none!' None that would interest the public. To myself, and in myself, life has been very full and round and rich, and sorrow has made the channels of some years very deep. He who sent the grief knows why and for what end. With this the world has nothing to do.

" Please don't give a *post-mortem* air to your paper by recording the date of my birth, with a blank left for death. I enclose a newspaper article written ten years ago, from which you may extract something. It turned up the other day in the bottom of an old trunk. I have never kept such as a rule, or notices of my books. *Cui bono?* Being a believer in heredity, I take genuine pleasure in tracing what authorly gifts I have back to my maternal grandmother, Mrs. Judith Smith of Olney, Virginia, a woman of rare intellectual and personal gifts. A part of her library and volumes of her correspondence that have descended to me corroborate family

and friendly traditions of her tastes and accomplishments. She died before my birth, but my very handwriting and voice are said to resemble hers. My mother was a refined, gentle lady, born and bred with quiet domestic and literary tastes, faithful and conscientious in all things. My father was a *man*. If I have pith and earnestness, if my ends are worthy, I may thank him, under God, for it. His library was such as was found in many Virginia homesteads at that day — a collection of British classics that would give strength and dignity to 'complete' modern book-shelves. He had a wholesome horror of 'light reading,' and his rule of his household being somewhat autocratic, I remember devouring by stealth, on rainy Saturdays, an old 'Shakspeare,' from which both backs were gone, under the impression that he might confiscate the treasure-trove if he found me at it. I was then ten years old. I could not have been more than eleven when I started guiltily at his hand on my shoulder, one summer afternoon, as I sat curled up on the stairs deep in (don't laugh!) the fifth volume of 'Rollin's Ancient History.' I had abstracted it, one volume at a time, from the shelves in his sitting-room, thinking it best not to ask permission lest it should be denied. I can see his face now,—the massive, mobile visage that 'set' the weather daily in our home,—as he read the title of the page before me, and glanced into my frightened eyes, with a smile half-quizzical, half-fond.

"'That won't hurt you,' he said. 'Whenever you want books of that sort ask me for them. When you have read those in the house, I'll buy all you will read.'

"My sister and I read 'The Spectator' aloud to our mother as she sat busy with fine needlework, and learned whole books of Cowper's 'Task' and Thomson's 'Seasons;' knew 'Paradise Lost' as girls do Tennyson in this day; rushed through Plutarch's 'Lives' with breathless eagerness no novelist could now provoke; believed in James Montgomery, and on Sundays pored over 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Pollok's 'Course of Time,' and Young's 'Night Thoughts.' Our mother took 'The New York Mirror' and 'Graham,' and

'Godey,' and the 'Saturday Evening Courier.' Mrs. Caroline Lec Hentz, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, and Miss Leslie were the favorite contributors to these. On winter nights my father relaxed his objections to light reading so far as to read aloud from these columns, and the two girls who had been snugly bestowed in the bedroom adjoining early in the evening, hearkened as to fairy tales to reading and comment.

"At nine years of age I was so happy as to fall under the care of a governess who thought me 'quite old enough to write compositions.' I had often thought I could do something like the neat essays given in on Monday mornings by the older girls. They hated the work, and what they did was very stupid reading; but the proposal that I should write something on any subject I pleased was indescribably tempting.

"One Friday night my father talked at supper-time of the almost certainty that 'The President' was lost at sea. Other gentlemen were present, and their conjectures as to the manner of her fate held my eyes waking long into the night-watches. The next day I drew my favorite playfellow aside in a corner of the garden and showed her a copy of four 'verses' in pencil, 'On the Loss of the President.' I have forgotten all about them except that two lines ran somewhat in this fashion:—

" 'She started full of life and hope,
Being strong in every mast and rope.'

But I have never been so stirred by the writing of anything else.

" 'Miss —— won't let you copy poetry for compositions!' said my critic, disdainfully. 'Compositions must be *made up* out of your own head!'

" 'I made that!' said I, coloring hotly with the confession.

"To this day I shrink from saying '*I wrote that,*' and talk, except with intimate friends, of my books is indefinably and inexpressibly painful to me.

"She did not believe me. The governess did, and so did my father.

" 'It is not poetry, of course, my daughter,' said he, judiciously, 'but I think you have some talent for composition. I want you to improve it.'

"From that hour until the day of his death, twenty-seven years later, he *believed* in me. He was a sharp critic of the crude essays and sketches which I began at fourteen to send anonymously to daily and weekly papers. But if my heart quailed as I saw his brows drawn together over the printed column I tremblingly owned as my production, there was always genuine appreciation of what merited any portion of praise, and his hearty 'Try again, child!' was like a trumpet-call to my daunted spirit.

"One night — how well I remember it — I took advantage of a benignant mood to bring forward a subject I had been revolving for months. Diplomacy never wrought well with his straightforwardness. I plunged *in medias res*.

" 'Father, I have been writing a book!'

" 'Ah!' in nowise surprised. 'For how long?'

" 'I wrote the rough draught three years ago. Within a year I have written it out in full. I should like to publish it.'

" 'Very well,' knocking the ashes from his cigar, 'I will see about it.'

"The Richmond bookseller to whom the MS. was committed, gave it to his reader — the late John R. Thompson, editor of the 'Southern Literary Messenger' — for examination. Mr. Thompson kept it for three months, and on my father's demand that it should be returned, sent the publisher a note to the following effect: —

" 'I send back MS. of 'Alone,' by Marion Harland. I regret that the young author's impatience to regain possession of her bantling has rendered it impossible for me to read more than three pages of the story. From what I *have* read, however, I judge that it would not be safe to publish it on speculation.'

" 'I never meant that you should,' retorted my father, to whom the publisher showed the note. 'Bring it out in good

style, printing and binding, advertise it properly, and send bills to me.' ”

And here I must interpolate that “Alone” appeared in 1854. More than one hundred thousand copies were sold in twenty years in America, and within two years it received the honor of a Tauchnitz edition. All that Mrs. Terhune writes has the *selling* quality, a great point gained in an author’s career. At sixteen she published a story in “Godey’s Lady’s Magazine,” called “Marrying through Prudential Motives,” which was copied into an English paper, translated into French for a Parisian journal, re-translated into an English periodical, finally copied in America as an English story.

Mrs. Terhune alludes modestly to the large sale of all of her books: “Why they sold I frankly confess myself unable to decide. They are pure, as far as morals go, and deal naturally with every-day life. Had I my life-work to go over again I should avoid, resolutely, compliance with the requests of editors and publishers, and write one book where I have written five. I love them all, my simple tales, but I wish I could ‘boil them down,’ to use a culinary phrase.”

This certainly shows her entire freedom from conceit, and her constant desire for improvement and growth, for we remember how eagerly her novels were sought for, indeed demanded, by her admirers. I do think it true that with most novelists (excepting of course the very highest names) the *first* book is written because it was in the author’s mind and heart, and it must come into permanent form; those that follow for pay, or fame, or because the publisher has advertised it in advance. We meet the same type of hero and heroine in each effort, only each time more unreal and monotonous. This not as a criticism upon Mrs. Terhune’s numerous novels, but as a general remark. I seldom use that word “criticism,” or attempt to play the critic in a small way without thinking of my own utter inability to approach the work I might be inclined to crush as florid, crude, stilted, or unnatural. There is nothing that amuses me so much in literature as the pom-

pous, high and lofty, *ex cathedra* criticisms of the day on art by a man who couldn't draw a cat so that it would be recognized; on music by omniscient beings who couldn't get through "Money Musk" successfully; on novels by persons doubtless well read and wonderfully wise, but who would utterly fail to make a story interesting.

That's the art. And when a novel sells by thousands and tens of thousands, and another is straightway called for, and the publisher is getting his pockets filled, and the author is able to go to Europe on the profits — I do not feel inclined to smile or sneer. There must be power and tact and magnetism behind the pen, and I admire the ability to create such a genuine success. "It is the first duty of the novelist to construct an interesting story." Mrs. Terhune has certainly done this, and I agree with Mr. Warner, who says in his recent able article on "Modern Fiction," that "the faculty of telling a story is a much rarer thing than the ability to analyze character, and even than the ability truly to draw character. It is a natural gift, and it seems that no amount of culture can attain it, any more than learning can make a poet." So much for Mrs. Terhune's career as a novelist.

The "Common Sense Series" was a new departure from the beaten track. When she proposed a "Cookery Book" to Mr. Carleton, who had long been her lucky publisher, he laughed outright. He was poisoned by the popular prejudice, you see, and he suffered by it, for, not caring to be ridiculed when she proposed to give to American housewives her precious, oft-tried store of receipts, she went quietly to Scribner and offered the volume. Mr. Scribner was a semi-invalid at the time, and lying on the lounge in his private office; he heard from a partner her proposition. It struck him also as a little comical, a little hopeless and unfeasible, but he knew the lady's reputation and power. So he said, "Tell her we shall be glad to publish it," but added, "It will probably be a loss, but in that case we may get her next novel!"

Publishers are shrewd, far-seeing; they want only the best thing. Just so with the anxious young wives of this land

and the overworked women of more experience. They too wanted the best. And they found it in Marion Harland's "Common Sense Series." In ten years one hundred thousand copies sold, and there is no flagging in the demand. From my earliest days I have revelled in reading receipts. The blissful possibilities, the luscious capabilities of a brief series of directions, the tempting permutations of sugar and butter, and eggs, and flour, with the "two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar, one of soda, and spice to your taste." My happiest hours in young girlhood were positively spent in the kitchen, away from satin and long seams, with my fingers sticky and a big smirch of flour on my glowing cheeks.

Mrs. Terhune's books bring back that peculiar feeling, that epicurean glow. I know how "awfully" good all her delicacies are, and my mouth fairly waters as I taste in imagination her various dainty dishes.

I like her off-hand, familiar, friendly fashion of talking straight to the young and perplexed. She not only gives plain directions, but you are sure of her sympathy. If your cake should fall just as you take it out of the oven, when you have carefully tested it with a bit of broom, you *know* that she too would be heartily sorry.

In her directions for making mince pies occurs this rather unusual but delightful digression: "I take this opportunity of warning the inexperienced reader against placing any confidence whatever in dried currants. I years ago gave over trying to guess who put the dirt in them. It is always there! Gravel-stones, lurking under a specious coating of curranty-looking paste, to crucify grown people's nerves and children's teeth; mould that changes to mud in the mouth; twigs that prick the throat, not to mention the legs, wings, and bodies of tropical insects—a curious study to one interested in the entomology of Zante. It is all dirt, although sold at *currant* prices." After urging a thorough soaking, cleansing, and draining, she closes with: "Then spread them upon a large dish, and enter seriously upon your geological and entomological researches."

And how true is this which so few remember : "The recommendation of the eye to the palate is a point no cook can afford to disregard. If you can offer an unexpected visitor nothing better than bread and butter and cold ham, he will enjoy the luncheon twice as much if the bread is sliced thinly and evenly, spread smoothly, each slice folded in the middle upon the buttered surface, and piled symmetrically; if the ham be also cut thin, scarcely thicker than a wafer, and garnished with parsley, cresses, and curled lettuce. Set on mustard and pickles; let the tablecloth and napkin be white and glossy; the glass clear and plate shining clean, and add to these accessories of comfort a bright welcome." Follow such sensible advice, and all necessity for excuses and embarrassment over a chance guest will be needless.

All women who do a grand work in the world are in danger of killing themselves while trying to fulfil the claims laid upon them and keep up with their own ambition. The "advanced" woman of the day tries to do the work of three ordinary women, and usually breaks down. No wonder that men say we are unfitted for such a life when in our enthusiasm we take three times too heavy a load. This is a lesson that the American woman has not yet learned. The only teacher that produces any impression on them is "nervous prostration" with its attendant horrors. They then have time to think and realize their wicked waste of vitality and brain power, and if they are strong enough to ever get up again they are usually more prudent.

Mrs. Terhune writes on this point with feeling : "Not until I broke down physically, under the combined pressure of public charities, church duties, social calls, literary work, and the death of my precious, gifted child, did I understand that the labor we delight in may be carried beyond bounds. I had a hard two years' lesson, one that may add length of years and understanding to me."

But that two years was also a period of helpful rest abroad, and gave to her the health she longed for, and to us her

"Loiterings in Pleasant Paths," another fresh and chatty record of a woman's travels in Europe, full of historical allusions, anecdotes, and practical information, written in a most pleasing and informal style, like home letters from a bright woman.

Mrs. Terhune does not aspire to poetical honors, and insists that she only "rhymes" now and then when her heart is full; but I shall give you two specimens, that you may see her versatility. These verses will compare favorably with many that are published as poetry:—

"BABES ALWAYS."

BY MARION HARLAND.

'Tis late — in my lone chamber,
 Borne through the echoing hall,
 I hear the wind's hoarse sobbing,
 The raindrops' plashing fall.
 The street-lamp on the ceiling
 Throws many a restless form,
 Tree-shadows, swinging madly
 In the fury of the storm.

Called I my vigil lonely?
 The door is shut and fast;
 O'er threshold and o'er carpet
 No mortal foot has passed;
 No rustle of white raiment
 Or warm breath stirs the air,
 Yet I speak aloud my greeting,—
 "My darlings! are you there?"

Not the three who by me kneeling,
 Said "Our Father" hours ago,
 Whose cheeks now dent the pillows,
 Live roses on the snow.
They dream not of the graveyard
 And of the hillocks twain,
 Snow-heaped to-night—(Lord, help me!)
 And glazed by wintry rain.

Twelve years! a manly stripling
 Our boy by now had grown.
 Is it four years or twenty
 Since I kissed the eyelids down
 Of her whose baby-sweetness
 Was our later gift from God,
 And straightened in the coffin
 Wee feet that never trod?

These are not stranger-glances
 That joyfully meet mine;
 I know the loving straining
 Of the arms that me entwine.
 Thou hast kept them babes, O Father!
 Who, not in heaven's bowers,
 Learning the speech of angels,
 Forget this home of ours,—

Or her who braved death-anguish
 To win them to her breast.
 If they fled into the sunshine,
 Free birds from narrow nest,—
 They come to me when longing
 And pain are at their height
 To tell me of the safety,
 The love, and the delight

Of that eternal dwelling—
 (*Our* name is on the door!)
 The ring of baby-voices
 Gladdens forevermore;—
 Till 'neath the tender soothing
 I lift my heart and smile,
 And gather faith and courage
 To wait my "little while."

A SUNSET PROPHECY.

BY MARION HARLAND.

*“ Jerusalem the Golden !
I languish for one gleam
Of all thy beauty, folded
In distance and in dream.
My thoughts, like palms in exile,
Climb up to look and pray
For a glimpse of that dear country
That lies so far away ! ”*

Up to my window thrills the fresh young voice.
I drag me from my bed of pain,
Where through the heartless sheen of sunny hours
I and my old, old grief have lain.
All the heat has passed from the western sky —
(Pale-green, and barred with sunset glow) —
'Mid the burnished leaves of the maple-boughs
A girl swings lightly to and fro.

*“ Jerusalem the Golden !
When sunset's in the West
It seems the gate of glory,
Thou city of the blest ! ”*

Ah ! but the way is long, the gate is high,
The shining stair is hard to win ;
Glory is there — my load of care is *here*,
Present my sorrow. Is it sin
That voices spent with weeping cannot shout ?
Remember, Lord, the finger laid
Upon Thy garment's hem, and turn to me
With — “ Daughter ! peace ! be not afraid ! ”

*“ Jerusalem the Golden !
Where loftily they sing,
O'er pain and sorrow olden,
For ever triumphing ! ”*

I think, were I this very hour to stand
In that dear Land, unbound and free,
I should not even *hear* the echoing psalms
That tell the singers' mastery.
With scarred hands crossed, with tired lids folded down
On eyes that could know tears no more,
I'd lie — a battered shallop, moored at last,
In some calm inlet of the Shore.

*“ Jerusalem the Golden !
There all our birds that flew,
Our flowers but half-unfolden,
Our pearls that turned to dew ! ”*

Our birds, that fled from frost and bitter skies ;
Our buds that perished on the stalk ;
Dew-pearls, that slid between our careful hands,
And wasted on Life's dusty walk !
We weep, by day, the priceless, scattered gems,
In deathless love, our withered flowers,
And for the vanished songsters of our homes,
Mourn sore in midnight's silent hours.

*“ Jerusalem the Golden !
I toil on, day by day.
Heart-sore each night with longing
I stretch my hands and pray
That midst thy leaves of healing
My soul may find her nest
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
The weary are at rest ! ”*

How long ? how long, O Healer ? Thou dost know
It is not in me to “ hold still ” ;
In meekness, like Thy saintly ones, to wait
Th' unfolding of Thy gracious will.
Yet, weak and restless, with blurred eyes I gaze
Upward to Thine, and kiss the rod
Which shows my chastened soul the steps that lead
O'er heights Thy blessed feet have trod.

Still swings the girl 'mid scarlet maple-leaves,
And chants her sunset prophecy.
Sun-gleam and blossom, tree and singing-bird,
Rapture to her, and soothing unto me.
Down steadfast lines of light, set ladder-wise,
To both, God's viewless angels come ;
“ Jerusalem the Golden ! ” still she sings,
And I — “ Jerusalem my Home ! ”

Three years since Mrs. Terhune published a little book entitled “ Our Daughters : What Shall we Do with Them ? ” which was a “ Talk with Mothers,” a fitting prelude to her

more elaborate work, "Eve's Daughters," which consists of plain talks with the daughters themselves. Both are full of good advice which, if followed, would bring forward the millennium in this country. But advice is the only vice that we don't take to easily. As some one said on hearing that all things that were lost went to the moon: "Bless me! what a lot of good advice there must be up there!" "Experience, like the stern-lights of a ship, only illumines the path over which we have passed."

Mrs. Terhune believes in marriage, and home, and the old-fashioned mother, and plenty of healthy, happy, rosy babies in the home nest. She believes that babies have their rights, especially "the right of babies to have mothers," and despises the present woful deficiency of maternal instinct. "We do not, as a class, appreciate the dignity—I use the word advisedly—the dignity and privilege of maternity. In this respect our English sisters are far ahead of us. The Hebrew women under the Theocracy understood it better still, when Rachel pined in her quiet tent for the murmur of baby-voices and the touch of baby-fingers, and Hannah knelt in the court of the temple to supplicate, with strong crying and tears, that the holy fountains of motherly love within her heart might flow out upon offspring of her own. In those days it was the childless wife, and not she who had borne many sons and daughters, who besought that her reproach might be taken away; that she might be accounted worthy to be intrusted with the high duty of rearing children to swell the ranks of the Lord's chosen people."

I give the following to show her genuine love for the little folks:—

"Never deny the babies their Christmas! It is the shining seal set upon a year of happiness. If the preparations for it—the delicious mystery with which these are invested; the solemn parade of clean, whole stockings in the chimney-corner; or the tree, decked in secret, to be revealed in glad pomp upon the festal day—if these and many other features of the anniversary are tedious and contemptible in your sight,

you are an object of pity; but do not defraud your children of joys which are their right, merely because you have never tasted them. Let them believe in Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, or Kriss Kringle, or whatever name the jolly Dutch saint bears in your region. Some latter-day zealots, more puritanical than wise, have felt themselves called upon, in schools, and before other juvenile audiences, to deny the claims of the patron of merry Christmas to popular love and gratitude. Theirs is a thankless office, both parents and children feeling themselves to be aggrieved by the gratuitous disclosure; and this is as it should be. If it be wicked to encourage such a delusion in infant minds, it must be a transgression that leans very far indeed to virtue's side.

"All honor and love to dear old Santa Claus! May his stay in our land be long, and his pack grow every year more plethoric! And when, throughout the broad earth, he shall find on Christmas night an entrance into every home, and every heart throbbing with joyful gratitude at the return of the blessed day that gave the Christ-child to a sinful world, the reign of the Prince of Peace will have begun below; everywhere there will be rendered, 'Glory to God in the highest;' and 'Good-will to men' will be the universal law. We shall all have *become as little children.*"

It is a grand thing to *grow*; to write with more maturity, thought, and power, as one goes on. This Mrs. Terhune has done most noticeably. Her short stories, collected under the title of "Handicapped," are a decided advance in the story-telling line. Sad, all of them, as life is sad, but showing a deeper knowledge of character, and more skill in depicting it. "Eve's Daughters" is the best of all her books. Each chapter is crammed with truth, and the whole book is written in such a clear, straightforward style that no one can fail to profit by it.

Marion Harland has a genuine love for girls, and honestly desires to help them. She appreciates their position, its delights, and its dangers; and with infinite tact and purity

she has told them what to do and what to avoid doing in order to secure health, and the best and highest development in brain and body. A few extracts will show the general tenor of the work:—

“What is the remedy for the nerve-waste, the abnormal or violent metamorphosis of tissue that comes of worry;—from the fearful looking-forward of impatient womankind? I answer first, self-control—learned most easily in youth. Hold imagination in check, and compel yourself, while you work, to think only of the business in hand, the appointed tale of bricks for the day. Enjoy, in like singleness of mind, the pleasures belonging to each hour and season. Cultivate an eye for lights rather than for shadows. Do not despise the small fruits of spring-time in longing for peaches and nectarines. That you are alive and moderately comfortable this day is an earnest of sufficient grace for the next, for this is the dreaded to-morrow of yesterday. Make the best of the present. The poet bids you ‘Enjoy it. It is thine.’ It, at least, will never return to be righted or to be delighted in. That time and care are thrown away that are spent on a future that may never be.

“Next to the faculty of concentrating and guiding thought, I rank in value among soul-powers the ability to control the nerves, to equalize and rightly to distribute the crude forces whose zeal is not according to knowledge, and instruct them by rigid discipline to obey will rather than feeling. In more direct language, keep feeling out of work as much as possible. Make resolution and industry to depend upon conscience. The ability to do this argues excellent mental training, and is not incompatible with a hearty enjoyment of work for its own sake. On the other hand, feeling, heart,—all that is loosely generalized under the head of the emotions,—is too apt, if pressed into a service for which it is not fitted, to lose *morale*, like other injudiciously-applied agencies, and to degenerate into morbid sentimentality. If you would test the truth of this assertion, ask yourself how many of your mates are depressed into misery by the anticipated

loss of a place in class, and cry over discouraging lessons ; how many older women break down over a vexatious piece of work, or the disarrangement caused by an accident, and weep as for the loss of father or brother.

"It sounds well to say that 'she throws her whole heart into whatever she undertakes, be it a great or small matter.' In effect, it is senseless trifling with a delicate and precious thing. Except when royalty goes through the pretty farce of laying the corner-stone of public buildings, silver trowels are not used for spreading mortar. It is as proper to take up ashes with a gold spoon as to excite feeling to hysterical vehemence in conning a lesson in trigonometry. If you would prove your brain to be sexless, divorce it from the heart. In this respect, at any rate, require it to do a man's work in a man's way. And do not fear that the process will make of your womanly self an 'intellectual abstraction.' The body is the handmaid of the mind. Never forget that, nor that the mistress toils at a fearful disadvantage who is constantly obliged to make allowances for the weakness, or to supplement the incompetency of her servant. Also, that in a well-balanced household, mistress and maid have, each, her separate task, and that the most obliging subordinate will weary and turn surly if called off too often from her appointed business to 'lend a hand' to what her employer has undertaken to perform. She 'didn't hire for that kind of work,' she informs you. Your nervous system tells you the same thing, and as positively, many times a day, but since the protest is not coupled with a month's or week's notice to quit, you pay no heed to the warning voice.

"Be just to your mind in bestowing upon it the proper nutriment. Be merciful to it in giving it enough of this to sustain its powers. I wish that I could make you understand now, before you make the experiment on your own account, how the frivolities of the stereotyped girl-life, the hours appropriated to dress, and the shams of etiquette ; the froth of chit-chat that passes for conversation ; the so much worse than froth of gossip about one's neighbors and friends,

— in brief, the refined do-nothingism of society — lower mental and moral tone and belittle the whole being. Avoid this latter evil, — belittling and narrowing, — almost as sedulously as you would impurity. Stand firmly upon the higher plane won by familiar intercourse with master-minds. Know and maintain for yourself that life has nobler aims than the fascination, for vanity's sake, of so many gallants per season. Reject the temptation to terminate the unworthy trillings; to curb the waywardness of your fancy; to gratify your prudent well-wishers, and essay the novelties of an untried estate by entering upon a marriage which, however eligible in the eyes of others, is not, as you own in your secret soul, what you would have chosen of your unbiassed will.

“So far from the election and study of professions by women acting unfavorably upon domestic life, I believe firmly, after a tolerably thorough examination of arguments and examples on both sides of the question, that the highest and purest interests of the home are promoted by these. She who need not marry unless won to the adoption of the state of wife by pure love for him who seeks her, is likely to make a more deliberate and a wiser choice of a husband than she who has done little since she put off long-clothes but dream, and long, and angle for her other half.

“Men make very merry over the episodes of early married life. I cannot, any more than I can amuse myself with the real but baseless terrors of a weeping child. Marriage is such a momentous affair, such a portentous All to us that we tremble at the remotest menace of peril which may wreck hope and heart. The folly of your fears consists in exaggeration of their cause. The wine of your husband's happiness settles sooner upon its lees than does yours. Accustomed to contemplate the actualities of life, with critical note of their value; to keep the emotional part of his nature out of sight of the associates of business-hours, — in adjusting the machinery of the day into the old running order, he fashions his demeanor accordingly, with never a dream that you object to the resumption of his former routine. If he

does not spend hours in swearing how dearly he loves you, and how willingly he would die for you, he proves both on that mighty 'silent side' of his nature by redoubled diligence in the calling that is to bring comfort and beauty into your sheltered nest, — to make that shelter sure. Do not be guilty of the frightful mistake of being jealous of his devotion to business; the business for which you care so little, but which stands with him for respectability, honor, wealth, — the happiness of wife and children. Regard it, instead, as the 'chance' the Father has given him to do a man's work in the world, and help him to do it to the utmost of your ability.

"Study his profession or craft in general principle and in detail, until you can converse intelligently with him of the schemes that engage his brain and hands. Encourage him to 'talk out' his cares and worries before you try to soothe them. Extract the splinter before applying the salve. When the heart of your husband can safely trust in you in this sense no less than in the keeping of his honor, you have bound him to you by ties that will outlast beauty and sprightliness. *Better lose his affection than his respect.*

"I want you to re-read that sentence and study its meaning. If more wives acted upon the pregnant lesson it conveys we should have fewer careless husbands, — careless in talk of women and in the practice of domestic virtues.

"As you are your husband's standard of wifely fidelity, be also his criterion of purity of language and thought. Elevate, not commonize, his estimate of womanhood. Show, by silent gravity, that whatever approximates ribald talk distresses you. In becoming your mate in the nearest and tenderest relation of the human species he should be more, not less, the gentleman than when, as a gallant, he was the pink of courtesy. From the day your Lares and Penates are installed let the gospel of conventionalities be established likewise as the rule of your household. Dress, talk, and keep the house for him as carefully and tactfully as for a stranger. Do not make him boorish or awkward by reserving the gentler forms of address, the fine linen, and best china for

visitors. Unless he is exceptionally *au fait* to traditional by-laws of social usage you are better informed on such subjects than he. Initiate him into these minor graces of polite society gradually and ingeniously, with no appearance of schooling or dictation. This is an undertaking requiring much wisdom, or rather *finesse*. If John has not been reared in the house with his mother and sisters he will be rough in seeming to your finer perceptions. He will probably have 'ways.'

Mrs. Terhune is up to the present moment as busy as ever. I see her love-stories, and articles on homely themes, as dish-washing and "left-overs," her poems, and talks on hygiene, widely scattered through our best papers. She is continually implored by editors and publishers to do more than would be possible for any ten women to accomplish. And of course she commands fancy prices.

The critic says with usual profundity, "O, yes! What does she know that is new about washing dishes? My old cook Betsey could give us the same information. But 'Marion Harland's' name is up, so it carries all before it, and no matter what she writes it will be printed. Lots of humbug about that sort of thing!" Yes, dear sir, or madam, but did you ever realize what it means to have won a name that carries such prestige with it? Suppose you write an article on "left-overs," it will doubtless be true to its title. There must be a long struggle, a weary up-hill climb before one reaches the heights; and you sit in your easy chair way down in the valley and find fault.

I have no doubt that Mrs. Terhune has some plan for a new book on a new theme in her fertile brain. I know she hopes to do still better work in the future.

I have written so many sketches of famous women long since dead and gone, and the killing them off gracefully has been such a relief at the end of a long lecture, that with a dear and living friend I actually feel awkward in closing without any close, just at the meridian height of life, success, and endeavor.

Women seldom do know when to stop. They can't stop *short*. Some witty man affirms that a woman could never be a military commander because she could never say *halt!* but, "Now, men, I want you all, every one of you, to keep perfectly still, when I say"—etc., etc., etc.

What a libel! I disprove it.

Long live "Marion Harland!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The Influence of Good Literature in the Formation of Character — Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney — Her Childhood — Early Life and Surroundings — Memories of Good Old Days — Education and Religious Training — Marriage — Faculty for Portraying Domestic Life — Why She Excels in Painting Perfect Homes — Books She has Written — Selections from her Poems — Sympathy with Young People — Gaining an Insight into Practical Questions — The Sparkle and Humor of Her Writings — The Soundness of their Teachings — Their Great Influence for Good — Comparison between Her Books and Miss Edgeworth's — Extracts Illustrating their Religious Tendencies.



HERE was once a careful mother who was bringing up a bright young daughter, with a young girl's eager fondness for story-books. In her thirteenth year the mother presented this child with a complete set of the stories of Maria Edgeworth, and gave her unlimited permission to read them. The result was twofold: first, the girl was preserved from reading a great deal of ordinary trash, and secondly, she insensibly had her mind and character and tastes very materially formed and guided by their influence, so that trashy writing became distasteful to her.

We have in New England a lady writer who for our times and manners has done very much the work for young people that Miss Edgeworth did in hers; while her writings, are spicy and amusing, they have a decided influence upon the character, — an influence any parent might be thankful for.

This writer, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, was the daughter of Enoch Train, who with his cousin, Samuel Train of Medford, did an extensive mercantile business, owning vessels, and trading to Russia and South America; Mr. Enoch Train

in later years establishing his line of packet ships between Boston and Liverpool, since known as the "Warren Line"; Mr. Warren having been connected with the Liverpool house of Train & Co., and ultimately succeeding to the business.

In the story of "The Gayworthys" Mrs. Whitney has enlisted much of what came under her notice in early life, in visiting ships, and listening to the talk of voyages and the incidents of sea-life. She says: "None of the characters in that book were portraits, though the scenes and minor incidents are chiefly gathered from old days, when we lived in Boston, but had our summer vacation in journeys to Hillsborough by carriage, my father driving, and stopping in the old-fashioned, delightful way, for meals and sleep. Then there were the never-forgotten visits to my grandmother's old farm among the hills, in company with young aunts and cousins, visitors like ourselves. I have gone to school in the country with aunts and uncles, with dinner-pails deliciously filled—have rested under old apple-trees on the 'half-way rock,' sat on the hard benches, watched the classes made up of all the country folk, from the little barefoot boys to the pretty and well-dressed young girls of the more important families. I have been to church in the meeting-house on the hill, with square-railed pews, and seats that were lifted in prayer-time and let down at the 'amen' with a bang; have studied the grave-stones in the old graveyard. I thought a great deal of the things that were preached about from pulpits and graveyards in those days of a childhood quite unlike the childhood of to-day."

The circumstances of Mrs. Whitney's more mature education were all mostly Bostonian. She was mainly the outcome of the culture, intellectual and moral, of that city.

In the church and Sunday school of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and his successor, Mr. Hubbard Winslow, she received her first religious impressions. Afterwards, on her father's second marriage with a lady who belonged to the Unitarian church, the family changed their connection to the West church, under the care of Dr. Lowell. "Here," she says, "I

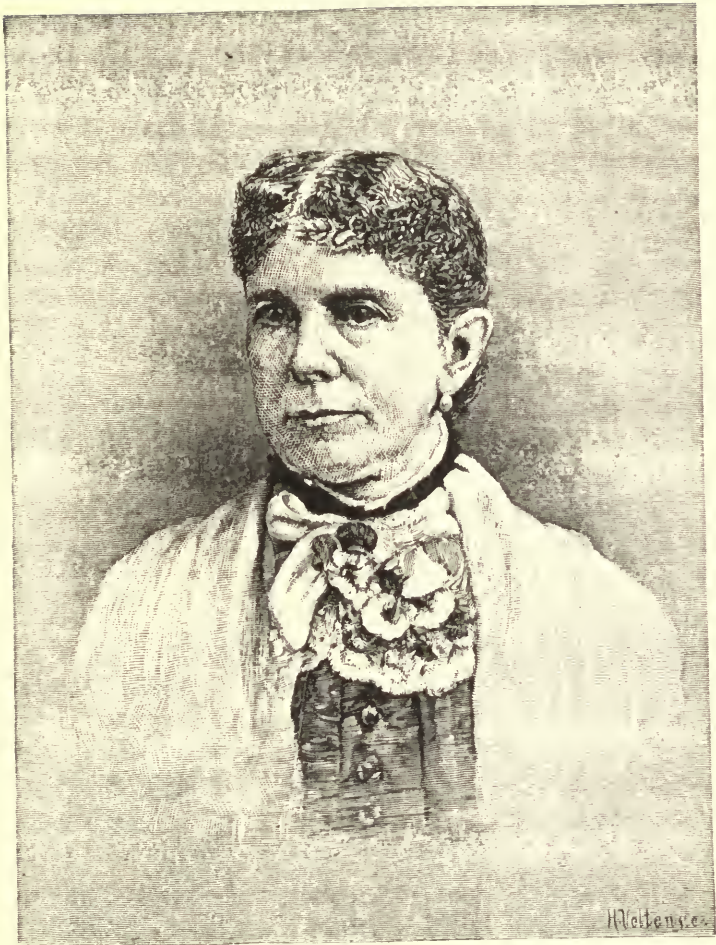
found a somewhat different, though not antagonistic teaching, for those were the early days when there was still a simple faith, even among those who had unbound it from the Puritan rigidity. To Dr. Lowell, Dr. Bartol, and Mrs. Bartol, who as Miss Howard, was my Sunday-school teacher, I owe the beginning of my most earnest thinking."

Like many other Boston girls, Mrs. Whitney was educated in the school of Mr. George B. Emerson, entering in her thirteenth year and remaining till her eighteenth, with the exception of one year spent at Northampton, under the care of Miss Margarette Dwight. Mr. G. B. Emerson was a Unitarian, Miss Dwight a Calvinist. In those days there was an excited controversial division between the Unitarian and the Orthodox, but Mrs. Whitney had the art of drawing only what is best from both sides. Of the final results of this eclecticism, she thus speaks in a recent letter to the writer:—

"After what has been said, incidentally, concerning alternating religious training and influences, I may suitably say that the result of all has been that I have recently connected myself with the church of the 'Apostles' Creed,' finding there the germ and foundation of all that has either broadened or narrowed from it; and am content to rest in that body which recognizes 'the blessed company of all faithful people,'—claiming the right to interpret those words with all the liberalism which they imply."

Mrs. Whitney's is not the only case where souls of great earnestness who wish to unite definite faith with wide charity, have found what they sought in the Episcopal church. Her beautiful, ancient, devout liturgy expresses feelings and emotions in which differing intellectual beliefs can unite, since the diversities among Christian believers are far more in relation to definition and abstract dogmas than in the emotions of the heart or the practical aims of life.

To continue our narrative, we record that in November, 1843, Miss Train was married to Mr. Seth D. Whitney of Milton, Mass., being then in her nineteenth year, and from that time, whether as wife and mother or authoress, Mrs.



MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Whitney's sphere has been *home* and domestic life. She excels in painting simple, lovely, perfect *homes*, and nice, agreeable, natural young people. She has been the mother of three daughters and a son. One daughter died in infancy; another married Major Suter, a United States army officer, stationed at St. Paul, Minn., and died after little more than a year. The other daughter married Mr. James A. Field, of Beloit, Wisconsin. Mrs. Whitney's son has been for fourteen years in the Western country, engaged in the work on the great rivers which has been in charge of Major Suter, stationed at St. Louis. Recently he has removed to Lakewood, New Jersey, where his sister and her husband were already established. Mrs. Whitney has, in the two families, five boys who call her, or will grow to call her, grandmother. These particulars are given to show how appropriately she has been in her stories an illustrator and teacher of domestic life.

Mrs. Whitney first began authorship in the "Religious Magazine," published by Dr., afterward Bishop Huntington. In the winter of 1859 Rudd & Carleton published for her "Mother Goose for Grown Folks," a little "*jeu d'esprit*," for Christmas. In 1861 she wrote "Boys at Chequasset," for which, doubtless, her own boy, in his ornithological researches, furnished material. They were then residing in Milton, where they had the full benefit of country surroundings. In June, 1862, came out "Faith Gartney's Girlhood." Both these books were issued by Loring in Boston, and had an immediate success. In 1864 came out under the same publisher "The Gayworthys,"—this was published simultaneously in England, by Sampson, Low, Son & Co.

In 1866 she issued as a serial in "Our Young Folks" "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life." This was published the same year by Fields, Osgood & Co.

In the space from 1868 to 1870 she wrote as a serial in the "Christian Register," "Patience Strong's Outings," which was published by Loring. She also furnished a serial called "We Girls" to "Our Young Folks," which was published in book form by Fields, Osgood & Co.

In 1869 she published "Hitherto," which appeared simultaneously in England, Mrs. Whitney securing copyright by being in Montreal at the time of publication.

To these followed "Real Folks," and "The Other Girls," published by Osgood & Co., in 1872-73. After this followed "Sights and Insights," detailing the experiences of a party travelling in Europe. In the winter of 1877 Mrs. Whitney compiled a cook-book entitled "Just How," and in the spring of 1879 she published her story entitled "Odd or Even" with the firm of Osgood & Co.

After the issue of "Odd or Even," Messrs. Houghton & Osgood, having previously purchased of Loring the plates of all Mrs. Whitney's other books, prepared a uniform edition of all her works.

From time to time Mrs. Whitney has published in the "Atlantic Monthly," or other papers, poems of no mean order. These have been collected in a little volume called "Pansies," published by Osgood & Co. in 1872.

There is a breadth and depth of feeling in these poems, a delicacy of spiritual insight that makes one wish that she had written more of them. We cite for one example a poem written during the late war, when the sons and hopes of so many homes were going into that desperate struggle:—

"UNDER THE CLOUD AND IN THE SEA.

"So moved they when false Pharaoh's legions pressed,
Chariots and horsemen following furiously,
Sons of old Israel, at their God's behest,
Under the cloud and through the swelling sea.

"So passed they fearless, where the parted wave
With cloven crest uprearing from the sand, —
A solemn aisle before, behind a grave —
Rolled to the beckoning of Jehovah's hand.

"So led He them in desert marches grand,
By toils sublime, with test of long delay,
On to the borders of that Promised Land,
Wherein their heritage of glory lay.

- “ And Jordan raged along his rocky bed,
 And Amorite spears flashed keen and angrily ;
 Still the same pathway must their footsteps tread,
 Under the cloud and through the threatening sea.
- “ God works no otherwise. No mighty birth,
 But comes by throes of mortal agony ;
 No man-child among nations of the earth,
 But findeth baptism in a stormy sea.
- “ Sons of the saints who faced their Jordan flood
 In fierce Atlantic’s unretreating wave ;
 Who by the Red Sea of their glorious blood,
 Reached to the freedom that your blood must save ;—
- “ O countrymen ! God’s day is not yet done !
 He leaveth not his people utterly ;
 Count it a covenant, that He leads us on,
 Under the cloud and through the crimson sea ! ”

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of citing here another most characteristic poem of hers. It is written in another and tenderer vein : —

“ EASTER.

- “ Do Saints keep holiday in heavenly places ?
 Does the old joy shine new in angel faces ?
 Are hymns still sung the night when Christ was born,
 And anthems on the Resurrection morn ?
- “ Because our little year of earth is run,
 Do they keep record there beyond the sun ?
 And in their homes of light so far away,
 Mark with us the sweet coming of this day ?
- “ What is their Easter ? For they have no graves,
 No shadow there the holy sunrise craves,—
 Deep in the heart of noontide marvellous,
 Whose breaking glory reaches down to us.
- “ How did our Lord keep Easter ? With his own !
 Back to meet Mary where she grieved alone,
 With face and mien all tenderly the same,
 Unto the very sepulchre he came. ♡

“ Ah! the dear message that He gave her then,
Said for the sake of all bruised hearts of men, —
‘ Go tell those friends who have believed in me,
I go before you into Galilee !

“ “ Into that life so poor, and hard, and plain,
That for a while they must take up again ;
My presence passes! Where their feet toil slow,
Mine, shining swift with love, still foremost go.

“ “ Say, Mary, I will meet them by the way,
To walk a little with them ; where they stay
To bring my peace. Watch, for ye do not know
The day or hour when I may find you so !’

“ And I do think, as Christ came back to her,
The ‘ many mansions ’ may be all astir
With tender steps that hasten on their way,
Seeking their own upon this Easter day.

“ Parting the veil that hideth them about,
I think they do come, softly wistful, out
From homes of heaven that only seem so far,
To walk in gardens where the new tombs are !”

In the Apostles’ Creed, on which Mrs. Whitney has found rest, is the article “ I believe in the communion of saints,” and Mrs. Whitney in this poem has beautifully expressed the idea of the primitive church, of a living, unbroken sympathy between their departed friends and themselves. They believed that in the services of the church their beloved ones once more drew near to them, and as in family prayers the whole family in heaven and on earth united. So, they understood the passage in the communion service, “ Wherefore with angels and archangels, and *with all the company of heaven* we praise Thy glorious name.” If this view could enter into our lives as a reality of faith it would soothe the bitterness of many a bereavement ; and as good food prevents morbid craving, so this blessed truth would keep the soul from running into the wild vagaries of modern spiritualism. There is “ communion of saints,” but it is to be sought not by juggling

with spirit-rappings, but in those higher exercises of the church that enable the human soul to rise to the heights where the blessed ones ever dwell.

The most suggestive and comprehensive of Mrs. Whitney's stories in our view is "The Other Girls." In her other stories she has given us amiable, sprightly, interesting young people, growing up under circumstances of ease and comfort, with means for a free, unembarrassed development. But in "The Other Girls" we have life questions as they present themselves to those to whom life is a perplexity and a battle, and in this field Mrs. Whitney has the great advantage of a heart full of motherly sympathy. There is no innocent natural feeling of the young female heart for which she has not kindly comprehension and tolerance.

After the recent great Boston fire, which threw multitudes of working-girls into distress, a relief committee of ladies was organized, and upon this committee Mrs. Whitney served for three months, and thus gained an insight into many practical questions which she uses to excellent purpose in her story. We recollect hearing a noble-minded and excellent woman who served on that same committee lamenting the hard, unsympathetic, professional way in which some of these good ladies conducted their inquiries and dispensed their charities — in particular how stern and severe they were upon any small attempts at personal adornment, which the poor applicants still retained. There are some who think themselves Christians who seem to be of opinion that even the desire for personal adornment and refinements of dress in girls who have their own living to get ought to be met with stern reprobation. Now, even the good old Bible, on which they found their faith, says: "*Can* a maid forget her ornaments" — as if it were one of the recognized impossibilities of woman's nature.

But in Mrs. Whitney's story we find the tenderest motherly sympathy for this natural feeling of the young girl's heart. Some of the prettiest pages of "The Other Girls" are given to a description of the raptures and tremors of the beautiful

young country girl, Bel Bree, when acting as a lay figure in trying on an exquisite dress which she and her old auntie were making up for a customer. The dress is described as only Mrs. Whitney can describe. "There was a certain silk evening dress of singular and indescribably lovely tint — a tea-rose pink, just the color of the blush and creaminess that mingle in that exquisite flower. It *looked fragrant*. It conveyed a subtle sense of flavor; it fed and provoked every perceptive sense." When the business-like old auntie says, "I shall want you by-and-by for a figure to try this on." "May I have it *all* on?" says Bel, eagerly. "Do, auntie; I should like to be in such a dress once — just a minute!"

"I don't see any reason why not. *You* couldn't do any hurt to it, if 'twas made for a queen," responded Aunt Blin. Then, after describing the pretty girl dressing and arranging her golden hair, she comes to the climax thus: —

"Now!

"The wonderful, glistening, aurora-like robe goes over her head; she stands in the midst with the tender glowing color sweeping out from her on the white sheet pinned down on the carpet. The bare neck and dimpled arms showed from among the creamy pink tints like the high white lights upon the rose!"

Then there is a suggestion of an admiring spectator of the other sex, lodging in the same house, who catches through the half-open door a glimpse of all this loveliness. So far there has been only sympathy with young girlhood, but when the story goes on to show how this same admirer, Morris Hewland, captivated by the girl's loveliness, yet unwilling to offend his aristocratic relations, offers her *protection* and support without marriage, Mrs. Whitney makes Bel Bree show the brave and Christian resistance that a good girl ought to show. She goes to Aunt Blin's great Bible for guidance, and when her suitor comes for his answer, points him to the passage, "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. Wherefore they are no more two, but one. What, therefore, God

hath joined together let not man put asunder." "Is *that* the way you will make a home and give it to me before them all?" she said; and when she sees in his silent confusion that this is *not* what he means, the story goes on:—

"Her young face grew paler and became stern. She looked steadfastly at him for one instant, and then she shut the book and turned away, delivering him from the condemning light of her presence. 'No; I will *not* go to that little home with you,' she said, with grief and scorn mingling in her voice, as they might have been in the voice of an angel. When she looked around again he was gone. Their ways had parted."

This shows that with all her tenderness, Mrs. Whitney's atmosphere is a bracing and wholesome one for that too much tried and tempted class on whom comes early the burden of self-support. There is no dallying with temptation—no stopping to deliberate before sin and dishonor speciously presented. No shop-girl will ever be the worse for a book of Mrs. Whitney's. This is all the better, because her books are in no sense prosy or "preachy." They sparkle with humor, and sometimes overflow with sympathy with the fun and frolic of young people. For a bit of charming humor we can think of nothing better than the description of Aunt Blin and Bel Bree going to housekeeping, together with a venerable old cat on the auntie's part, and a frisky young canary-bird on Bel's. The scene in which Aunt Blin becomes convinced, in regard to the animal creation, that the millennium is not yet arrived, is well worth reading, and may prove a wholesome warning to all who are too credulously confiding in cat virtues.

In treating of the chances, mischances, fortunes, and misfortunes of "The Other Girls," Mrs. Whitney, of course, strikes directly across the much-mooted "woman question" of our day, and here she takes her stand firmly on the ground that family life and the creation of home and its influences is the first duty and the greatest glory of woman. She has nothing to say, of course, against those women evidently called by exceptional talent and exceptional circumstances out of the common walks of womanhood, but she gives a

strong weight of influence against a general drift of woman-kind in this direction.

She gives the instance of a young girl who, on the strength of her youthful prettiness, and a lesson or two in elocution, chooses to try the life of a platform reader, and shows the dangers that beset such a course: its interference with womanly duties and family ties, and the slightness of the advantages it brings compared with those which are sacrificed. In contrast come ever so many pretty scenes, as, for instance, when Bel Bree and Kate Senserbo go to live as "help" in a charming young family, where there is mutual appreciativeness and mutual care on the part both of employer and employed. No mother and housekeeper can read that charming chapter of "The Other Girls," entitled "Living In," without feeling what a blessing to the world would be such arrangements as are there described.

When some of this young housekeeper's skeptical friends remark that "it's all very lovely, but not to be counted upon or expected generally," the pretty Asenath responds:—

"Bad things have lasted long enough; I don't see why good ones should not last, now they have begun." She adds afterwards, "everything begins with *exceptions*, and happens first in spots. I shouldn't wonder if it were an excellent way to make life as exceptional as you can in all unexceptionable directions."

So when this exceptional young mistress discovers that Bel Bree has a pretty turn for versification, she sends her clever verses to a magazine, and presents to her a publisher's check for fifteen dollars, adding, —

"You see I'm very unselfish, Bel—I'm going to work the very way to lose you. When you can write verses like this I should not expect to keep you in my kitchen."

"Why, I might never do it again in all my life," sensible Bel replied, "and I hope you will keep me." And so Bel remains, a comfort in the family, satisfied to be appreciated and treated as a friend. The writer of this sketch knows from actual experience and observation that

just such cases as this of Bel Bree have actually happened in real life.

We began by comparing Mrs. Whitney to Miss Edgeworth. But Miss Edgeworth, with all her keen, practical sense and high principle, had no spiritual element in her writings, and never alluded to religion as help or motive.

Mrs. Whitney is intensely spiritual. All her sympathies and judgments are baptized with the spirit of Christianity, and we cannot imagine any one reading her works without being made purer and better.

There is a peculiar quality to her religious thinking ; as she says of one of her maiden saints, Miss Euphemia Kirkbright, "She was a Swedenborgian, not after Swedenborg, but by the living gift itself." Mrs. Whitney has perceived that divine arrangement by which all the surroundings and circumstances of our earthly life are capable of being made illustrations of the higher and future life ; how human fatherhood illustrates God's paternity ; human homes, with their love, their peace and rest, image the heavenly home, and the house itself becomes a sacred image of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The thinking religious mind of New England has in many directions received precious helps from the mind of Swedenborg, and whoever has learned to see this spiritual teaching in the events of this present life has gained a key that unlocks many a mystery and opens many a treasury of consolation and hope.

The religious teachings of Mrs. Whitney's books have no cant phraseology, but they show how the spirit of Christ may be brought into actual life. There are in "The Other Girls" suggestions full of practical helpfulness to those who wish to carry on the work that Christ began, of helping the weak, comforting the sorrowful, guiding the perplexed, and shielding the tempted ; and we rejoice to think that such good works as she describes actually abound in our day.

Some of Mrs. Whitney's religious teachings are so well expressed and full of comfort and hope that we cannot better

close our article than by a citation of some of these as we marked them in reading "The Other Girls."

One of her characters who had been recently reduced from affluence to poverty by the sudden death of a father, leaving her in charge of a delicate, helpless mother, says to Miss Kirkbright (one of the saints): "All that comes hard to me is the changing; the not staying of anything anywhere. My life seems all broken and mixed up, Miss Kirkbright. Nothing goes right on as if it belonged." "Lo, it is I, be not afraid," repeats Miss Kirkbright, softly, "when things work against us and change in spite of us we may know it is the Lord working. That is the comfort, the certainty."

"Real work disposes and qualifies a man to believe in a real destiny—a real God. A carpenter can see that nails are never driven for nothing. It is, perhaps, the sham work of our day that shakes forth its purpose and unity.

"The sense of accomplishment is the Sunday feeling. It is the very feeling in which God himself rested, and out of His own joy bade all His sons rest likewise in their turn every time they should end a six-days' toil.

"Prayers and special providences! Are these thrust out of the scheme, because there *is* a scheme, and a steadfastness of administration in God's laws? Is there no use in praying for rain, or the calming of a storm, or a blessing on the medicine we give the sick? When it was all set going was not *prayer provided for*? It was answered a million years ago in the heart of God, who put it into your heart and nature to pray. The more law you have the more all things come under its foresight."

"God let his Christ die—suffer for the whole world. Christ lets those whom he counts worthy suffer—die for their world. The Lamb is forever slain; the sacrifice of the holy is forever making. It is thus that they come at last to

walk in white with Him, because they have washed their robes in His blood — partaken of His sacrifice.”

A daughter suffering the late remorse of love for a mother for whom she did not do enough while living, says: “I want to love and do for her what I did not do here. Can I ever have my chances given me back again?”

Her minister answers, “You *have* them now — go and do something for ‘the least of these’ — that is how we can work for our friends that have been ‘lifted up.’ Do their errands, enter into their work, be a link yourself in the divine chain, and feel the joy and the life of it. The moment you give yourself, you will feel all that — you shall know that you are joined to them. You need not wait to go to heaven; you can be in heaven now.”

This is high teaching — but not too high.

We rejoice that Mrs. Whitney’s works have attained such popularity, and heartily wish them even more readers in the future than in the past.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ANNE WHITNEY.

BY MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Anne Whitney's Girlhood — Schooldays — Testimony of One of Her Teachers — Her Literary Talents — Book of Poems — The Circumstance that turned Her Thoughts to Art — An Interesting Incident — Beginning Her Work in Sculpture — First Attempts — Marvellous Skill — Her Statue of "Godiva" — Attention it attracted — "Africa" — "The Lotus-Eater" — Studies and Travels Abroad — "Roma" — "A Thinking Statue" — Commission from the State of Massachusetts — Statue of Samuel Adams — Miss Whitney's Studio — Devotion to Her Art — Work that will endure.



EARS ago I was permitted free access to the studio of an artist, while he was painting the portrait of a lady of whose grace and beauty I had heard, but whom I had never met. I watched the growth of the picture with great interest; but when, at last, it was completed, and looked forth from the canvas as a living reality, it was to me a vision of impossible loveliness. "It is not a portrait," I said; "it is an almost ideal conception."

One day the lady herself entered the studio. On the instant, the picture seemed to suffer loss. It was as exquisite in color as before, and its fineness suggested the spiritual elevation which characterized the original. But the portrait wore always the same expression, while the radiant woman whom it copied changed with every passing thought. Hers was a many-sided personality, which defied transcription. "No artist can do justice to such a woman in a picture," was now my criticism. "Those who have never seen

her will call your portrait an exaggeration; to her friends it will be a failure."

I have remembered this experience while attempting a brief sketch of the woman artist whose name stands at the head of this page. For it is not possible, in the limited space at command, to make other than an incomplete pen-picture of one who, as woman, friend, poet, and sculptor, has won the highest place in the esteem of all who know her, through her worth and her work. To sketch her as she is revealed to her friends would be considered the partial utterance of uncritical affection. The word painting would be regarded an exaggeration.

To present her faithfully as a poet, gifted with exceptional poetic instinct beyond most writers of modern times — as a sculptor, whose work takes rank with that of artists at home and abroad, who have won world-wide reputation from their skill in evoking life and beauty from the shapeless marble — this calls for an elaboration and detail not compatible with the space allotted. In the imperfect sketch that follows, the materials for which have been gathered from the personal friends of Miss Whitney, and from artists familiar with her work, there is given little more than the outlines of a diligent, earnest, well-rounded life and character. To the imagination of the reader must be left the filling in of details.

Fortunate in her parentage, and in her early training, Anne Whitney passed through childhood and youth into womanhood under most favorable conditions. Never was there any lack in the wise and kind intentions of her parents. From them she has inherited the fine physique which has enabled her, without peril, to overcome the manual difficulties of her art. The simplicity and nobleness of nature which strongly marked the parents are traits in the daughter, as are their individualism, their strength of character, their loftiness of moral tone. She has also inherited an interest in public affairs and in reform, an unconquerable aversion to any and every form of injustice, and a vital belief in human betterment.

As a child she was bright and joyous, overflowing with animal spirits, the object of an encompassing tenderness to brothers and sisters, of whom she was youngest. Never was a child more tenderly loved or more wisely cared for. The best schools and the best teachers were provided her; and to these she bore a receptive spirit and a facile nature.

"Never did she enter the school-room," says one of her teachers, "that my eyes and my heart did not go forth to welcome her. She always brought in with her such a sense of freshness and purity that, instinctively, I thought of the coming in of the morning. Every teacher in the school observed her, and all rejoiced in her. In all that she said or did she manifested character. When she read or recited, it was in the low tone that needs "to rise half a note to catch attention." But the raising of her voice was never necessary, as the hum of the school-room died instantly, in the desire of her mates to enjoy her always intelligent, distinct enunciation, which brought out the full meaning of the text. A gentle gravity, a sweet intelligence of infrequent speech, and a pervasive kindness of manner marked her intercourse with her fellow-students, it being always apparent that she was with, but not of them."

As the girlhood of Anne Whitney merged into womanhood, it was impossible that she should escape the pain and suffering that come to all gifted natures. Death made a sad gap in the family circle, when, for the first time, she felt the

"Dreadful odds 'twixt live and dead,
That make us part as those at Babel did —
Through sudden ignorance of a common tongue."

"For a long time after, everything smelt of the grave," she once said.

A high order of imaginative power was hers, and "the sorrowful great gift, conferred on poets, of a twofold life — as if one were not enough for pain." Keenly alive to the beautiful in all things, she was perplexed by the pettiness and meanness, the wrong and injustice, that so largely enter into

and deform human life. Thrilling to the joyousness of nature, with a soul attuned to its subtlest harmonies, she was smitten with sore pain as she looked out on the conflict and turmoil of life, — with its doing and undoing, its sinning and repenting, its loving and grieving, its incompleteness and unrest. Glowing with divine aspiration to climb “the altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God,” she measured the vast distance that must stretch forever between her highest ideal and her attainment of it.

“Capacity for pain” is not unfrequently “a mark of rank in nature.” It is not possible for one to speak nobly who does not feel profoundly, and nature has so blended suffering with power, that it sometimes has the relation of cause to effect. The outcome of this time of early perplexity and suffering, of profound feeling and thinking, was a book of poems, as original as they are vigorous. Their quality is remarkable. They are mostly expressed in stateliness of rhythm, and there is not a morbid line in them. Largeness of thought and greatness of feeling inspire them, and they palpitate with earnestness, strength, and courage.

The ablest reviewers of the time pronounced them “unexcelled in modern times.” One of the ablest critics of the day, Samuel Johnson, thus sums up his estimate of them : “They descend into the deeper and sadder experiences of life, and deal with the highest problems and mysteries, while they are yet full of cheer and health. They send the repose of absolute truth and spiritual intuition through the aspirations and conflicts of life, and give us its poetry and highest philosophy. The author will have the deepest thanks of many, who will not know how to express the enjoyment and the good they find in them.”

It is evident that the poet has come off conqueror in whatever mental conflict she has struggled; that she has learned the mission of suffering, has attained to that patience which is power, — to that peace which is diviner than happiness. For, as she soars far up into the blue, she sings exultingly : —

"Thou sett'st me above Time's annoy :
 I found delight, and it was pain :
 Thou gavest pain, and it was joy, —
 Token of unaccomplished growth,
 Stern pledge of immortality.
 Through all the earth's perplexed domain,
 Just God ! I would that there should be
 No living thing that should not suffer PAIN."

That our poet has divined the secret of noble living is also manifest, for she writes : —

"All that he has or is, who gives,
 With whom no earth-born wish survives
 To hoard his little grief or bliss,
 God his great debtor surely is,
 And pays infinity. Who meet
 The coming fate half-way, and fling
 Their blessed treasures at her feet,
 Shall feel through all her clamoring,
 Her hard eye quail. *She knows 'twere vain
 To empty what God brims again.*"

Writing while the country was in the throes of the anti-slavery agitation, it was not possible for Miss Whitney to ignore the nation's sin and shame ; for there is reformatory blood in her veins, and her love of justice rendered her hate of slavery peculiarly strong. Such of her poems as touch the national evil read as though the heart's hot blood were coursing through the lines.

Conspicuous for the spirit of beauty which glows within them, are "Five Sonnets relating to Beauty." Two of these are given, not as the best that could be quoted, but because they seem to foreshadow the career of the author in which love of beauty and love of form were to be united, and on which she presently entered : —

"Largess from sevenfold heavens, I pray, descend
 On all who toil for Beauty ! Never feet
 Grow weary that have done her bidding sweet
 About the careless world ! For she is friend

And darling of the universe ; — and day by day,
 She comes and goes, but never dies,
 So precious is she in the eternal eyes.
 Oh, dost thou scorn her, seeing what fine way
 She doth avenge ? For heaven, because of her,
 Shall one day find thee fitter. How old hours
 Of star-rapt night about thy heart had curled,
 And thou hadst felt the morning's golden stir,
 And the appealing loveliness of flowers, —
 Yea, all the saving beauty of the world."

"And for that thou art Beauty, and thy name
 Transcends all praise of thee, and doth but leave
 Thyself for thy true rendering, I grieve
 O'er idle words. Oh, never dost thou blame,
 But seekest to inspire me all the same,
 With thine immortal freshness ! Through the night
 The moon comes large and slow, winging with light
 The joyous sea ; while sunset's last red flame,
 Baring the heavens for glories to succeed,
 Goes softly out, with endless farewell gleams,
 Ebbing along the yellow marge of day ;
 Glides slow, with backward gaze ; sadly, indeed,
 And slow, as from the heart which new love claims,
 An older memory doth steal away."

Miss Whitney's book of poems was so warmly welcomed that it was hoped she would devote her life to poetry ; and it seemed certain, at one time, that she would choose literature as the field for the exercise of her talents. A seemingly slight circumstance gave a different bent to her genius. She had been modelling for some time, for her own pleasure, and with no definite purpose, sometimes using snow, sometimes wet sand, clay, or any other convenient plastic material. One day, having overturned a pot of sand in the green-house, which, from its dampness, readily took impressions, she began to model it, keeping at the work for hours, and returning to it next day with zest, till she had wrought out her idea. Her thought had taken visible form ; and it gave her such satisfaction that she then and there decided to make sculpt-

ure the pursuit of her life, and began to work immediately and in earnest. For a long time she modelled in a studio in the garden of her country home, for the mere pleasure of the work, not caring for a wider theatre of effort.

The change from poetry to sculpture is very great. To the largest success in either art the very highest power of imagination is necessary. There can be no power in art without it, — no grand work. But poetry is a vague, indefinite, fluent mode of expressing ideas; while sculpture compels a close defining of them, that they may be given expression within certain fixed limits. This change in her methods of expression wrought a corresponding change in Anne Whitney; and those who watched her progress saw that her conceptions, embodied no longer in verse, but in plaster and marble, took on diviner grace and beauty, with intenser strength and power.

If we accept the latest scientific teaching, we must believe that great power in art manifestation can only come from a high level of art attainment in the community. But facts, brought from near and remote times, do not seem to sustain this inference. Not to go back to other lands and distant centuries in search of greater names, it is enough to recall the fact that our two most eminent painters, Allston and Stuart, sprang from the unlikely soil of puritan New England. The art idea had not then dawned as an inspiration on the minds of the few, or been taken up as a superficial catchword on the lips of the many. When Anne Whitney first began to dream of the possibility of embodying in form the thoughts that, heretofore, she had expressed in verse, there were not more than a dozen persons in New England who were known as working in the same direction. There were no teachers; there was no interest in sculpture as having anything to do with to-day, except in the way of parlor-mantel ornamentation, or plaster reproductions of the antique, — no intelligent sympathy anywhere. Criticism was poor, — always *from* the point, — as is much of what is called criticism to-day, and praise was poorer.

On such times she fell. She pursued her way, guided by what is called genius; and certainly one cannot but perceive in her that instinctive feeling of the requirements of art that guided her in its pursuit. She did not felicitate herself on this state of things. She has always felt as if her birthright had been squandered; that she might have been saved the severe drill to which she subjected herself, by the experience of others, and that the long results of time should have been poured into her lap. To be sure, drill will not make an artist, however courtesy may dispense titles, any more than the study of prosody will make a poet. Seeing and feeling are indispensable to any real knowing, and all other knowledge is only chaff. On the other hand, whoever has the "vision" knows better than any other how the "faculty" is strengthened and enlarged by early habit and training, and that the present is better and richer for all of the past that can be poured into it. At one period Anne Whitney thought she had found a teacher, but this proved an illusion. Her native force saved her in this emergency.

As to the motives that ruled her, she once said, in a letter to a friend: "I hold that art, at its best, is only an expression of the life of the people, — in infinite adaptation, — and that its scope is correspondingly broad and varied. I hate the pedantry of prescriptions. Whoever prescribes limits to this expression, and labels his article, "Art for art's sake only," — or, "Beauty is the sole end of art," — or, "No art without a moral purpose," — I hold to be a weak brother, deserving commiseration."

Anne Whitney began her work in sculpture by making portrait busts of her father and mother and friends, which were full of life and spirit, working in a studio in the garden of her home. These proved that she had not mistaken her vocation. She then attempted her first ideal work, modelling and putting into marble her beautiful conception of "Lady Godiva," which occupied her a year. The moment of the legend, of which this statue is the graceful embodiment, was most happily chosen. As Tennyson gives us the tale, in his

matchless poem, "Godiva, wife to that grim Earl," who overtaxed his people till they starved, entreated him to remit the tax. To his scornful reply that she "would not let her little finger ache for such as they," she made the woman's answer, "But I would die! Prove me what it is I would not do!" "Ride you naked through the town, and I repeal the tax!" was his rough answer.

Moved by pity she accepted the hard condition. The artist has seized the moment when divine compassion has triumphed over a protracted conflict of passion and feeling. The heroic spirit which dares so much to redeem an overburdened people looks out from the marble upturned face, seeking resolution from the skies, and the graceful woman's figure seems to dilate with the lofty purpose which sways her soul. One hand has unclasped the "wedded eagles" of her girdle, the other sweeps off the half-fallen mantle. The beautiful feminine figure is instinct with a grand impulse; and one feels the tenderness and modesty, as well as the strength and will, that almost breathe from the marble.

The "Godiva" was exhibited in the old art-gallery of Messrs. Childs & Jenks, Boston. A few months later, Miss Whitney added to her growing fame by placing at its side her "Africa," — a colossal statue of another type, the expression of a grander and broader thought. Her deep interest in the slaves of the South, her ability to forecast the inevitable sequence of the heroic events that hastened, one on the heels of the other, — for it was during the war, — uplifted her to the summit of prophecy, and she saw in the near future the deliverance of a race from inbruting bondage, and, later, the illumination of the dark continent from which it sprang. This grand and mighty conception she sought to embody in form. If the attempt savored of audacity, undertaken at that early stage of Miss Whitney's art career, she was justified, not only by the blood of the reformer that thrilled in her veins, but by her remarkable success.

The symbolization is that of a colossal Ethiopian woman, in a half recumbent position. The immense proportions of

the statue express the teeming luxuriance of the tropics in which she had her birth. She has been sleeping for ages in the glowing sands of the desert, out of which she is lifting herself. The measured tramp of armies, marching for her deliverance, the thunder of artillery, the shock and roar of battle, have awakened her. Half rising, with sleep yet heavy on her eyelids, she supports herself on the left hand and arm, while she listens with fear and wonder to the sound of broken chains and shackles falling around her. The glory of a new day shines full upon her, and with her right hand she shades her eyes from the painful light. Doubt, fear, wonder, hope, pain, are all marvellously blended in the half-awakened face.

The base of the statue bore the inscription, "And Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands to God." It was a masterly design, wrought out in a most triumphant manner. It imitated no model, followed no tradition, copied no antique, but was a fresh, original masterpiece of genius, contributed to the art and history of the time.

Its reception by the public was most gratifying. Not only in Boston, but in New York, where it was exhibited with the "Godiva," it attracted attention to the artist, who was declared "not merely high among female artists, but high in art itself, that knows no sex." The African race was then the subject of absorbing interest. All the air was astir with nobler interpretations of liberty than had been dreamed of before, and on all lips thrilled the inquiry, "What is to be the future of this newly-freed people?" The throngs that visited the gigantic "Africa" stood dumb before her. So legible and well-expressed was the sentiment of the artist, that even the uninstructed in art throbbed in sympathy with it. It received much intelligent and some extravagant praise, as did the "Godiva," and also much criticism, which its author welcomed. For no one can criticise her work more severely than herself, her ideal being very high, and her character unblemished by weak egotism.

It is to be regretted that Miss Whitney has had no opportunity to put this statue into enduring bronze. Not only the

nobleness of the conception, but the fact that it was inspired by one of the grandest incidents of American history, should confer on it the immortality of bronze or marble. To future generations it would take high rank as a historic statue, keeping green the memory of the time when, on the top wave of a nation's righteous wrath with slavery, four million of slaves were lifted to the level of freemen.

Miss Whitney's next work was a translation into form of the old fable of the ancients, which Tennyson has reproduced in his poem, "The Lotus-Eater." This was, in some respects, a more ambitious work than any of its predecessors. For it was an undraped figure, and there were difficulties to be overcome that she had not met in her other works. Her successful treatment of them indicated a yet farther advance in her art. She represented the "Lotus-Eater" as a youth in the early flush of manhood. He has eaten of the seductive fruit "whereof who tastes forgets his native country," and loses all desire to return to it, but ever after gives himself to pleasure-seeking. With half-shut eyes that "seem falling asleep in a half dream," muscles relaxed in purposeless idleness, senses steeped in delicious languor, he leans against the trunk of a palm-tree, the head, splendidly set on the shoulders, being supported by the upraised right arm.

And now came the time so long anticipated, so dear to the artist, when, accompanied by her inseparable friend, herself a worker in another domain of art, whose tastes are akin to her own, and whose life is united with hers in a beautiful friendship, Miss Whitney went abroad. Here she spent five years, chiefly in Rome, but pursuing her work also in Florence, Munich, and Paris, studying, drawing and modelling, as she had opportunity. "The study of ancient sculpture," she says, "was my greatest help." With drawing in the galleries, and practice and study from life in her studio, the time went on. She secluded herself from general society, never going into large companies, as is her habit, for the most part, at home. When expostulated with because of this seclusion, and assured that it would be injurious to her health, and her

popularity as well, she answered, "You must consider my limitations. I really have the power to do but one of two things. Choose."

What benefit was to be derived from the criticism of artists and friends, she eagerly availed herself of, — especially of the clear intelligence, and native and instructed feeling for art, of the friend who accompanied her. She sought after a better and completer *technique*, that she might more adequately express her ideal, not differing in this respect from other artists. But while all artists believe that art is only a mode of expression, Miss Whitney bore with her to Europe, along with the ideals of half a lifetime, a keen sensitiveness to *real things*, as distinguished from the superficial motives that present themselves in what may be new or picturesque. She enjoyed and appreciated the studies of her brother-artists in Italy. But however great her admiration of their flights into the realms of fancy, — their translation of Greek myths, and representation of marble modern gods, — her own bent was always grave; and if her work was not representative of something in the depths of her own being, she had little satisfaction in it.

While abroad she made many sketches, and modelled several fine statues. One of these was a male figure, the "Chaldean Astronomer," standing reverently in the midnight, intently studying the silent stars, and measuring "celestial spaces" with parted fingers. She moulded a charming group of three baby-figures, rounded and dimpled, perfectly indicative of the infantile innocence and unconsciousness which she sought to copy. They were exquisite in their sweetness of expression and truthfulness to nature.

Miss Whitney's strong feeling against slavery once more uttered itself in a work of art. The subject of her next sketch was one of the most remarkable men of the last generation, — the great St. Domingo chief, statesman, and governor, Toussaint L'Ouverture, — an unmingled negro, born a slave, with no drop of white blood in his veins. He was the hero of Harriet Martineau's thrilling book, "The Hour

and the Man." Wendell Phillips made him the subject of a superb lecture, delivered hundreds of times during the anti-slavery struggle of our country, in the leading towns and cities of the North.

Gathering the materials for Toussaint's biography from the lips of his enemies, he graphically recounted the royal career of the man, from day to day, when, in 1791, St. Domingo was convulsed by a war of races, and a war of nations, — "the white race against the mulatto and black, the black against both; the Frenchman against the English and Spaniard, the Spaniard against both." Step by step he led his audiences down the years in which Toussaint, a Metternich and a Washington united, calmed the insurrection, created an invincible army out of negroes demoralized by two centuries of slavery, hurled them like a thunderbolt against both Frenchmen and Spaniards, conquering both, "sent the English skulking home to Jamaica," and restored to the negro the liberty God gave him.

Then with "peace restored to every household on the island, the valleys laughing with fertility, culture climbing the mountains, the commerce of the world anchoring in its harbors," order reigning unbroken through all its highways and by-ways, Toussaint made the only mistake of his life. He disbanded his army, and, loyal to the French government, he trusted in the perfidious first Napoleon, and yielded to him the government of St. Domingo. Ordered to Paris, the self-made Emperor flung him into jail, and then honored still further the confidence of the black hero, by incarcerating him in a stone dungeon of a castle in Switzerland, and leaving him — "a sunny child of the tropics" — to die of cold and starvation.

"Fifty years hence," says Wendell Phillips, in the sublime peroration of his marvellous lecture, "when truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, and Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown as the ripe fruit

of our noonday, and then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr — Toussaint L'Ouverture."

It was this noble Haytien, whom the world would proudly remember in immortal marble but for his unpardonable crime of wearing a black skin over his white soul, that Anne Whitney chose for her next sketch. Could she have selected a worthier subject? The event of his life which she has embodied in her representation, is his imprisonment by Napoleon. He sits alone in his stony dungeon, nude, save for a rude covering about the waist. With tropical blood in his veins, there is ice on his floor in winter, and water in summer. He writes to his Emperor: "Sire, I am a French citizen. I never broke a law. By the grace of God, I saved for you the best island of your realm. Sire, of your mercy, grant me justice!" No answer is returned. He is scorned, betrayed, ignored, doomed — he must die. Above the lust of gold, pure in private life, generous in the use of power, always obedient to law, he is yet to die, ignominiously, starved, like a rat in his hole. He comprehends it all.

But not a line of his face betrays weakness or fear, — not a shade of bitterness or hate darkens it. Instead of this, it is noble in its expression of endurance and heroism. Intensely serious and sad, he leans forward, looking you straight in the face, while his right hand indicates the inscription he has traced on the floor, "*Dieu se charge!*" Forsaken by all, justice denied him, and a dishonored grave awaiting him, he is yet brave and strong; for a just God is in the heavens. With Him he rests his case. The lines of the figure are admirable; and, while the face and form are full of force and character, there is great simplicity in Miss Whitney's treatment of the subject. The technique of the sketch is so completely subordinated to the grand idea, that one forgets to observe the methods by which it has been wrought, and looks beyond to the hero whom it commemorates, with a heart full of sympathy for his hard fate, and eyes dim with tears, for his unrecognized greatness.

It was while she was in Rome that Miss Whitney conceived the idea of a statue that must rank with the best sculpture of modern times, and which took such hold of her imagination that she wrought it out in a wonderfully forcible and impressive manner. Her "Roma," like her "Africa," is grand in conception. It has been fitly called a "thinking statue." Only an artist of the highest power could have designed it. It is the Rome of Pio Nono's time that is represented, —

"Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe."

Miss Whitney has personified Rome as a Roman beggar, whose aged and wrinkled face shows traces of early, majestic beauty. She sits on a broken Corinthian capital, with her head thrown forward in a profound revery. She is looking back mournfully into the past, and memories of her glorious history defile before her. Her robes flow about her in simple, classic folds, her gown revealing something of its former magnificence; for it is bordered with medallions of her antique sculptures, the precious art treasures of the world, which it is an art education to see and to study. She who wears it was once the mistress of the world, although now its fringes are rent, its hem is tattered, its glory and beauty are tarnished.

Her left hand, resting loosely at her side, barely holds the badge which the beggars of that day were compelled to wear, — a medal, on which is stamped, "*Questvante in Roma*," — licensed to beg in Rome, — with the number of the license on it. Her right hand lies listlessly in her lap, and from her nerveless fingers the coins, grudgingly given her, drop unheeded; for her thoughts are far away, and she recks not now of gifts or givers. "But for the awful fame of Michael Angelo," writes an art critic, "one would almost dare to match her face with that of the Cumæan sybil, it is so lined and scarred with traces of her marvellous experience of joy and sorrow."

Of what is she thinking? Of the glory of her past, when all the world paid tribute to her, and she was the leader of its highest civilization? Of the provinces she conquered,

which enriched her with their art, and skill, and learning, and fresh, untainted blood? Of the roads she built, and the bridges with which she spanned the rivers, over which marched the Roman legions to conquest? Of the legal code she formulated, which has been the basis of the world's jurisprudence from that day to the present? Of the advent of a new, simple, pure religion, when Christianity opened to her the possibilities of a glorious future, until its priests prostituted it to the basest purposes, and it became the ally of ignorance, the nurse of superstition, and the strong arm of tyranny and injustice? Possibly. For at her left side, there is half concealed the triple papal mitre, symbolic of the cause of her pauperism, ignorance, and woe.

It is impossible to fitly describe this statue, so as to give an idea of the impression it makes on the beholder, or the vastness of its meaning, the more thoroughly it is studied. It is not strange that it caused a great sensation in Rome, where its meaning was fully understood. To the Italians, it dilated with significance, which angered or thrilled them, according as they were the friends of the church and the government, — or aspired to that better day, which has since dawned, when Rome should be free from the temporal rule of the pope, and dismembered Italy be unified, under a free, wise, strong, liberal government. Its power was so deeply felt in Rome, as showing the world's enthralling city in all the woe of her decadence, that it was thought necessary for its safety to send it to Florence, where it was welcomed to the house of the American Minister, and kept till it was sent to America. Although this remarkable work has been put into marble, it should be duplicated in bronze, when it would be enduring, and, like Miss Whitney's "Africa," would take rank with the historic statues of the world, telling the story of the past more forcibly than can the printed page.

Returning home with a completer technical skill, with enlarged conceptions of art, and the inspiration born of years of contact and communion with the great masterpieces of the world, Miss Whitney resumed her diligent work in the

studio, and continued to design and to model. She executed several commissions for portrait busts, which gave entire satisfaction to the large constituencies interested, and evoked almost unqualified praise from art critics. One was a bust, in marble, of President Stearns, made for Amherst College. Another, a bust in bronze of President Walker of Harvard College, was designed for the cloisters at Memorial Hall. She has since duplicated it in marble for the church of which President Walker was formerly the minister. Both are remarkable for their strong grasp of character, for the impressive dignity of the expression, and for their admirable likeness, which is acknowledged by all familiar with Dr. Walker's face.

A bust in marble of William Lloyd Garrison is an excellent characterization of this eminent man, who was so widely known, and who has so recently left us, that his face and figure are fresh in all memories. The easy pose of the head, the kindliness of the wise smile, and the benignity and nobleness of the face are finely wrought out in an almost perfect representation. Miss Whitney also made a marble head of Keats, which is exquisite in beauty and grace. It is modelled from an authentic cast, from accurate portraits, from a knowledge of the man derived from a study of his poems, and from first sources. It gives one the satisfaction of a perfect work, and the more thoroughly it is studied, the keener is one's delight in it. It is alive with intellect, sensibility and grace, and appeals eloquently to the heart by its tender delicacy, which suggests the broken life of the poet, who mourned that his "name was writ in water."

But of all Miss Whitney's heads in marble, that of her inseparable friend and home companion is most charming. It is the head of a beautiful woman, as simple and unaffected as a flower, with no artificial posing, no straining after effect, no hint of self-consciousness. No lovelier portrait of young womanhood could be made, nor one more suggestive of the finest feminine qualities.

It became necessary for Miss Whitney to make a second visit to Europe. She received from the state of Massachu-

setts a commission to make a statue, in marble, of Samuel Adams, the Revolutionary patriot, to be placed in the national gallery of the Capitol, in Washington. The committee desired that the work should be done in Italy.

Samuel Adams was a leader of the Revolution, — an orator, whose fiery speech kindled the latent patriotism of the colonists to flame, — a man of unflinching courage, who never quailed before a menace, or in the presence of a danger, — a man of prompt, decisive action, — a lover of freedom, a hater of tyranny; modest, self-sacrificing, to whom country was everything and all else secondary. Miss Whitney has been singularly successful in her conception of the early patriot, treating the subject with severe simplicity. Following the plain citizen's dress of the time, she has subdued it to grace and dignity. You see in her Adams a man of character, erect and strong, with a noble bearing and a fine good face, — both face and figure instinct with energy, power, and thought.

He stands in perfect repose, with one leg slightly advanced. His arms are folded; his head elevated; there is fiery earnestness in his manner. He demands of Governor Hutchinson the immediate withdrawal of the British troops, which have been stationed in the town of Boston for the last eighteen months, a steady menace to its peace. His authority is the vote of the town-meeting, which he holds, and which is couched in indignant and peremptory language. Defiant, he awaits the answer of the quailing official.

It is told of Michael Angelo, that, gazing long in admiration at the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, at the Roman Capitol, he exclaimed at last, "*Cammina!*" — "Step on!" A lesser critic of our day, standing long in admiration before Miss Whitney's statue of Adams, said, "He will obtain his demand presently; then he will step down and walk away!" This almost breathing statue, full of resolve and fire, has been reproduced in bronze, and stands in Dock Square, Boston, where it receives the silent greeting of the mighty throngs that daily pass it, on the way from the railway stations in the northern part of the city.

It was proposed to erect in Boston a statue to Charles Sumner, and designs for a sitting statue were solicited by a committee of gentlemen, of whom, contrary to European custom, not one was an artist. Neither was there a woman on the committee, although many American women, through their genius and culture, and by their years of art study abroad in the studios of the masters, and in the great galleries, are better fitted to serve on art committees than are some of the men elected to them, who are necessarily absorbed in business and politics.

Miss Whitney made a model for a sitting statue of Sumner, which she sent to the competitive exhibition. It was the only competition of her art career. The model was itself a work of uncommon excellence, and suggested a statue of higher merit than Americans are accustomed to see in their public places. Mr. Sumner is represented seated, and the blazon of the arms of the United States on the back of the chair indicates the locality as the Senate Chamber.

The costume is such as Mr. Sumner was accustomed to wear; but the genius of the artist has subordinated the ungraceful garments of the day to the refined, scholarly, strong man who wears them, and the figure is clothed with dignity. The character of the great statesman permeates and glorifies the whole, the serene thoughtfulness of the face being recognized as the habitual expression of the man, who had seen the great cause with which he was identified carried to a grand success. Around the pedestal, in high relief, is a procession of figures symbolizing the emancipation of the American slaves, classical in beauty, and typical of the great work of Sumner's life. This model was exhibited to the public, not only in Boston, but in New York, at the Union League Club, from whose doors a colored regiment had marched to the war. George William Curtis, whose opinion, both as a man of artistic taste and culture and as a warm personal friend of Sumner, is worthy of consideration, said of it in "Harper's Weekly": —

"In the sketch Mr. Sumner is represented sitting, and the expression of his face and person is perfectly reproduced in

a free, graceful, and forcible manner, so that to all who knew him personally, and to those who knew him only as a public man, identified with a great cause, it is an admirable and most satisfactory work."

Nevertheless, Miss Whitney, to the great disappointment of all competent art judges, did not receive the award of the committee. But as there is but one statue of Charles Sumner in existence, and that not satisfactory, nor famed for excellence, others are sure to be made. And the day is quite certain to come when her statue, with increased beauty and strength, will adorn some one of the public places of the land, perpetuating his great memory, who "lent to the dumb his voice," who gave to their darkness his light, and exchanged his ease and restfulness for their life-long pain.

Miss Whitney spent a year in France during her second journey abroad, familiarizing herself with the superior skill of the French artists, and their wonderful knowledge of the human figure. She passed two months in a peasant village, some twenty or thirty miles from Paris, modelling and studying. Here she made three heads — one, the head of a beautiful girl, full of wild, free beauty, untrained and undeveloped. Another was the head of a peasant child, a frolicsome, roguish little elf, with merriment lurking in every feature of her face. The third was the head of an old woman, coiffed with the *marmotte*, the ancient head-dress of the peasant woman. The old woman was a model sent Miss Whitney on application. But she came with the damaged reputation of falling asleep the moment she seated herself in the studio, and consequently of being worthless as a model. Finding it impossible to keep her awake, a sudden impulse seized Miss Whitney to model her asleep, which she proceeded to do, carrying her effort to a triumphant conclusion in a work of realistic art.

This "delightfully ugly head," as some one calls it, abounds in character. The French artists were delighted with the quick wit of their transatlantic contemporary, who had seized on a peculiarity which had thrown them into despair, and so

treated it as to make it illustrative of her versatile power. These three differing heads received the high commendation of French artists. When Miss Whitney applied to them for instruction, wishing to work with one of them in the studio, he replied: "Why do you want to study with French artists? You have nothing to learn from them."

Miss Whitney has put the head of the sleeping peasant woman into bronze, so that perpetuity will be given to this excellent work of realistic art. "If that peasant's head had been dug up somewhere in Italy," says an artist friend, "it would be regarded as an undoubted antique, it has such direct truth to nature, such perfect simplicity, and is so free from the affectation of modern sculpture." Whatever the idea of the artist, this bronze head fitly symbolizes France, — broken by revolutions, worn out by war, overcome by domestic violence, degraded by submission to a despotism under the name of a republic — desiring only rest.

The latest great work of art which has occupied Miss Whitney is a sitting statue of Harriet Martineau, a grand English-woman of the last generation, whose long life of seventy-four years was one of untiring industry, and of immense accomplishment. To all lovers of freedom, to all advocates of justice, to all who believe in human progress, to all women with a high ideal of womanhood, who rebel against the infringement of their rights, and demand for women large opportunity and complete justice, the memory of Harriet Martineau is unspeakably dear. There are hundreds of women, both in the old world and the new, many of them in the afternoon of life, whose pulses beat at the mention of her name.

The statue of Miss Martineau represents her in her prime, sitting in a garden chair, on her terrace, as she was accustomed, when in thought or study. A manuscript lies in her lap, which she has been reading, and the beautiful hands are folded over it. A shawl has dropped from her shoulders, and partially drapes the figure. The hair falls softly about the broad forehead, and is gathered in a simple coil low in

the neck. A lace head-dress, habitual to her in life, falls gracefully on either side the head, and softens the features. The head is lifted, and the eyes look out into space with a far-reaching gaze, as if she were in deep thought, and felt a reverential sense of something above her apprehension, — something above and beyond her. The attitude, the expression, the pose of the noble head, the face, instinct with grand thoughts, the dignified repose of the figure, with a certain sense of reserved power in the *tout ensemble* of the statue, all grow upon you the longer it is studied. It is now being reproduced in marble, symbolic of the purity of her whom it will commemorate.

From the highest story of her home on the western slope of Beacon Hill, Anne Whitney's studio commands a picturesque landward view of her chosen city, — chosen, notwithstanding its perhaps undeserved reputation among sculptors, of being unfriendly to their career. Few views of Boston are more enchanting than this, whether it be seen by moon or morning light. But, when beyond the Common and the Public Garden, the towers and spires relieved above the wide horizon line, "the perfect day shuts softly in," the view is unequalled. Here passes her diligent and devoted life, and here are clustered many of her loveliest sketches; for her studio is peopled with "the beings of her mind."

A model of Garrison, soon to be put in bronze, sitting easily in his chair, confronts you. He leans forward slightly, one hand upon his knee, the kindly eyes, the parted lips, and earnest face testifying to his interest in the question he is discussing with a friendly guest.

Turn a little to one side, for another sketch invites your attention, — that of an equestrian statue. You recognize immediately the thoughtful face of the noble young officer, sitting his horse firmly, to whom an important command has been entrusted. Farewell, brave, unsullied young hero! you are riding away to death on the battlefield. To-night you will lie cold and still among the brave dead of your command;

to-morrow History will write your name in letters of living light, — for you die that a race may live !

Across the room stands out a sketch of a different order. It palpitates with life, as its *vis-à-vis* is shaded with coming death. It is a model of Lief, the young Norseman, the daring son of Eric, who, nearly nine centuries ago, discovered America, and knew it not. Sailing from his native Norway, skirting Iceland and Greenland, and coasting southward from Labrador, he sailed into Massachusetts Bay, and discovered the New World, which he called "Vinland." Clad in his corslet, he has landed, and, raising himself to his full height, gazes far out before him with eager expectancy. On his face is wonder and a look of inquiry. He shades his eyes, for the morning sun blinds him ; the morning air plays with his clustering locks ; it is the morning of his young life, and he is full of hope ; there is morning in his soul, for he has discovered a world. How grandly would his eager, expectant figure stand out against the blue, cut in colossal marble, and surmounting a lofty column.

These, and other sketches, for mere mention of which space is lacking, hold their places in her studio. Here also are reminiscences of foreign travel, in bits of sculpture, antique casts, photographs of Rome, and gems of the great art collections. Here, until death stills the busy brain, and robs the hand of its cunning, will Anne Whitney continue her career ; for her art is her life, and she is wedded to it in a marriage that will never know divorce. Here will she continue to embody her beautiful conceptions, which, sometimes faulty in detail, and sometimes in graces of finish,—sometimes daring to audacity, and sometimes, as she herself declares, needing severe critical judgment,—are yet moulded by feeling under the lead of thought, manifesting that high ideal quality which marks the artist as distinguished from the artisan.

CHAPTER XXX.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

BY KATE SANBORN.

An After-dinner Speech — An Amusing Incident — A Southern Clergyman's Opinion — Miss Willard's Ancestry — Memories of Childhood's Days — Scenes from the Past — Amusing Extract from Her Diary — Her Keen Sense of Humor — Climbing the Pyramids — "Genteel" Gymnastics — "Paul Tucker, of New York, Aged 18½" — Miss Willard's Life-work — Delivering Her First Lecture — A Genuine Sensation — Enlisting in the Temperance Work — Liberality and Sense of Justice — Religious Nature — Specimen of Her Oratory — Marvellous Command of Language — Experiences in the South — A Southern Welcome — How She is Appreciated at Home — Universally Loved, Honored, and Respected.



WE live so fast nowadays that it is becoming the custom to publish biographies of our notables while they are yet with us. Emerson, Whittier, and Lowell have all been served up by eager admirers. If you are at all distinguished in any direction — from politics to pugilism, literature or leather; if you've made an effort to perch on the North Pole or cross the Atlantic in a row-boat; if you do nothing in particular, but live on to an unconscionable period, you may be sure that in many a snug pigeon-hole several paragraphs are filed away which will tell the public at the earliest moment after your demise every important event in your career from cradle to grave.

If Queen Victoria hurts her knee, or Bismarck has an unusual twinge of sciatica, or President Arthur labors under a spring siege with catarrh, or a stray shot through a carriage long after a prominent statesman has left it, gives rise to a report of "attempted assassination," then the elaborate obituary notices are taken out, revised, and brought down to latest date.

I used to marvel at the celerity and exactness of these mortuary tributes; now they strike me as very much like that famous impromptu of Sheridan's, which startled England by its brilliancy, but which was found in a desk after his death, written in many forms, labored over, touched and retouched, polished until it shone a perfect gem.

Harriet Martineau, always prudent and provident, wrote her own obituary for the London "daily" with which she had corresponded for years, — a very good idea. I only hope Miss Willard may not have a suppressed wish to write mine after reading the closing pages of this book, for I have promised to "do" that noble woman, and as the various sketches are to be arranged alphabetically, I am sure W is the last letter that can boast of being the initial letter of any famous American name. It was Gail Hamilton, I think, who said with wit and truth that there was a strong tendency among American women to sit down on the curbstone and write each others lives. I feel the awkwardness of the situation, and would like to run away, as I once did after listening to the heroine of my story. May I tell you about it?

It was two years ago, at the anniversary dinner of "Sosis," in New York, and I had half promised the persuasive president (Jennie June), that I would say "something." The possibility of being called up for an after-dinner speech! Something brief, terse, sparkling, original, satisfactory — oh, you know the agony! I had nothing in particular to say; wanted to be quiet and enjoy the treat. But between each course, from oysters to black coffee, I tried hard, while apparently listening to my neighbor, to think up something "neat and appropriate." To those who have not the gift of ready, graceful, off-hand utterance before a crowd, this coming martyrdom, which increases in horror as you advance with deceptive gayety from roast to game, and game to ices, is really one of the severest trials of social life. Miss Willard happened to be one of the honored guests that day, and was called on first. I had previously indulged in an ignorant and extremely foolish horror of those crusading temperance fanatics.



FRANCES E. WILLARD.



When Miss Willard rose and began to speak I felt instantly that *she* had something to say; something that she felt it was important we should hear, and how beautifully, how impressively, how simply it was said! not a thought of self, not one instant's hesitation for a thought or word. Every eye was drawn to her earnest face; every heart was touched. As she sat down I rose, leaving the room rather rapidly, and when my name was called, and my little speech was expected, I was walking up Fifth Avenue, thinking about her and her grand work. The whole thing was a revelation to me. I had never met such a woman. No affectation, nor pedantry, nor mannishness to mar the effect. Of course it was the humiliating contrast between her soul-stirring words and my miserable little society effort, that drove me from the place, but all petty egotism vanished before the wish to be of real use to others with which her earnestness had inspired me. This is the effect she produces, this the influence she exerts.

Do you remember one of the poems in the second volume of "Hymns of the Ages," beginning, —

"Late to our town there came a maid,
A noble woman, true and pure,
Who, in the little while she stayed,
Wrought works that shall endure."

The last lines of this verse express the blessed results of her daily efforts.

A clergyman who came in late on the occasion of her lecture in Charleston, said: "I expected to find a cropped-haired, masculine-looking individual, with hands in pocket and voice keyed up to high C, and could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw a graceful, beautiful woman, simply and yet tastefully dressed, standing modestly in front of the pulpit, and in soft, sweet tones, pleading for those who could not plead for themselves. I had not listened two minutes before I surrendered, and I could now no more doubt her call to the work she is engaged in than I could question my own call to the ministry."

If you ask why Miss Willard took up the work to which she is devoting her life, I should answer as I firmly believe, she was called of God. Let me run over rapidly the principal events of her life, that most of the space allotted be given to her own words. Blood tells, and you will always find that a strong man or woman has good "stock" to draw from. It would take too long to name all the famous ancestry, for the line goes back to the Conquest; and I agree with Charles Lamb, who thought that dwelling with too much pride on one's genealogy made one too much like a potato — all that was best of you under the ground. Suffice it to state that one of the Willards was president of Harvard College, and another figured as vice-president; still another was pastor of the veritable "Old South," another was the architect of Bunker Hill Monument, another helped to found Concord, Mass. That is a record to satisfy the bluest blood of Boston!

Frances was born in Churchville, New York, but her parents removed to Oberlin, Ohio, when she was but three years of age. They had both been teachers and were now anxious to pursue their studies further. The father was soon a leader at the West in politics, agriculture, education, and finance; the mother, God bless her! a woman far in advance of her age, and determined to give her daughters every possible advantage. "She held that nature's standard ought to be restored; and that woman's influence and enfranchisement are the fountains of healing for the majority of ills in civil service. Her ideal was that if our disabilities were removed it would bring about the *summum bonum* of human desire and aspiration, and argued that the going forth of the two halves of humanity would help solve the problem that so puzzles the thinking part of the world, viz.: "Why are the balance of soul-forces so hopelessly out of plumb?"

With her only brother Oliver, and her darling sister Mary, Frances now spent thirteen years on a large farm near Janesville, Wisconsin. Oh, the good times they had! the merry romps and ingenious games and imitations of mature life; and

who can doubt that this constant communion with nature had its effect?

The little folks got up an infinite variety of amusements. They organized a board of public works, laid out towns and villages, dabbled with clay in their "Art Club," and you may be sure that literature was not forgotten. Frances not only edited a newspaper, but wrote a long novel, poured forth her soul in rhyme and kept a journal. She read what books she could find, but the library was extremely limited, and an occasional newspaper brought home in the father's pocket was a rare treat. What a pretty word-picture she gives of the home:—

"You ask for my memories of those young years. Were I a poet I might sing of them so that vistas in the woods, the murmur of streams, the odor of moss and violets, and the taste of nuts and berries should come to your imagination as you heard me. O Nature! glorious mirror of Divinity! What constant students were we of thy myriad forms and mysteries all through those years of childhood!

"As I write, separated by hundreds of miles from the dear old home, past scenes rise before me, sounds once familiar are in my ears. Away in the pasture the cow-bell's mellow tinkle is heard, bringing suggestions of cool and shady places, of odors moist and sweet. The drowsy, dreamy feeling comes again, the same which the music of the bells brought with it long ago. Again the wind is making that endless, breathing sound among the tree-tops; again the liquid notes of the blackbirds join in chorus, in the poplar grove down by the river; again the complaint of the mourning dove, sweetest and saddest of songs, comes from the lonely depths of the woods. And so the spell is upon me, and I will picture a few scenes from the past.

"A queer old cottage with rambling roof, gables, dormer-windows, and little porches, crannies, and out-of-the-way nooks scattered here and there, was our home. The bluffs, so characteristic of Wisconsin, rose about it on the right and left. The beautiful Rock River flowed at the west side; to

the east a prairie stretched away to meet the horizon, yellow with grain in summer, fleecy with snow in the winter of the year. Groves of oak and hickory are on either hand; a miniature forest of evergreens almost conceals the cottage from the view of passers-by; a vine — the Virginia creeper — twines at will around the pillars of the piazza and over the parlor windows, while its rival, the Michigan rose, clambers over trellis and balustrade to the roof. The air is laden with the perfume of flowers. Through the thick and luxuriant growth of shrubby paths stray off aimlessly, tempting the feet of the curious down their mysterious aisles.”

Bits from her diary at sixteen show how perfectly natural and girlish she was at an age when young ladies are now fitted for college: —

“Caught a blue-jay in my trap out in the hazel thicket. I knew that he wasn't ‘game,’ and let him go. The school-house in our district is just finished. I shall attend regularly, visiting my traps on the way.” Later, “Sister and I got up long before light to prepare for the first day at school. Put all our books in mother's satehel. Had a nice tin pail full of dinner. Study arithmetic, geography, grammar, reading, and spelling, which takes up every minute of my time. Stood next to Pat O'Donahue in spelling, and Pat stood at the head.”

“This is my seventeenth birthday and the oath of my martyrdom. Mother insists that I shall have my hair done up woman fashion, and my dress made to trail like hers. She says she shall never forgive herself for letting me run wild so long. We had a great time over it all, and here I sit like another Sampson shorn of my strength. That figure wont do though, for the greatest trouble with me is I shall never be shorn again; my back-hair is twisted up like a corkscrew. I carry eighteen hairpins; my head aches; my feet are entangled in the skirt of my new gown. I can never jump over a fence again so long as I live. As for chasing the sheep down in the shady pasture it's out of the question, and

to climb to my eagle's-nest seat in the big burr-oak would ruin this new frock beyond repair. Altogether, I recognize the fact that my occupation's gone."

This was indeed her last glimpse of perfect freedom. Soon came a term of study with Miss Catherine Beecher, then a year at a ladies' seminary, from which she graduated with honor, having attended school in all but thirty-six months.

Of course, the next question was, "What shall I do?" and in her readiness for work she taught school in a little red hovel—a regular "deestric" school. And from that she went on and up until she was preceptress of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Seneca, N. Y. It was about this time that she wrote a touching tribute to her sister Mary, who had been taken from the happy circle. In "Nineteen Beautiful Years" their childhood and home life is perfectly reproduced.

Next came two years and more in Europe with a friend, Miss Willard, studying and observing as she travelled, writing home her experiences for various papers.

From her lecture on "The Pyramids" I give an extract to show her power of graphic portraiture and her keen sense of humor:—

"We cross the limits of the belt of green, which is old father Nile's perpetual gift to Egypt; the desert's golden edge comes nearer, and at last, our white-robed Arab checks his steed at the foot of Cheops' pyramid, where—shade of great Pharaoh, forgive prosaic Yankees!—the Cheops restaurant treats us all to Smyrna dates and Turkish coffee. A banditti of Bedouins, fierce-eyed and unsavory, surrounds us as we emerge from our retreat, and clamor for their privilege of pulling and pushing, twisting and hallooing us up the saw-tooth side of the monster pyramid. We get speedily to windward, assure them that, as for us, we've "not the least idea of going up" (at least not now), and turn aside to visit the tomb-pits at the left, hoping to shake off the odious crew. But you might just as well try to dismiss the plague by a dancing-room bow; the old lady Fates by raising your hat; or the neighborhood bore by a glance at your chro-

nometer. They career before us, a tatterdemalion throng; they lag behind us, they dance about us, they grin, they groan, they lay their hands upon their hearts and point with melodramatic finger to the serene heights they would gladly help us climb; while the one refrain from which, for two consecutive breaths, they are utterly incapable of refraining, is, "Goin' up, mister — madame! Yankee Doodle, goin' up! Ver good, thankee. Yankee Doodle go up ebery time!"

And her description of the "getting up-stairs" when fairly started, is capital, but too long to quote. She says: —

"Just try, some day, in the solitude of your apartment, to step 'genteelly' from floor to mantlepicee, or on top of the bureau; do this one hundred times in fourteen minutes, and see if the achievement is'nt a feat.

"Above the solemn doorway of the King's tomb, in letters several feet long, done in black paint, we had the mortification of seeing this inscription: —

'PAUL TUCKER, OF NEW YORK.'

"All the way up the Nile, even to Philæ, we had found this same epitaph of American refinement. But on a tablet so tempting as the front angle of the 'Big Pyramid,' the confiding Paul had vouchsafed a bit of personal history, elsewhere withheld. Beneath his name he had printed in straggling capitals, this time not more than a foot apiece in altitude —

'AGED 18½.'

"It was a pleasant and consoling thing to know how tender were his years."

During her stay abroad her attention was drawn to the distressing condition of women in the East, and indeed in the greater part of Europe, and she was led to ask, "What can be done to make the world a wider place for women?" But she has never been in the least an extremist on the "woman question." It is the "human" question that thrills every fibre of her heart, "believing that whatever dwarfs woman

dwarfs man, and that her low estate has been the check on civilization." She is a true lover of woman, a woman's woman.

On her return she was appointed Dean of the Woman's College at Evanston, Illinois, where she labored faithfully and with marked success for three years. Says Miss Gordon: "Were one to ask the salient features of her work as a teacher, the reply would be, the development of individual character along intellectual and moral lines, the revelation to her pupils of their special powers and vocation as workers, her constantly recurring question being not only "What are you going to be in the world?" but "What are you going to do?" So that after six months under her tuition each of her scholars had a definite idea of a life-work.

In a series of "Talks to Girls," written for the "Chicago Post," she says, "Let me now, for a brief space, coming freshly from the field of active service, where the banners wave and squadrons wheel, try to talk to you of the conditions of success in this wonderful battle of life. First of all I would say, keep to your specialty — to the doing of the thing you accomplish with most satisfaction to yourself and most benefit to those around you. Keep to this, whether it is raising turnips or tunes, painting screens or battle-pieces; studying political economy or domestic receipts."

She had wonderful power over the girls under her charge, and the system of self-government which she instituted at Evanston, in order to develop womanly self-respect and dignity of character, was a success while she presided over the large household, her "unwritten laws" and her personal influence being a stronger control for good than any amount of strict and humiliating regulations. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was her ideal teacher, and she was as grand in her place as he in his.

Fully two thousand pupils have been under her influence and instruction, and I venture to affirm that not one of all that number but was led at least to think of the nobility of a steadfast Christian life, and to wish to be something better and nobler through her words and daily deeds. Even the

unconscious influence of such a life has power beyond expression.

Just about this time she addressed a woman's missionary meeting in Chicago, and a gentleman who was present was so much struck by her fitness for a public speaker that he called on her the next day and urged that she develop this gift, adding, "If you will within three weeks prepare a lecture on any subject you choose, I will present you with as fine an audience as can be got together in Chicago." With this he gave her fifty dollars as prepayment. Said Miss Willard: "The proposition quite took my breath away, but I went at once and laid it before mother; she replied, 'By all means, my child, accept — enter every open door,' and so I sat down and wrote a lecture on 'The New Chivalry,' the substance of which was that the chivalry of the nineteenth century is not that of knights and troubadors, but the plain, practical chivalry of justice, which gives to woman a fair chance to be all that God gave her power to be. In it I stated that my brother had just entered a theological course — just what his sister would have done if the world had not said 'No.'" This maiden effort was a pathetic protest against the hindrances in woman's way of advancement. "The lecture was ready," continued Miss Willard, "at the expiration of three weeks, and with no manuscript visible I appeared before an elegant audience in Centenary Church. The manuscript was with me in portfolio, ready for reference in case of failure; *but I didn't fail.*"

The lecture produced such a genuine sensation that within two weeks she had nearly one hundred engagements to speak, and her career as a public orator was fairly begun.

Up to the time of the "Woman's Crusade" in Ohio, her attention had never been called particularly to the temperance question, but with that solemn crisis there came to her what she calls "an arrest of thought" on this subject, and as a result she felt called to give up all her other interests and devote herself, heart, brain, body, to the work of saving men from the cruel temptations of the saloons.

There have been two occasions when for the sake of others she has devoted herself to other work — her labors in Boston as an assistant of Mr. Moody during his revival meetings in that city, and her brief editorship of the "Chicago Evening Post," after the sudden death of her brother Oliver.

Miss Willard believes thoroughly in finding out what you can do best, and working persistently at that one thing. Conscience alone must have decided her course in life, for her genius and versatility would naturally lead her in various directions. With her power as a writer, her marvellous command of language, her keen literary judgments, and her fondness for books, it is evident that she could easily have distinguished herself as a lecturer, literateur, author, and remained in the quiet of student life, which she so thoroughly enjoyed.

There are various ways of looking at the temperance question. The cool-headed scientist regards all excitement over the fact that "intemperance is yearly dragging a hundred thousand of the men and women of our country down to the grave," as "a gush of sloppy sympathy," and states seriously that "intemperance, while doing some harm, as is usually the case with natural agents, is also doing an immense amount of good. By far the greater portion of those who succumb to alcoholization and to deadly practices that usually accompany it, are thieves, thugs, prostitutes, gamblers, sharpers, ruffians, and other members of the criminal and quasi-criminal classes, upon whom whiskey accommodatingly performs the office of judge and executioner, cutting their careers off at an average of five years, when without this interruption they would be extended to possibly twenty or thirty. The certainty and celerity with which it ferrets out and destroys these classes recommends it strongly over the ordinary process of justice."

Then there is the moderate view, which permits good wine on the tables of the rich, but fights and legislates against the poor and adulterated liquors of the grog-shops, which are all the workingman can ever hope to enjoy, and brands as

fools and criminals the unfortunate wretches who from inherited tastes or lack of will-power, slip over the line from moderate drinking into a drunkard's grave.

This is a pleasant way of quieting one's conscience, if it will be stilled by such reasoning. We all pity or loathe the drunkard. We all think that *poor* folks are better off without any liquor, but we, in our comfortable homes do not intend to give up our light wines or an occasional bottle of champagne. Wine is a blessing if properly indulged in, like any other good thing. There is nothing quite so satisfying as a glass of Bass's ale or Milwaukee lager, with a little lunch at noon; and at night it brings the sweetest sleep. And in case of a severe cold there is nothing like a hot whiskey punch. Oh, no! Wine is an excellent thing, and a dinner is never elegant without it. The old patriarchs beloved of God used it freely, and it would be difficult to find much in the Bible against the use of wine in moderation.

This seems to me the utterly selfish and look-out-for-the-comfort-of-No.-1 view. Extremely pleasant and easy. By this convenient plan, a reverend servant of the Lord can hold a sparkling glass of Pommery Sec in his hand at dinner, delighting in its stimulating, cheering, blessed influence, and then sit down and argue eloquently that the number of rum-holes be diminished and the poor be properly punished if they indulge too freely in the strychnine and logwood, tannin and prussic acids, for which they squander their hard earnings. This, I regard as an extremely comfortable doctrine for the well-to-do to practise, and I do not wonder at its popularity. But such a letter as the following from my "Tribune" of to-day makes one wonder if this is exactly the most Christlike course:—

"I have just been reading a description of Dundee by the American reporter. It is enough to make every Scottish man blush for shame. It is not a bit exaggerated. It understates the real condition of thousands of the people. It is a desecration of the word home to call the abode of the drunkard by that hallowed name. The women and the chil-

dren suffer wrongs in these dens equal in their horror to the darkest deeds of the slave passage. They are crowded into chambers without air or sunshine, they lie on beds of filth and rags, they are without food for days together, and they are denied all that makes health, not to speak of comfort, possible. Their life is one long tale of woe. In country villages the abode of the drunkard is the same. The spring returns; the soft air stirs among bare but budding branches, and the crocus and snowdrop proclaim that the winter is over and gone. Amid scenes of surpassing beauty, beside our noble river, below the green Law, by mountain, stream, and hamlet, with roofs glittering in the sun, surrounded by all that makes Scotland so fair and so beautiful, are scenes of moral pollution which ought to startle and alarm us all.

"The evil is not known. Our church-goers in thousands pass by on the other side and close their eyes to the misery which is so near. They never see the worst. They wonder at the zeal of those who have gone down and seen with their own eyes the true condition of our people. The sufferings of the children, especially of the little girls, may well goad wise men into fury. Children with bright eyes never see anything that is pure or lovely, their little ears are filled with cursing. Every avenue to their soul is choked with unutterable filth. More than five-and-twenty thousand people in Dundee live in single rooms, with nearly four persons to the room. Let that one fact be considered."

The guest at a dinner whence the hostess had banished wine was met by practical logic when he petulantly murmured in the ear of his next neighbor, "At this rate it won't be long till these fanatics will announce that we must dispense with mustard on our roast beef!" And the lady replied, "If taking too much mustard on roast beef had saddled this country with taxes, disrupted its homes, dishonored its manhood, agonized its women and children, emptied its churches, and crowded its jails and poor-houses to overflowing, I think I would be willing to take my roast beef without the mustard to the end of time."

There is a certain text in the Bible which bears rather hard on the moderate drinker, and which has become the watchword of those who are willing to deny themselves a positive pleasure, that those who are not so strong may be strengthened, and sheltered, and perhaps saved. "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

Miss Willard is the last woman in the world to act from any desire of notoriety. When the summons came to her to go out and plead for others she was studying quietly in her country home, and had never given serious thought to the liquor traffic; was accustomed to drink wine when abroad; "but her heart was so stirred by the simple story of women who cared for the tragedy in other women's lives enough to reach out a helping hand that the whole current of her life was changed. Under a steady fire of opposition from friendly ranks — the blows that tell most — she enlisted in the temperance work." With what efficiency and pleasure her own words will best tell.

She never forgets Christ, and his presence seems ever with her. Her spirit will be seen in the following quotation: —

"My friend has implied in his kind words of introduction that there is one important thing in this life, and that is, Christ must be King. This is the one important truth of all. Since I have been going about to and fro, talking to the people, I find that there is nothing after all that I like so well as to be in a place like this, among Christian women and men and children, and talk to them of Christ. And when I speak on the question of temperance, I do not like to set aside those addicted to habits of intemperance as a peculiar class of sinners, for though those who drink bear visible scars, — were the marks of other sins so apparent, how few would escape!"

Her beautiful liberality and sense of justice is seen in her refusing to remain with Mr. Moody as his co-laborer in the great meetings in Boston, because the good man in his zeal for what was strictly "evangelical" forbade her to speak at

the same meetings with Mrs. Livermore, who is universally regarded as a devoted Christian but belongs to the Universalists. Miss Willard "could not but feel fellowship with every honest and intelligent worker in the dear cause so close to her heart." In this she proved herself far superior to her leader.

Her decision in favor of total abstinence, which some consider narrow and unnecessarily rigid, springs from her broad philanthropy, her desire that every tempted man or woman should have all the safeguards possible, and that none should meet their doom in the homes of their friends. She says: "There may be those here who think that a glass of wine now and then doesn't make so much difference, after all, and call me fanatical because I urge total abstinence — who forget that the influences of society wine-drinking are the hardest we have to contend with. The drops of wine in the banquet have their sequel in the salt tear-drops on somebody's cheek. Let us not be content with looking out for ourselves. Let's make society a kind of larger home. Let's rally around and shield the tempted man.

"We temperance women of America believe in One who shall yet be crowned King of Nations, and we are ready to do and die for Him. O Christ! it is not brute force that has carried on the triumph of the cross, since the little procession of fishermen and women started out along the hillside of Judea. No, it has been one mightier far; for love-force has won the battles by which Thy cross grows regnant day by day. Prayer-force is mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. Prayer has been raising a citadel around our workers, high as the hope of a saint, deep as the depths of a drunkard's despair. If prayer and womanly influence are doing so much as forces for God by indirect methods, how shall it be when that electric force is brought to bear through the battery of the ballot-box, along the wires of law?"

And her steady push is seen in the closing words: "We mean to go straight on. We mean to be as good-natured as

sunshine, but as persistent as fate." And again: "Success does'nt 'happen.' It is organized, pre-empted, captured, by consecrated common sense.

An extract from her speech on the "Prevention of the Sale of Liquor to Minors" will give an idea of her more impassioned oratory. One lady tells me that after hearing her she felt that she could go out and be a "praying band" all by herself: —

"My brothers, you will stand again before the ballot-box to make this same decision. Oh, when you do so, listen to the pleading voices of those you love the best — the women who pray and watch to see these streets made safer for the boys who must soon go out to take their chances with the rest. Hear the temperance workers of the land, whose ears are weary with the moans of the heart-broken and the lost, as they bid you gaze upon the panorama so often seen by them, as they look out over the Republic in this hour of its struggle and its humiliation. Look yonder at the pitiful procession led off by hundreds of poor creatures, most of them young. Note their wandering, uncertain footsteps, weak, aimless hands, gibbering lips, vacant faces, and poor dim eyes, where royal reason never was enthroned — the idiots of Illinois — fifty per cent. of them made so by alcohol; and following these with rapid, random step, see this long line of maniacs whose eyes gleam with a lurid light that tells of horrid and distorted thoughts, whose manacled hands clank the chains they evermore must wear, and remember, more than half of these were made the wrecks they are by the beverage around whose sale your ballot throws the guarantee and the safeguards of the State.

"But do not vote yet! Listen! Yonder they come — can you not hear the shuffle of the prison-gang? See the men in striped garments, and with close-cropped hair, fully one-half of them are young men, too, and think of all their industry and skill might have achieved for the home and for the State; but your money helps to build living tombs for them where between bolts and bars you pay also for their

board and clothes. But eighty per cent. of their crimes were committed in the craze of the alcohol dream.

"But do not vote yet! Here marches solemnly in sable garments the heart-broken mothers who loved and cared for these boys who are lost, the sisters who once were fond and proud of them, and had been still except for drink. Shall their tearful eyes and mournful voices appeal to you in vain?"

"But do not vote yet! See the long procession that now follows the reformed men of Illinois with ribbons red and blue. Remember that they have made a holy resolve against a desperate appetite, and that in keeping that resolve they have worked by the help of God. Then think about their daily struggle. Think of the vow they have taken against a desperate appetite; think of their daily struggle in a snare your vote shall help to tighten or to loosen; see in each worn but manly face, a plea for help from you, and then in God's sight, friend, decide upon your duty.

"But do not vote yet! For last of all and most significant, I catch the pattering steps of the little soldiers, newly mustered in this army of temptation and of sin, the tender little feet that walk the dusty road and choose where two paths meet, the narrow or the broad. Oh, I plead with you to make it safer on our streets for the feet of the ninety and nine that went not astray before their unsuspecting steps shall cross its threshold; I pray you close that open door to shame and death! Duties are ours, events are God's! Now vote, and may God deal with you as you shall deal with these — your brothers and your sisters and with God's little ones."

As president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Miss Willard has shown an amount of tact, energy, and organizing ability that are extraordinary. She is constantly developing methods of work and individual workers, and has already created forty distinct departments in this grand army of women, who are working cheerfully and steadily under her wise direction. "She is without doubt foremost of workers among Christian women of America. Rare by endowment, of superior education and high purpose, she has also entire

freedom from conceit and other forms of selfishness, possessing fidelity, enthusiasm, simplicity, and sweetness of spirit. It is enough to say that she has a great soul, and swiftly recognizes greatness of soul in others. If any one has a good trait, Frances Willard is sure to find it out. Such qualities render her pre-eminent, and entitle her to wear the crown of leadership. She is not a hobbyist, nor a particle one-sided, but has consecrated unusual talent to a noble cause, and works persistently and conscientiously for it.

"She is the originator of the 'Home Protection movement,' *i.e.*, the ballot in woman's hands as a weapon for the protection of her home.

"In the early days she encountered great opposition because of this, but now there is practical unanimity in the ranks, and the phrase 'home protection' is part and parcel of the Independent Prohibition party."

When the petition, which contained the signatures of over thirty thousand earnest men and women, was presented to the House Committee on the Judiciary, Miss Willard made an address which was remarkable for its logic, condensation, eloquence, and bristling with facts that would convince any but those who were determined for personal and political reasons not to be convinced. She argued that women should have the right of suffrage in order to regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

And at the close she said: "I thought I ought to have the ballot when I paid the hard-earned taxes on my mother's cottage home, but I never said as much — for though I honor those who speak in the name of justice, pure and simple, I never had the bravery to work along that line. For my own sake I had not courage, but for thy sake, dear native land, I have. For love of the dear homes whose watch-fires are as beacon-lights of heaven, for love of you, heart-broken wives, whose tremulous lips have blessed me; for you sweet mothers, who in the cradle's shadow kneel to-night beside your infant sons; and for you, sorrowful little children who, with faces

strangely old, listen to-night for him whose footsteps frighten you, it is for love of you that I have dared to speak."

At another time she spoke of "the habit of strong drink, which changes the human features and the human heart so that even a man's mother would hardly know him, so that even God would hardly know him. The fight for temperance is a war in which the women should have a hand. Year by year a long procession is passing through the drunkard's door into a drunkard's eternity. The army is constantly being recruited from the ranks of the boys of the land, who are being led away to the drunkard's awful doom. The Bible and the Gospel of Christ have no enemy so great and mighty as the liquor traffic, and the Sermon on the Mount and the Ten Commandments are voted up or voted down as the voters at the ballot-boxes vote for or against prohibition. It is curious that nobody's home can have any insurance on it, although the grog-shops have the freedom of the place and are licensed to do their deadly work if they will only pay the money. Traps and gins to catch men are legalized and set in the streets, and into them the heedless and unwary fall under the protection of the laws. I hate the sin, but I love the sinner; I hate the liquor traffic, but I would do all within my power to get the men engaged in it employed in some better business."

I can think of no surer proof of Miss Willard's pre-eminent fitness and qualifications for her mission than in the reception that has been universally accorded her at the South. She is a Northern temperance woman, and a woman who addresses large audiences from platform and pulpit. This was something decidedly heretical, but clergymen of the most fastidious ideas, bishops who had hitherto agreed with Paul about woman's keeping silence in churches, and cultivated Southern ladies who had been strongly secession in their sympathies during the war, all extended to Miss Willard the most cordial greeting, and her visits to the South have been one long ovation. No money was asked for, no collections taken, but the people spontaneously anticipated all expenses. The best room at hotels, the best seat in palace-

car were generously given her. She says: "The people of highest social and religious standing rally to the cause with a gladness of heart which it is good to see. They have received me as a sister, trusted and loved. Their hospitality is boundless. I am showered with invitations, and there are calls, flowers, dainties, and drives with no limit but time to enjoy them. The Southern ladies take up these lines of work with a zeal and intelligence which I have never seen equalled."

A well-known Southern lady says of her: "From the seaboard to the old Palmetto State there is yet to be spoken the first word of unfavorable criticism."

She was commended by press, pulpit, and people, and organized fifty auxiliaries to the Temperance Union.

Paul H. Hayne, the invalid poet of the South, whose own life is one of constant heroism, contributed a poem to the National Temperance Union Meeting at Louisville in November of 1882.

Temperance poetry as a rule seems to be painfully ground out — you always wish it hadn't been concocted. But Mr. Hayne's verses show that the fault is not in the theme.

As a Southerner's welcome to Northern women it is exquisitely gracious, and while the honors of the deadly traffic are painted forcibly, the music and rhythm of the poetry is never lost.

"Thrice welcome, oh sisters! we meet you,
 Heaven's chosen, invincible bands;
 Thrice welcome, oh sisters! we greet you —
 Brave spirits and resolute hands!
 We would stir a deep fountain of cleansing,
 More fruitful of life-giving balms,
 Than the far-haunted pool of Bethesda,
 That starred the fair Valley of Palms.

"At the touch of your tenderness fervid
 The pure tides of healing shall rise;
 So the blinded of soul gazing Godward,
 With purged and beautified eyes;

So the leprons of mind as of conscience
 Receive the wave's kisses and thrill;
 As the hardened defilement melts slowly,
 And the hot pulse of anguish grows still.

"Let us join hands and hearts for that Circe,
 Whose charm of unsanctified spells
 The strength, beauty, virtue of Ages
 Hath lured to fierce, fathomless hells.
 Unquelled and unquenched in her passions,
 Still merciless, maddens and mars,
 Till the sunshine is sad where she passes
 And her shadow throws gloom on the stars.

"Ah! Christ! the fair homes she has blasted!
 The young loves made arctic in spring!
 The eagle ambitious dragged earthward,
 All palsied in purpose as wing.
 Ah! Christ! her malign desolations,
 Her doom to the midnight and mire,
 The stern savage sweep of her scourges,
 The hiss of her serpents of fire.

"So come from your streams of the northland,
 Flashed down into cataract lights,
 From the sheen of your mountains majestic,
 Grown softer through multiplied heights.
 Come southward, serene as the morning
 Emerged from night's mystical cope,
 - Brave heralds of love as of warning,
 Bright angels of rescue and hope."

This all sounds easy and charming, poems, orations — popularity, — but who can realize the anxieties, the fatigue, the responsibilities of such a position! No organization ever did or ever will run without constant friction. Her family motto, "*Gaudet patientia duris*" (patiences rejoices in hardships) has been faithfully exemplified in her own life. But a private letter from Miss Willard when she had been censured and criticised after trying to do the best for all will show the secret of her strength: —

"Am badgered to death and yet not worried a hair. What do you make of that? I fancy the explanation is, that unless I am an awfully deceived woman I am desirous of doing God's will, and so the clamor on this little footstool of His is like the humming of mosquitoes outside the curtain. It rather lulls me into quiet."

We have seen how Miss Willard is regarded by the public, but let me give a tribute paid her in her own home recently by a life-long friend. It was said at a Union Missionary meeting in Evanston, Illinois: "I am reminded just here of what Frances E. Willard, my friend and yours, once said to me in one of our quiet talks": —

"'I've given up much in literature and art, and things I love, that seemed so necessary once, but now I think there will be time enough in heaven. The world is waiting; souls must be redeemed.' If I might digress a little, it would be to thank God for this brave soul who has gone to be a Deborah in the army of the Lord. Here, in her Evanston home, my heart throbs a little quicker as I remember those first days and months when she entered upon this new mission, and set out upon her errand of love. The difficulties and trials of those days, the weary journeyings since, the efforts to raise the low, to cheer and stimulate the depressed, to uplift the weak, the tempted, the fallen, — these are known only in the heart of the King. Stopping to-day among her neighbors and friends, my heart is moved to a more loving appreciation of this large-minded, tender-hearted Evanston girl, and I rejoice that from your midst has gone out one of the noblest representatives of American Christian womanhood."

You must see by this time why Miss Willard is universally loved, honored, and revered. "As an educator of women in the wider sense, as an emancipator from conventionalities, prejudices, narrowness, and as a representative on a spiritual plane of the new age upon which we are entering, she takes her place with the foremost women of her time." She says herself: "It is good not to have been born earlier than the

nineteenth century; and, for myself, I could have rested content until the twenty-fifth, by which date I believe our hopeful dawn of reason, liberty, and worship will have grown to noonday. Oh! native land—the world's hope, the gospel's triumph, the millennium's dawn, 'are all with thee.'"

I must add that it was at Miss Willard's suggestion that Haystack Mountain was christened Mount Garfield during those dragging, anxious days of the President's illness. She said: "Surely he is entitled, by the grandeur of his character, the height of his fortitude, and the depth of the people's love for him, to the apotheosis of these everlasting hills."

That was just like Miss Willard, to think of the right thing at the right time, and see that it was done. She needs no mountain re-christened to perpetuate her name. If every man and woman who have been influenced for good by her life and aims (pure as the ice-capped peaks and higher than any earthly measurement) could assemble in one place to give her thanks, would it not be a blessed thing? May she meet them all in the life beyond, towards which she ever looks with firm confidence and hope. And of her, in closing, let me give the Bible text which comes to my mind: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."



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